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GRAVURE F. HANFSTAENGL

SAINT GEORGE FIGHTING THE DRAGON

V

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THE MARSEILLAISE

THE STORY OF THE GREATEST NATIONS

FROM THE DAWN OF HISTORY
TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

A COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY, FOUNDED UPON THE LEADING AUTHORITIES, INCLUDING A COMPLETE CHRONOLOGY OF THE WORLD, AND A PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF EACH NATION

BY

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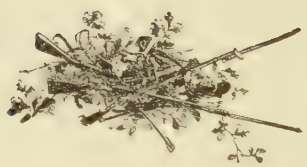

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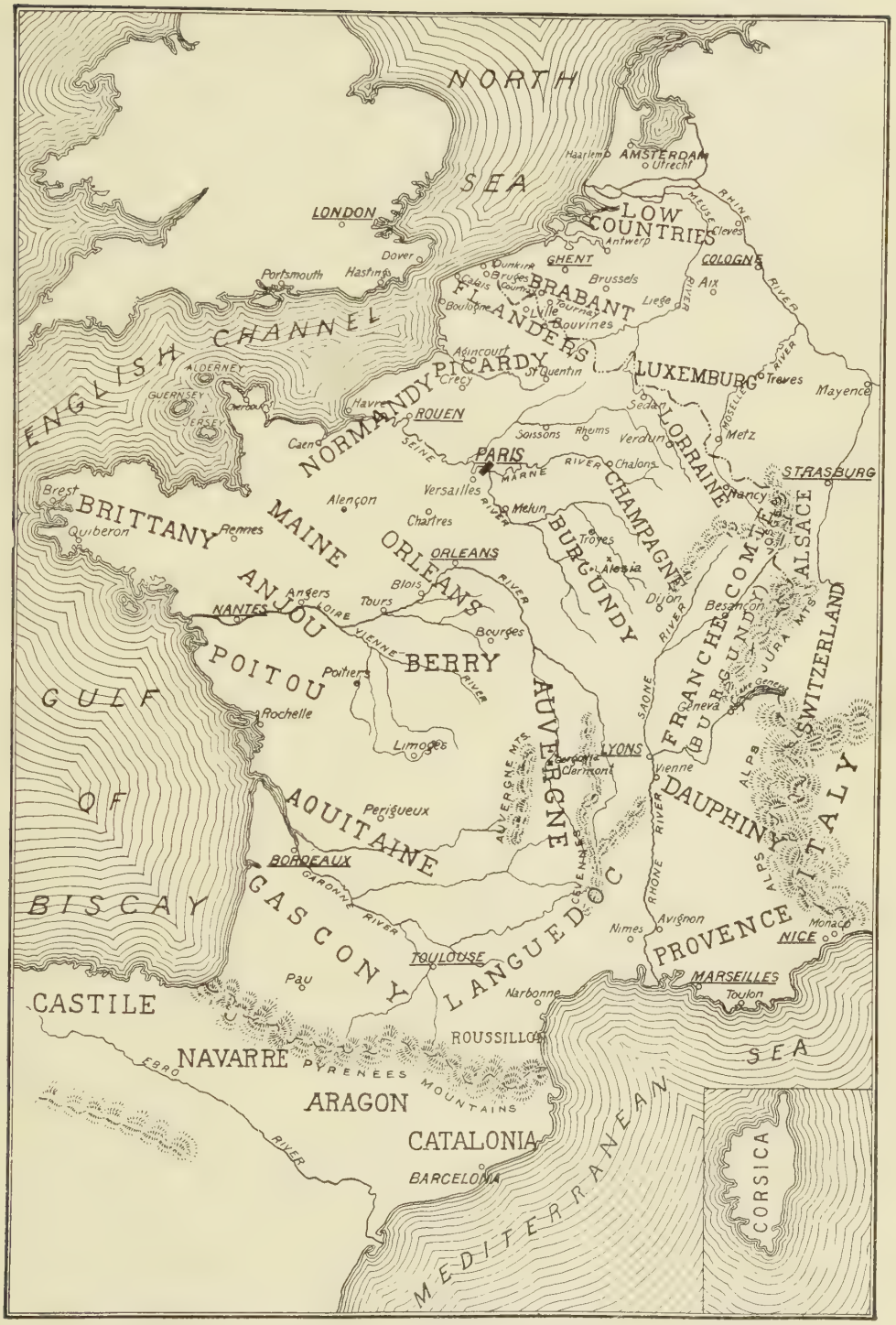

FRANCE AND HER HISTORIC PROVINCES

THE CHRISTIANS IN THE ARENA AT LYONS

THE STORY OF

THE GREATEST NATIONS

MODERN NATIONS—FRANCE

Chapter LXXVIII

GAUL UNDER THE ROMANS—CHRISTIANITY

GAUL remained under Roman dominion for five hundred years, and the period marks a most important development in the character of its people. Rome brought to them two wonderful, good gifts. She gave them Civilization, by which they learned the arts, the culture, and the aspirations of antiquity; and she gave them an elaborate Law, by which every man's relation with his fellows was defined and enforced. As an offset to these, the most marvellous productions of the Greek and Roman minds, Rome brought also in her train the two evils that finally wrought her ruin—Debauchery and Slavery.

It thus becomes hard for us to say whether the mass of people in Gaul lost or gained most by the Roman conquest. Had Cæsar lived, all might have been different. Under his wise and far-seeing friendliness, no destiny seemed too high for Gaul to reach. But with his death, all his beneficent measures were annulled. The Gaulish chiefs were expelled from the Roman Senate, and Gaul became merely a conquered province.

Its tribes were divided into new districts, that they might forget their ancient kinship. Cities like Alesia and Gergovia, which recalled the deeds of Vercingetorix and might have kept alive the spirit of patriotism, were destroyed. A new and gorgeous Roman city, Lugdunum, the modern Lyons, was built and made the capital of the province.

There was not, however, any overwhelming rush of the conquerors into the land. It remained Gallic. Its princes were created Roman dignitaries with high-sounding titles. A few aristocrats came from Italy with their trains of followers, to administer the more valuable offices and to introduce Rome's manners and vices to these ready imitators. In several places, especially along the Rhine, were established permanent camps of Roman soldiery, so many plague spots eating into the wealth and virtue of the land. Except for these, the Gauls remained possessors of their territory. The taxes and other exactions laid upon the people were scarce heavier than the irregular ones they had endured under their own ancient chieftains, and they found a peace and personal security formerly absent. Moreover, the rewards of labor in the shape of wealth and office became an incentive to work, unknown to their previous barbarism.

Gaul became more Roman than Rome herself. No other land outside of Italy retains so strongly the imprint of the Mistress of the World. With their quick wit and adaptability, the people eagerly welcomed the new life, and easily fitted themselves to its ways. They became Latin writers, poets, and orators. Roscius, first and greatest of Roman actors, whose name is still used as a synonym for his art, was a Gaul. So were Rome's most noted teachers of rhetoric, so was the famous Petronius, the first of her story-tellers.

Many of the emperors found Gaul a more attractive home than Rome itself. Both Caligula and Claudius, as well as several of their later successors, were born in Gaul. Caligula held at Lyons his famous sale in which he himself acted as auctioneer. "This vase was the mighty Antony's," he cried. "Augustus won it at the battle of Actium." And thus with jibes and falsehoods and vicious sarcasms he urged the townsfolk to bid upon the heirlooms of his family. Nero, the fear and horror of Rome, was admired and truly mourned in Gaul. He sent large sums to Lyons to help rebuild it after a great fire; and his grave was long kept green with flowers by his provincial admirers.

The land had, of course, its little rebellions, but even these were Roman rather than Gallic in character. Sacrovir, a chief who had adopted the Roman name of Julius, led a revolt in 21 A.D., but its purpose seems to have been political rather than patriotic; and he placed his chief dependence not on his brother Gauls, but on a band of slave gladiators called crupellarians, whom he

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THE MARTYRDOM OF SAINT DENIS

hired. These men were cased in a solid sheet of armor from head to foot. Thus they were like slow walking fortresses, impregnable to sword or spear, but equally incapable of active flight or attack. The half-armed rabble behind these gladiators soon fled before the organized Roman assault. The crupellarians perforce held their ground, until the Roman soldiers took huge pickaxes and clubs, and with these, as if battering a wall, pounded down and finally smashed the iron masses and the unfortunate victims within.

A far more serious outbreak followed Nero's death. It was a Gaul, Vindex, the governor at Lyons, who first roused the soldiery to revolt against Nero and depose him. Then there came signs and portents. A Druid priest was cast to the lions in the arena, and they spared him; the capitol at Rome had burned; and the Druids, venturing from their hiding-places, proclaimed that these things foretold the end of Roman dominion. A Gallic chieftain, Julius Sabinus, claiming to be descended from the great Cæsar, led his people to open rebellion. All Gaul was in a flame. There was a meeting of the chiefs of the various provinces; but instead of concerting measures against Rome, the assembly began disputing as to who should be leader, and which city should be their capital, and what rewards each deserved and should receive. As a result, the uprising was soon crushed.

This revolt is noteworthy only as being the last to disturb the Roman world for nearly two centuries, and as giving opportunity for an impressively beautiful display of womanly devotion. Julius Sabinus was supposed to have perished amid the flames of his burning home. In reality he escaped and hid in a tomb, where his faithful wife Eponina brought him food. She lived with him there for ten years, and in the tomb bore him two children, who during all that time never saw the light of day. At last Sabinus went secretly to Rome and besought the mercy of the emperor, Vespasian. He was condemned to die, and Eponina threw herself in vain at the feet of the merciless ruler, pleading for her husband's life. When she was refused, she demanded that Vespasian should slay her also, as she would not live under such tyranny and cruelty. This prayer at least was granted, and she perished with her husband.

Druidism alone kept up a persistent hostility against Rome, and the severest measures of the emperors could not wholly overthrow the ancient religion. A mightier power could and did. This was Christianity.

The new faith was probably introduced into Gaul about the middle of the second century. Its founder was St. Pothinus, who came from Greece and gathered a little congregation of converts around him in Lyons. These were exposed to a cruel persecution in the year 177. The venerable Pothinus, over ninety years of age, was insulted, stoned, and finally martyred, together with many others.

Especially noteworthy among these early martyrs were two young slave girls. One of them broke down under the terrible agonies inflicted upon her, and said whatever her torturers bade, accusing the Christians of all manner of atrocities, such as devouring children, Thyestian banquets, "and other crimes such as must not be named or even thought of." The other fair and delicate maiden, Blandina, endured every cruelty that could be heaped upon her, suffered for weeks before she died, and by her heroic constancy drew many even of her persecutors to the new faith. In a later persecution, from ten to twenty thousand Christians were slain in Lyons alone. The catacombs where they died are still shown, and marked upon the wall is the height to which rose the blood of the victims.

It was not until nearly a century later that the conversion of Gaul became general. Seven bishops were sent into the land from Rome about the year 250. One of these, Dionysius, has become St. Denis, the great patron saint of the kingdom of France. Dionysius, or Denis, went to Paris, then known as Lutetia or mud-town. It was a mere island of mud in the middle of the Seine river, the natural stronghold of a former Gallic tribe, the Parisii. St. Denis converted the descendants of the Parisii, but was beheaded among them by order of the Emperor. At least so runs the ancient legend, which perhaps should not be accepted too implicitly, since it goes on to state that the saint picked up his severed head in his hand and walked with it for two miles to the Parisian hill of Montmartre, where he was buried. Some centuries later the remains of the holy man were removed from their own chosen resting-place by a Frankish king, Dagobert, and reinterred in a cathedral especially built for them, the stately abbey of St. Denis.

By degrees a change came over the Roman world in Gaul. The land could no longer pay for the increasing cost of its armies and the immeasurable extravagance of its rulers. As the people grew poorer the taxes grew heavier. The governors sought by every means to restore the country to its former prosperity—every means, that is, except the one that was needful, the restraining of their own excesses. Colonists were brought in from Germany, and lands were offered freely to whosoever would cultivate them.

Every sort of cruelty was employed to compel the people to pay what was beyond their power. Men sold themselves as slaves to escape the miseries attendant on taxation. Writers of the time draw for us pictures too dreadful and too pitiful to dwell upon. After one census enumerator had made record of everything taxable, another was sent after him, and yet another; and each, to prove the worth of his services, must add to the list something overlooked by his predecessors. Even through death a man could not escape his taxes, for the collectors often refused to strike his name from the

THE FRANKS OFFERING SACRIFICE BEFORE INVADING GAUL

roll, insisting that he was still alive, and compelling his relations to pay for him.

The magistrates of the cities were made responsible for the collection of the revenue, and if this was too meagre they were punished. These unhappy magistrates, *curiales* as they were called, had been at first the men of highest standing in their cities. The office had been an honor and dignity much sought after, but by degrees men came to shun it with the utmost terror. The Roman rulers, however, found the system too useful to be abandoned. When the "very illustrious order" the "most noble Curiales" began to resign, the Law stepped in and forbade their resignation.

Never was such a topsy-turvy condition of affairs since government commenced. Curiales removed to other cities; and the Law commanded their return. They fled secretly by night, abandoning their homes and possessions; and the Law threatened with death all who might aid or harbor them. They sold themselves as slaves to escape the intolerable oppression; and the Law struck the new fetters from their limbs to replace its own. They died; and the Law made their office hereditary, passing its duties along to their children.

If the aristocracy thus suffered, imagine the condition of the common people. The slaves were the happiest, in that they had no rights and no desires, except for food. Even this failed them at the last, and they rose in blind, desperate rebellions. Bands of them called *Bagaudæ* marched through the country, armed with clubs and stones, pillaging and burning, and retaliating on others the atrocities they themselves had suffered. Lutetia, the mud-island of the Seine, was their chief stronghold, and there the main band of them were destroyed, after withstanding a regular siege by the Roman army.

The details of these unhappy uprisings are obscure. Writers of the time make little mention of them. Yet even at this early age we find Lutetia or Paris thus become the centre of the people against the landed aristocracy; and we can here dimly discern the first of those appalling uprisings of the French people, by which they have repeatedly crimsoned the fair land with their own blood and that of their oppressors. The Bagaudæ of the third century were the forerunners of the Jacquerie of the Middle Ages, and of those strange and hideous mobs of the great French Revolution itself.

Meanwhile, the Roman legions having no foreign foe with whom to contend, began warring with one another, setting up and dethroning emperors of their own. The Rhine frontier was thus left undefended, and the various German tribes, particularly the Franks, began their marauding expeditions into Gaul, plundering and burning almost unopposed.

Into this seething world of suffering and despair stepped Constantine, a Gaul, born in Britain, who had risen to command the Roman armies of the

West. He made himself the mouthpiece of all the discontent, and, following the example of many a previous general, declared himself emperor and led his legions against Maxentius, the emperor in Italy.

The father of Constantine had been, if not a Christian, at least favorably disposed toward the growing sect; and Constantine, recognizing that in Christianity lay the one spark of nobility and power surviving in the debased and dying land, proclaimed himself a convert to the faith. When he marched against Maxentius, he tells us that he saw in the sky the vision of a Christian cross and around it in living flame the words, "*In hoc signo vincis*" (In this sign conquer).

His decisive victory in the year 312 was the triumph of Christianity over Paganism, and it was also in a sense the triumph of Gaul over Italy, of the provinces over the capital. Gallo-Romans, Britons, and German barbarians marched together in the legions of the conqueror. The city of Rome was become a mere pawn in the game of empire, and Constantine emphasized this by removing his capital to a city of his own construction at Byzantium, more in the centre of his dominions.

Christianity, thus raised to a place among the powerful of the earth, lost much of its ancient simplicity. Its bishops strove for earthly influence as well as heavenly. Nay, they even became persecutors in their turn. We enter on the second period of Christianity, the time of wholesale conversions by the might of the sword. Gaul itself was not yet entirely Christian. The complete establishment of the religion is generally ascribed to St. Martin of Tours, who, coming from the East about the year 360, won all men to the faith by the eloquence of his words and the purity of his life.

Gaul became the main centre of Christian strength in the West, and St. Martin was the acknowledged leader of the church in Gaul. It was he who introduced monastic life into the land. But he deserves our highest regard for the earnest though unavailing stand he made against the growing persecutions which sheltered themselves behind the name of Christianity. Priscillian, a Spaniard, preached a doctrine which was denounced by his brother Spaniards as heretical. Two of them journeyed all the way to the Gallo-Roman capital of Treves to demand Priscillian's death, and, despite St. Martin's protest, he was executed at Treves by the Emperor's order in 385, the first official victim of the new state religion.

Neither Christianity nor Constantine, however, saved dying Gaul. The Emperor abandoned her for his ambitious career in the East; the bishops disputed among themselves upon points of doctrine. Julian, afterward the Emperor Julian the Apostate, the foe of Christianity, was for a time (355–361) governor of Gaul. Under him the advance of Christianity was endangered,

JULIAN DECLARED EMPEROR BY HIS SOLDIERS AT PARIS

but the prosperity of the land temporarily revived. He chastised the invading Franks, and we are told expelled them all from the province. Yet the next moment we find him removing the seat of Roman government in the north from Treves to Lutetia as being a safer spot, farther from the dangerous Rhine frontier.

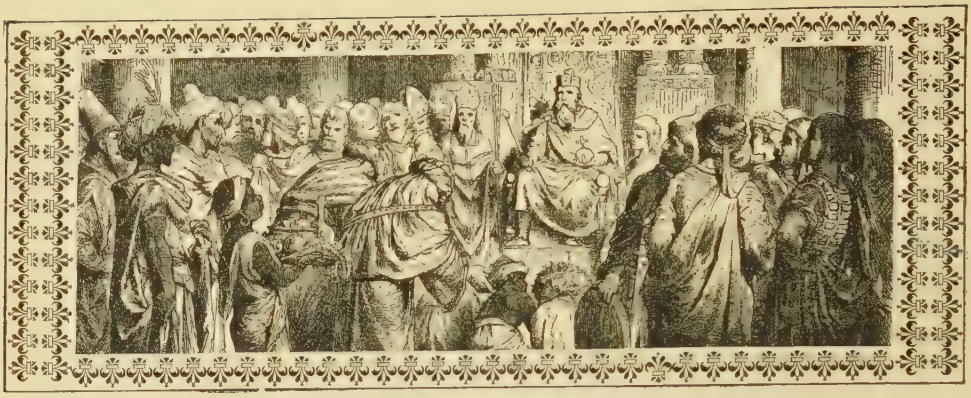
It was Julian apparently who changed the name of Lutetia to Paris, and thus in a sense became the founder of the great modern metropolis. He rebuilt it as a splendid Roman city, and made his favorite residence at his "dear Lutetia." So pleased with him were his Gallic legions, that when they were summoned to leave him for the service of the Byzantine emperor, they revolted and raised Julian to the imperial throne.

So he, too, was lost to Gaul, and again it sank into anarchy. Whole districts were depopulated by starvation, slavery, or the ravages of the Franks; and still the monstrous taxation continued, and the extravagance of the rulers, until men preferred barbarism to civilization. Those along the border fled across the Rhine into the German forests, and everywhere the mass of the people prayed openly for the coming of the barbarians, which would at least release them from the intolerable grip of their oppressors.

And the barbarians came—came in multitudinous hordes at last, instead of the earlier scattering bands. On the last day of the year 406, the Vandals and other wild tribes crossed the Rhine upon the ice and traversed the whole of France, plundering the cities as they went, until after two years of wandering they passed the Pyrenees into Spain and settled there.

Then came the Goths. Under their leader Alaric, they sacked Rome and devastated Italy. After his death they swarmed into southern France in the year 412, settled there, and established a Visigothic kingdom which lasted for three centuries. Other invasions followed. The Burgundians seized the land between the Rhone and the Alps, the ancient Roman "Province." The Franks established themselves firmly in the north and east.

Last of all, in the year 451, came Attila and his Huns. The people of central Gaul, still groaning under the heel of Roman masters, were inclined to welcome even him, "The Scourge of God," as a deliverer. The unspeakable atrocities of his followers soon taught the victims that there were evils worse even than they had endured. So the Gallo-Romans united with all the confused medley of nations that objected to sharing with Attila the land they were plundering; and the Hun met at Chalons a horde as motley as his own. His defeat was the last triumph which by any stretch of the imagination can be credited to the Roman name.



THE COURT OF CHARLEMAGNE

Chapter LXXIX

RULE OF THE FRANKS FROM CLOVIS TO CHARLEMAGNE

THE defeat of Attila was accomplished only with heavy loss of life, and the resulting exhaustion of the victors, both Goths and Gallo-Romans, left the field of conquest open for the Franks. They, as you have seen, had already established themselves in the north and east of Gaul. Clovis became their king in the year 480, and they seized all that was left of the Roman power.

The story of Clovis and his successors belongs equally to France and to Germany, and need not be again repeated. Clovis conquered the Roman Syagrius, overthrew the Alemanni, felt so strongly the influence of his Gallic subjects as to become a Christian, extorted tribute from the Burgundians, was elected king of the German Franks, and defeated the Visigoths. He named his broad kingdom, extending over much of modern France and Germany, "Francia," and when, some centuries later, that kingdom was divided, the name clung to the western part, our "France."

So the modern Frenchman is in truth a Gaul, but a Gaul modified by many invading peoples, by deep sufferings, and tragic experiences. The Roman impress upon him had been that of a commanding mind, rather than that of an actual mingling of races. This influence had of course been felt most strongly in Provence, the part of Gaul nearest to Rome, which had become thoroughly Romanized. Northward and westward the touch of the conqueror was less and less marked. The district farthest from Italy, the long peninsula of Brittany, which stretched out into the Atlantic, remained wholly Gallic. The depths of

THE BAPTISM OF CLOVIS

its forests were indeed Christianized by the great St. Martin, but the people retained the old Gallic life and manners, and even spoke the ancient tongue.

Into this world, Roman at one end, Gallic at the other, pushed the Germans. The Visigoths, who established themselves in the south, were already partly civilized by decades of intercourse and conquest among the Romans. Their ambition was to become Roman themselves, to restore rather than to destroy the fading splendor of the empire. They thus fraternized readily with the inhabitants of their part of Gaul; and as these people far outnumbered them, the land was changed in little, except the infusion of a new and vigorous stock among its people.

The Burgundians who came down the Rhone valley were a wild tribe, and the Franks were the fiercest of all and the least amenable to civilization. In that part of Gaul which is no longer included in modern France, the strip along the west bank of the Rhine extending on through Belgium, the Franks had settled as a nation, overwhelming the remnant of the fast disappearing Gauls. But their influence was slighter in the region beyond, the rich land of Paris and central France. There the Franks came only as an invading army. The warrior followers of Clovis were but as one in a hundred among their Gallo-Roman subjects, and as during the next couple of centuries the two races slowly amalgamated, the result was a Gallic rather than a German people. The conquerors even adopted the language of the conquered. The French of to-day is merely a Latin dialect, twisted and distorted by the vocal efforts of many generations of barbarian Gauls and Germans.

Under the successors of Clovis, it gradually became apparent to men, that there were really two parts to the Frankish kingdom. Austrasia, or the East-land, extending along the banks of the Rhine and far back into the ancient forests, was still German clinging to the old ways and speaking the old German tongue; but in Neustria, the West-land, spreading across northern France from the Garonne almost to the Rhine, the Franks had become Gauls in all but name.

South of the Garonne lay the remnant of the Visigothic kingdom with its capital at Toulouse. As for the peninsula of Brittany, it was really not conquered at all. The Franks saw little to attract them in its poverty, its forests, and morasses. Chramn, a grandson of Clovis, having rebelled against his father, Clotar I., fled to Brittany and its people took up his cause. Then indeed the armies of Clotar marched against them and defeated them. Chramn was made prisoner and burned to death in a peasant's cabin, with his women folk bound to the house beams around him. Those were savage days, and the "*Væ victus*" of Brennus was still the watchword of the land.

As the descendants of Clovis sank into the "sluggard kings" of the seventh

century, their West-Franks and East-Franks, ancestors of our French and Germans, quarrelled ever more bitterly. Each section had usually its own Mayor of the Palace, and when in 687 the Austrasian mayor, Pepin of Herestal, defeated his rival at Testri, the result established decisively the supremacy of the East-Franks.

We approach the period of a new invasion. This too attractive land of Gaul had caught the envious eyes of another conquering race. The Arab disciples of Mahomet, spreading like wildfire from their native deserts, had in quick succession overrun Egypt, North Africa, and Spain. About the year 715, they came pouring over the Pyrenees, at first in small roving bands of fleet cavalry to spy out the land, and later in large and ever increasing armies that aimed at permanent dominion.

You will remember that the district immediately north of the Pyrenees formed the remnant of the Gothic kingdom. Here lay the celebrated Gothic capital, Toulouse, centre of a land of romance, Aquitaine. Here still flourished something of the old Roman civilization. The Aquitainians wrote and painted and sang, and looked with scorn upon the barbarian Franks to the northward. Their story is vague, their heroes mostly forgotten; but it is certain that for three centuries the South of France kept up its struggle against the North and was only finally subdued by the efforts of Charlemagne.

In the time of the Arab invasion, Aquitaine was under the rule of two brothers, Eudes and Hubert. Some historians regard them as belonging to the royal house of Clovis and owing a faint allegiance to the Franks. Others think them representatives of that strange race, the Basques. They tell us that the Basques or Wasques descending from their strongholds in the Pyrenees, had gradually extended their power northward over the Gothic land of Aquitaine, the southern part of which became known as Wasconia, the modern Gascony. The territory of these rulers of Aquitaine varied with the success of their Frankish wars. Sometimes it extended northward to the Loire; sometimes it was bounded by the Garonne.

With the coming of their new and terrible enemies, the Arabs, Eudes and Hubert determined to ask the aid of their hereditary foes, and Hubert himself sought the court of Pepin, the Frankish mayor. His mission there was a failure; but legend tells us that, fascinated with the pleasures of the gay capital, he remained there year after year, dividing his time between reckless, drunken fêtes and solitary hunting trips. The tale reads like that of a man despairing both of himself and of his land.

One day as Hubert drew his bow against a giant stag, he saw between its antlers a Christian cross, and a voice within reproached him for his wanton destruction of God's creatures. Overcome with remorse, he abandoned entirely

THE DEATH OF CHRAMN

his former life and retiring to a monastery became St. Hubert, still remembered as the patron saint of hunters.

Meanwhile his brother Eudes was acting a nobler part. Gathering all the forces of Aquitaine, he met the invading Arabs, and defeated them in a great battle at Toulouse (719). An Arab writer assures us that not one of the Mahometans escaped. The broad Roman road to Toulouse on which the slaughter was thickest became known to the Arabs as "the Martyrs' Causeway."

Later, Eudes obtained possession of one of the Merovingian "sluggard kings," and claimed to be Mayor of a portion of his kingdom. The neighboring Franks stooped to address Eudes as a king, and he seemed on the point of wrenching from Charles Martel, Pepin's son and successor, the government of all Francia.

But the Mahometans advanced once more against Gaul in 725. They reduced all its Mediterranean coast to an Arab province, made their capital at Narbonne, and began pushing their invasions up the Rhone valley. Eudes, as the protector of southern France, again attacked and defeated them. He drove them from the Rhone, but could not retake the coast land, which remained for nearly forty years a Mahometan dependency.

For his own protection Eudes now sought the alliance and friendship of Othman, the Mahometan general of northern Spain. He even gave his daughter Lampagie, the fairest maid of Aquitaine, to be the bride of his new ally. The chronicles tell us that the match was one of love; but unfortunately it seems to have shocked equally the devotees of each religion. Because of his share in the union, Eudes has been handed down to us by the monkish writers as a villain and a traitor. An immense Mahometan army marched against Othman. Abandoned by his own men he fled with his love into the mountains. They were pursued and overtaken. Othman cast himself from a cliff, and poor Lampagie was sent to the harem of the Eastern Caliph, while the Mahometans surged onward into Aquitaine.

This time their numbers proved too vast for resistance. Eudes and his people met them as heroically as before, but were driven back in battle after battle, and at last suffered a crushing defeat beneath the walls of Bordeaux. "God alone," bewails the old chronicler, "knows the number of the Aquitainians who fell on that fatal day." Bordeaux was stormed and plundered, and the Arab writers assure us that "the lowest soldier among the faithful had for his share plenty of topazes, jacinths and emeralds, to say nothing of gold, which seemed but vulgar to them at this time." Deduct what you will from this exaggeration, and the impression of enormous wealth still remains. Truly, one would like to know more of this splendid land of romance, this brave, rich, po-

etic, learned, mysterious and forgotten Aquitaine, ground to dust between the upper and the nether millstone, between the Arab and the Frank.

Eudes fled to the Franks, and the mighty Charles Martel, knowing that his turn would come next, gathered all his forces. As the Mahometans emerged from devastated Aquitaine, he met them at Tours (732) and won that stupendous victory which assured to Christianity the supremacy of the western world. The Aquitainians under Eudes contributed, perhaps more than we know, to the triumph of the Franks at Tours by a sudden attack which they made upon the Arab camp. Of this assault the jealous Franks make no mention, and we have learned of it only through the Arab chronicles. Eudes was restored to the sovereignty of his land, but he had to accept it now as the vassal of Charles. Perhaps the submission weighed on his proud spirit, for he died soon after (735), leaving Aquitaine to his son, Hunald.

Hunald, not having sworn allegiance to the Franks, reasserted the independence of his land. He was defeated by Charles, the remainder of whose life was one long campaign against Saxons in the north, Aquitainians in the southwest, and Arabs in their Mediterranean province. Worn out at last, Charles died in 741, and his great labor devolved upon his equally able son, Pepin le Bref.

Pepin's campaigns were a mere repetition of his father's, with the Saxons revolting in the north, Aquitainians in the southwest, and Arabs marauding in the south. Pepin brought one at least of these contests to an end. He besieged Narbonne, the Arab capital, for seven years, until finally some of the Christians within opened the gates to him, and with bloody slaughter the Mahometans were driven out of France (759).

Meanwhile, Pepin's most determined efforts were directed against Aquitaine. In the very year of his succession, Hunald had roused his people to test the mettle of his new Frankish overlord. Finding Pepin to the full as terrible a foe as Charles Martel had been, Hunald after three years of warfare acknowledged his supremacy, and took advantage of the peace that followed, to punish all whom he considered had not sufficiently supported him in his rebellion. Even his own brother had his eyes torn out and was cast into a dungeon, where he died. Then with sudden remorse for this cruelty, Hunald abandoned his ducal throne to his son Waifre and retired to a monastery.

Waifre and Pepin soon renewed the struggle handed down to them by their fathers and grandfathers. For nine years the Franks came in regular campaigns into Aquitaine and deliberately laid waste the land, as far as they could penetrate. Unable to resist them in the field, Waifre defended his cities, which were stormed one after another, until at last the duke became a homeless outcast. Still he refused to yield. The war became one of a nation against a

SAINT HUBERT

man, and the Frankish army drove Waifre and his band from mountain to mountain. At last Pepin induced some of the duke's own men to slay him, that their land might have peace.

Legend says that this one crime weighed heavily on Pepin's mind. He died soon after and left his now firmly established power to his son Charlemagne. Again the subject races rebelled against the new king. The old Duke Hunald, coming from his monastery, appeared like an apparition among the Aquitainians, and persuaded them to try once more for independence against the hated Franks. Charlemagne's first campaign crushed this rebellion, and Hunald fled to his nephew, the Duke of Wasconia, son of that brother whose eyes Hunald had torn out. The nephew promptly surrendered his uncle to Charlemagne, and the aged rebel ended his days in an Italian monastery.

The wise Charlemagne determined to use persuasion where force had so often failed, and instead of crushing the remnant of the Aquitainians, he declared them a separate nation, independent of the Franks, and made his infant son Louis, King of Aquitaine. The people accepted the compromise, and remained under Louis faithful subjects of the Empire of Charlemagne.

Of the formation of that famous empire we need not again remind you. Charlemagne conquered Italy, Saxony and the Avars, was crowned Emperor at Rome in the year 800, and was the greatest man of his age, receiving embassies and presents from the Byzantine Emperor, and even from the Mahometan Caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid of "Arabian Nights" fame. East and West joined hands under Frankish influence.

We must tell also of Charlemagne's Spanish wars. Internal dissensions had broken the Mahometan power, and some of the Arab chiefs of northern Spain asked the great Emperor's assistance against others of their countrymen. Charlemagne led an imposing army across the Pyrenees and completely overthrew his opponents, conquering for himself all the land as far south as the river Ebro, a district which he called his Spanish Mark or borderland. The ever rebellious Saxons drew him back from the conquest of all Spain, which seemed open to him.

When, covered with glory, his army returned through the defiles of the Pyrenees, the rearguard, marching at ease far behind the main body, was suddenly set upon in the pass of Roncesvalles. The assailants seem to have been the Basques under their chief, Duke Lupe, a son of Waifre, who sought thus to avenge the ruin of his race.

Whoever the foemen may have been, they remained in safety upon the cliffs, whence they hurled down huge rocks and trees upon the defenceless Franks, blocking the pass both before and behind. Not one of the Frankish rearguard escaped. Those not crushed by the thundering avalanches were

assailed with pikes and pitchforks. Their resistance was desperate but unavailing. "Here perished Eggihard, master of the King's household; Anselm, count of the Palace; and Hruodland (Roland) governor of the Mark of Brittany."

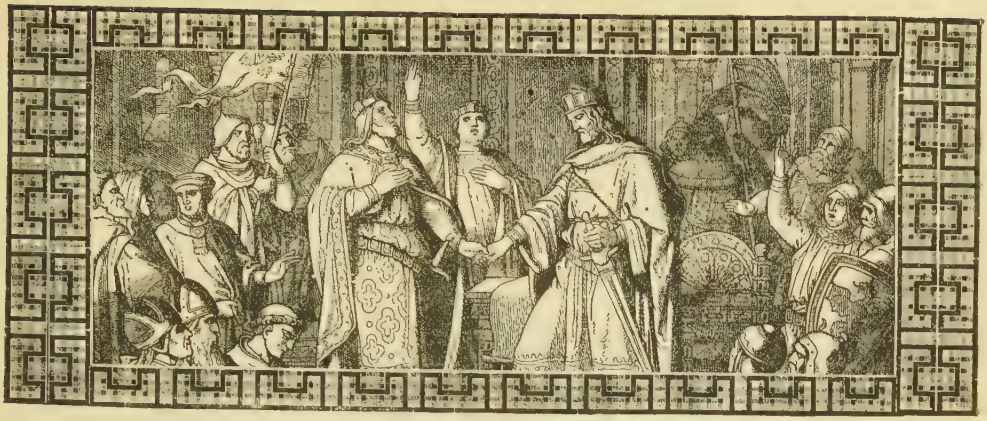
These words of the chronicler Eginhard form the one mention in history of the celebrated Roland, whom romance pictures as the greatest of the twelve peers of Charlemagne. The suddenness of the disaster and its tragic completeness impressed it upon men's minds. It became the subject of a whole series of legends; it was sung by great poets, and gradually it became magnified into the chief event of the reign of Charlemagne. Most of us when we hear his name to-day recall first his wars with the Spanish Mahometans, his twelve mighty peers, and Roland, most glorious of them all.

Charles is represented as exacting a fearful vengeance from the Mahometans, who were supposed to have helped in the assault. He is said to have hanged Duke Lupe (probably he did if he caught him) and to have extended savage punishment to many traitors of Aquitaine. As an historical fact, he seems to have left Roland and his comrades to be the victims of their carelessness, and to have gone grimly on with his own work of chastising the Saxons.

You will recall that Charlemagne died in 814, leaving his empire to his son Louis, the King of Aquitaine. Under Louis, pious, but unequal to so tremendous a position, the empire crumbled to pieces. His sons rebelled against him, and in 843 made that treaty of Verdun, the threefold division of the empire into France, Germany and Lotharingia, with which France becomes a distinct kingdom by itself. We are through with the earlier histories, Gallic, Roman, and Frankish, and the story of France begins.

CHARLES MARTEL AT TOURS

PEPIN LE BREF AFTER THE MURDER OF DUKE WAIFRE



THE TREATY OF VERDUN

Chapter LXXX

THE COMING OF THE NORTHMEN—ROLF THE GANGER

CHARLES, called the Bald, is generally regarded as the first King of France, though officially he is known as Charles II., the count of the French kings beginning with the coronation of the first Carlovingian, Pepin le Bref.

Charles was the youngest and favorite son of the Emperor Louis. In fact it was the birth of Charles that caused all the trouble of his father's reign. When the first wife of Louis died, he had been in despair, refused to attend to any of the duties of his office, and talked sadly of retiring to a monastery. To rouse him his advisers insisted that he must marry again, and when he yielded to their wishes, all the most beautiful women of the kingdom were brought before him.

From among them he chose Judith, a Bavarian or Swabian lady. The poets of the time go into ecstacies over her beauty, her learning and her wit. A bishop writes to her, "As to personal charms you excel every queen whom I have ever had the fortune to see or hear of." And again, "When I discovered the copiousness of your erudition, I was overwhelmed." For such courtierlike enthusiasm we can find sufficient reason, in that the Emperor himself led the way. He was deeply enamored of his young wife, and when their son Charles was born (822), the efforts of both parents seem to have been devoted to endowing him with kingdoms at the expense of his older half-brothers. Hence arose the rebellions which shook Louis from his throne and disrupted the empire.

After Louis's death, the clever wit of Judith patched up an alliance between Charles and his half-brother Ludwig the German, against their older brother Lothair; and in 841 they fought the great and bloody battle of Fontainailles. Many writers regard this battle as the destruction of the fighting strength of the Frankish race. We are told that never was seen such deadly strife. Frank was matched against Frank, and neither side would retreat or yield, eighty thousand of the race's best and bravest warriors being left corpses upon the field. "None but cowards survived."

It is certain that from about this time the Franks seem to have lost all warlike power; and the feeble efforts of their arms are in sad contrast to their splendid vigor in the days of Clovis and Charles Martel. Fontainailles was, however, followed by further bickering between the brothers. Charles was wedded in 842, and we read that even his marriage feast was broken in upon by a message from Ludwig with a sudden demand for a further share of their father's dominions. Finally in 843 came the treaty of Verdun, by which Charles the Bald secured France, the wealthiest and most civilized of his father's possessions.

The success which had thus far attended Charles both in battle and treaty, was largely due to the Church. He had followed his father's footsteps in doing all the churchmen bade him. Indeed, it has been said that, during these reigns, France should not be regarded as a kingdom, but as a sort of religious republic, governed by its bishops.

Most of the wealth of the country and most of its estates were in their hands. At their head stood the celebrated Hincmar, Bishop of Rheims, who proclaimed the doctrine that "Kings are subject to no other authority so long as they obey God; but if they fail to follow His law, then they must be judged by their bishops without any reference to the Roman Pope." The power of the bishops was thus placed highest of all, and in their unwarlike rule lay another reason for the period of decay that was at hand.

Perhaps, too, some blame must be laid to the softening though civilizing influence of southern France. Hincmar was of Aquitainian race. The Emperor Louis, you will recall, had been in childhood King of Aquitaine, and was educated in that land. The fair Judith came from the south, and Charles the Bald himself had received a southern and peaceful training. He was less a fighter than a diplomat, and shrank from the rude shock of open war. He was determined, however, to be Emperor, as his father had been, and for this goal he plotted and intrigued through all his miserable life, abandoning to ruin the lands he held, while clutching after those of his brothers.

On the death of the eldest, Lothair, Charles snatched some of the latter's territories from his sons; and on the death of the last of these in 875, Charles

ROLAND AT RONCESVALLES

did manage to get himself crowned Emperor for a moment, scurrying to Rome in most unimperial haste, to reach there in advance of the sons of Ludwig the German, who were also in the race. One of these soon defeated him and drove him from Italy, and as he fled back to France, he died in a peasant's hut among the Alps, poisoned some say; for the days of the Italian poisoners had begun.

What power Charles might have possessed, he had handed over to his nobles, in the shape of privileges, honors and hereditary possessions—intended as bribes to win them to his schemes. These nobles now permitted his son to succeed him on the throne on condition of still further concessions. This king was Louis the Stammerer, a brief and idle shadow, who died within two years, and was followed by two short-lived sons, reigning one in the north, the other in the south. After them, the Frenchmen summoned to their throne the German Carlovingian, Charles the Fat, who thus for a few years (884–887) reunited in name at least, the feeble fragments of the dying empire.

We have yet to tell of the coming of another set of invaders, the last to add themselves to the many mingling stocks in ancient Gaul. These were the Northmen. They had lived, for we know not how many misty generations, in the ice-bound lands of the North—Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. At last they grew too numerous for their bleak homes to support them all, and the younger men began to take ship and seek other lands. The wonders and the wealth they discovered in the world to the southward, astounded them, and soon sea robbery became the chosen trade of all their peoples. The wild Northland had made these vikings, or sea-kings as they called themselves, mighty of heart and limb, grim and steadfast warriors, expert and daring sailors. Their swift ships served as steeds, on which they rode from coast to coast, plundered and were away again before an army could hurry to the spot. The South had neither ships nor sailors that could for a moment match them.

Even in Charlemagne's time, they appeared upon the shore of France; but he filled the mouths of the rivers with boats to wait for and attack them, and they were awed before the splendor of his fame, and sought an easier prey in England. Legend represents him as watching their departing ships with tear-dimmed eyes. "I do not fear them for myself," he said, "but I know how they will harry this poor land when I am gone."

He foresaw only too truly. Year after year the Northmen came and plundered, until at last they discarded the formality of returning to Norway with the November storms, and hauled their ships upon the islands off the French coast, to winter closer to their prey. Later they formed palisaded camps at the river mouths, and secured in these their heaps of stolen wealth and flocks of miserable captives.

Where were the mighty chiefs of the Franks, that they allowed this?

Alas, the Carlovingian kings were, as we have seen, fighting among themselves. The few scared nobles that were not with their monarchs, shut themselves up powerless in their castles. One king built block houses in the threatened districts, "but," confesses the despairing chronicler, "no man could be found who dared to defend these." The land was ruled by the priests, and when the Northmen came, the priests marched inland chanting hymns and bearing the relics of their saints. The world was not yet ripe for priestly dominion.

The real Northmen were probably never very numerous, but many a wild lad must have joined them, many a reckless peasant, ruined by their inroads, cast his helpless lot with theirs. They began to attack towns, and then to lay regular siege to the large fortified cities. The whole north coast of France became a dismal wilderness. Men fled from the shore, and the wild animals began to reassert their ancient dominion there. Even as far south as Aquitaine we hear mention of a ravaging pack of three hundred wolves.

Far up the rivers sailed the Northmen's barks. Bordeaux was thrice sacked. Orleans, two hundred miles from the mouth of the Loire, was twice plundered by them. So was Toulouse, far inland in the south of Aquitaine. Nantes became wholly their property, and remained so for over a generation, till a chief of Brittany drove them out and chopping his way through the briers that had grown up before the cathedral door, offered there a service of thanks to God.

First of these northern wanderers to make a permanent name in history was their chief Hasting or Hastenc. The adventures of this bold pirate far outshone those of any of his modern imitators. He even appeared in the Mediterranean and by stratagem captured a city, which he and his followers had mistaken for Rome. At length he sailed up the Seine and threatened Paris itself. The French king, either Charles the Bald or his grandson Louis III., bought him off by making him Count of Chartres, and conferring on him extensive lands, where he and such of his Northmen as elected still to follow his fortunes, settled down to become Frenchmen.

Other Norse chieftains followed Hasting's example. Greatest of these was Rollo, or Rolf the Ganger, who founded Normandy. He is reported to have been so tall that he could not ride the little Northland ponies, whence his name of the Ganger (goer or walker).

Rolf was of high rank in Norway, but had been exiled because he refused to confine his piracies to foreign lands. During his early expeditions, he had visited England and learned from its great king, Alfred, the values of civilization. He came to France, therefore, not as a mere destroying barbarian, but with clearly marked ideas of permanent conquest and government.

In the year 884, he sailed up the Seine with perhaps ten thousand followers,

LUDWIG'S EMBASSY INTERRUPTS THE WEDDING OF CHARLES THE BALD

captured the important city of Rouen, and repairing its walls made of it a permanent fortress, the Northmen's capital for over three hundred years. He then moved on to attack Paris. Legend says that his own countryman, Hasting, now Count of Chartres, was sent to negotiate with him. When Hasting asked for the lord of the newcomers, Rolf answered that they were all equal, all lords, and were come to be lords of the land.

"Have ye heard of Hasting," suggested the envoy proudly, "who came here with many ships and made a desert of much of the kingdom of the Franks?"

"Ay," answered Rolf scornfully, "Hasting began well, but he ended ill." And he sent the Count back with his errand of peace unaccomplished.

Rolf defeated a French army and then with another chief, Siegfried, besieged Paris. We are told they came with seven hundred ships, which covered the Seine for leagues, and bore thirty thousand men. The siege began in November, 885. Paris, that portion of it which is still the heart of the city, the island midway between the banks of the Seine, was well fortified with high walls and towers. Its chief defender was its Count, Eudes. Under his leadership one assault was repulsed after another. The courage of the Frankish race was not yet all dead, though indeed Eudes is said to have been of Saxon lineage, son of a wandering Saxon, Robert the Strong, who had rallied the French countryfolk against the Northmen and fallen in battle with Hasting.

Eudes burst out of the city and went to seek help from the king. That king was Charles the Fat, the German Carlovingian who, as we have seen, united for a moment France, Germany, and Italy, under his rule. Charles, an unwieldy, sickly, and utterly incapable monarch, promised help; but his sluggish movements failed to satisfy the fiery Eudes, who, gathering such troops as he could, fought his way back into Paris, bursting once more through the ranks of the astonished Northmen.

The siege continued for over a year, until at last Charles appeared with the royal army upon the scene. The Northmen stood their ground. Here at last was an opportunity to crush them all, in one great defeat. But instead of attacking, Charles negotiated, and by paying Rollo huge sums of tribute money, persuaded him to abandon the siege and ravage Burgundy instead, a province in rebellion against the king.

The disgusted Parisians themselves rushed out upon the retreating Northmen and drove them off. Charles hurried back into Germany. His enraged nobles held a council and deposed him. Abandoned by all, he lingered for a few months in a monastery and then died (888). "Few sovereigns," says Mr. Kitchen, "have attained to so great contempt as he; and the kindest view to take of him is that he was insane."

In France several different kings were set up to succeed him. The districts

in the north chose the valiant Count of Paris, Eudes, and he was crowned in 887. For over ten years he fought gallantly against the invaders, winning an important victory at Montfaucon, but being defeated in Vermandois, and dying in 898.

During these years there had been another member of the Carlovingian family, claiming to be king in France. He was a posthumous son of King Louis the Stammerer, and had thus by descent an even better claim to the throne than poor Charles the Fat, but had been passed over because of his youth. On the death of Eudes, this lad was generally acknowledged as king; indeed his reign is sometimes reckoned as beginning in 884, Charles the Fat being regarded as a usurper and no king at all. So this new sovereign, who was also a Charles, is called Charles III. He was nicknamed *le Sot*, which our polite historians have translated "the Simple," though it means more accurately, the fool.

Charles III. showed no folly, however, in the most important act of his reign, his settlement with Rolf, who being established at Rouen was steadily extending his sway over all the surrounding country. The poor of the land liked to come under Rolf's dominion, and even sought his possessions; for though stern, he was just and he gave them the safety and protection which no other lord, and least of all the poor king, could guarantee.

Seeing all this, Charles the Simple made a virtue of necessity, and in 911 arranged an alliance with Rollo, giving him his daughter Gisele for wife, and conferring on him not only the lands he had won, but all the remainder of the northern French coast. The region was called the Northmen's land or Normandy, and Rollo was made its Duke. In return he acknowledged Charles as his overlord, accepted Christianity, and promised to refrain from plundering other lands—except Brittany, which not being subject to France, King Charles had no objection to the Northmen conquering if they could.

The Norman writers, as if secretly shamed that their hero should have acknowledged even in a slight degree the lordship of the French king, try to belittle his submission by a well-known tale. When Rollo, they say, was being invested with his dukedom, he was directed as part of the ceremony to stoop and kiss the foot of the King. This he indignantly refused to do, but finally consented that one of his followers should go through the required formality in his place. The proxy, almost as haughty and disgusted as his chief, advanced to the throne of Charles, but instead of humbly bowing his head to the ground, he caught up the King's foot and lifted it to his mouth, thereby tipping poor Charles the Simple over backward, throne and all, amid the uproarious laughter of the surrounding Norsemen.

Whatever we may believe as to the attendant ceremony, the treaty was

ROLF THE GANGER ATTACKS PARIS

established, and a most fortunate one it was for France. Other Norsemen were granted similar, though smaller, lordships along the eastern coasts; and Rolf and his countrymen guarded their domains well. Northmen stopped the ravages of the Northmen.

They did more than that. They infused into France a new and much needed vigor. They embraced the superior civilization which they found, and carried it higher; they learned the new language, and used it better than their teachers. Readily uniting with the more numerous French, they became softened in manners as in name. Their descendants were Frenchmen, the Normans, a brilliant race, equally noted for their wit and their energy. Norman writers and Norman poets disputed the palm of supremacy with those of the south. The whole north of France revived as if by an enchanter's wand. The period of devastation was at an end, and the period of reconstruction soon began.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, DUKE OF NORMANDY

HUGH CAPET ASCENDS THE THRONE

Chapter LXXXI

FEUDAL FRANCE AND HUGH CAPET

WE have yet to trace these fading Carlovingian kings a little further, before they disappear in utter nothingness, and their crown is finally wrenched from them by their overgrown subjects, the Counts of Paris, descendants of that Count Eudes who had already tasted the sweets of royal power.

The title of King of France had indeed become only an empty honor. We have reached the period of *feudalism*, a system which had slowly spread itself over much of Europe, attaining its fullest development in France. Each soldier, each serf, each tiller of the field was subject to the petty noble whose strong castle towered nearest to his defenceless home. This noble commanded him in war, and was supposed to protect him in peace. The master was in turn subject to some greater lord, from whom he received his estate or *feud* on the promise of military service. This greater noble was perhaps vassal to one of the great Dukes, and they in turn swore allegiance to the King.

Thus in theory the King was the head of all; when he wished to make war, he had only to call on his Dukes and Counts, who in turn called on their subordinates. In practice, however, this system left the king as helpless as the peasantry, and all real power lay with the nobility. The nobles had their iron-clad soldiers, to compel the obedience of the peasantry; and in their almost invulnerable castles they defied attack. A succession of weak kings had conferred so many privileges on these great lords, as to make them practically independent.

HENRY I. OF GERMANY VISITING CHARLES THE SIMPLE

When Charles the Simple summoned them to war, they answered him with open scorn. France was really divided into a hundred or more little, independent districts, whose chiefs made their own wars and laws, and administered or denied justice within their domains, as might suit their sovereign pleasure. Most powerful of these lords in the north were the Dukes of Normandy, Lorraine, and Burgundy, with the Counts of Paris, Flanders, and Anjou. In the south there was the great Count of Toulouse, inheritor of the power of the Goths, and the Dukes of Gascony and Aquitaine, the latter of whom found even the name of vassalage irksome, and twice resumed the ancient kingly title of Aquitaine.

What chance of success had Charles the Simple among such men as these? He was king only by their good nature. On the death of Count Eudes, his vast estates had passed to his brother Robert; and Robert might easily have had the kingship also, had he not previously pledged his faith to Charles, and now loyally maintained that pledge.

Such domains as were still nominally the king's, Charles hastened to give away. We have seen him conferring Normandy on Rolf. Lorraine or Lotharingia, the ancient kingdom of Lothair, he surrendered to the great Henry I. of Germany, who, meeting him in their celebrated interview, outmanœuvred and out-talked him, and won the friendship of the simple monarch along with his lands.

By these and other acts, Charles so dissatisfied his nobles that Robert of Paris repenting his refusal of the kingship, raised a rebellion in 922. The Normans, however, upheld the king they had adopted, and enabled him to make head against Robert. There was a battle and the rebel was slain, some say by the King's own hands. But the son of Robert, afterward known as Hugh the Great, rallied his father's troops, drove Charles from the field, and afterward had him made prisoner, holding him till his death in 929.

For over thirty years all northern France was really under the control of Hugh. He could easily have been king, but he preferred the part which Pepin and Charles Martel had once played, and remained a sort of mayor of the palace, setting up kings to govern in his stead. In return for his services his grateful puppets conferred on him one province after another, until he was the richest as well as the most powerful of subjects.

In addition to being made Lord of Neustria and Duke of France, that is, duke of what the old chronicles call the "Isle of France," the region around Paris, Hugh was also Duke of Burgundy, and in name, though not by actual possession, Duke of Brittany and Aquitaine. In addition, he owned Anjou, Poitou, Champagne, and other counties, besides abbacies and smaller estates beyond reckoning.

First of these land-giving kings, created by the far-seeing Hugh, was his uncle, Rodolf, Duke of Burgundy (923–936); and on Rodolf's death, Hugh and the other barons sent over seas to England to Louis, the exiled son of Charles the Simple, and invited him to return and lend his Carlovingian name to their empty throne.

Louis IV. (936–954), called Outremer (over seas), was but a boy of sixteen when he entered France. He married a sister of Hugh, but proved more independent than the barons liked, and called on the German Emperor, Otto the Great, and even on the Pope for help against them. Hugh was excommunicated; the Emperor invaded France. But the great Duke defied all comers, besieged Louis Outremer in the last kingly stronghold, the old castle of Laon, made him prisoner and forced him to an inglorious peace.

After Louis, came his son Lothair (954–986), who was a child eight years old when his reign began. Hugh the Great died in 956, and his estates were divided among his sons, the eldest of whom, another Hugh, became Duke of France with something of his father's power.

This Hugh, called Hugh Capet, resolved to become king in his own name. He seems to have entered into a treaty for this purpose with the German Emperor, to whom a sort of vague authority was allowed by all the great French lords of this period, when they desired his help. Before any positive action was taken by Hugh and the Emperor, King Lothair died and was succeeded by his young son Louis.

Louis V. (986–987) died opportunely the next year, and there was a formal gathering of the lords and bishops of northern France, at which Hugh was solemnly declared elected as "King of the Gauls, Bretons, Danes, Normans, Aquitainians, Goths, Spaniards, and Gascons."

The very multiplicity of the titles of Hugh Capet (987–997) betrays the confusion of the land, and the weakness of his power over it. We must not regard him as a king of modern France. His authority was never really recognized south of the Loire, and in the north his strength was just what it had been as Duke of France. His younger brother was Duke of Burgundy, the Duke of Normandy was his brother-in-law, and it was thus as the head of his family that he was enabled to enforce obedience and respect. His kingship was nothing. "Who made you Count?" he once reminded the Count of Perigord, reprovingly, hoping to recall him to a sense of allegiance. "Who made you king?" was the defiant rejoinder.

Nevertheless, the accession of Hugh Capet to the French throne is an important event, and forms one of the landmarks of history. His descendants, the Capetians, held sway for more than eight hundred years; that is, as long as there were any kings in France; and they gradually built up their power, until

HUGH CAPET AND THE COUNT OF PERIGORD

from the nothingness in which we have seen them, they became absolute monarchs, and their land the most powerful in Europe.

The ancestor of Hugh Capet in the fourth generation had been the Saxon adventurer Robert the Strong, back of whom, whispered malicious Dame Rumor, there was a butcher of the Paris slums. Hugh's descendant in the twentieth generation was the "splendid monarch" Louis XIV., whose influence swayed Europe. And Louis's descendant was Louis XVI., cruelly executed by his own subjects. It is a long road from the Paris butcher to the king butchered by the Paris people, but there is no break in the line. The story of the Capets is the story of France.

As to how and why Hugh received that famous nickname of Capet, there have been many explanations. Perhaps it comes from the Latin *caput*, a head, a derivation offering such obvious punning facilities as to head of the nation, headless, and so on, that it has been eagerly accepted by many historians. Much more probably the name was originally *cappet*, a hood. King Hugh never wore a crown. Perhaps he was restrained by some superstitious regard for the rights of the Carlovingians, a lingering remembrance of the ancient curse launched by the Church on whoever should snatch the crown from the race of Charles Martel. It may even have been as a sort of protection against the curse, that Hugh chose to wear instead his abbot's hood; for among his many other possessions, he owned St. Martin of Tours, the richest abbey in France, it being not unusual in those days for a great lord to lay hold upon an abbacy and administer its revenues in most unsanctified ways. At any rate, Hugh wore his *cappet*, and hence was Hugh the hooded, instead of Hugh the crowned.

He was succeeded by his son, Robert the Pious (996–1031), a saint in popular esteem, though the Church found itself unable to canonize him. During Robert's reign came that remarkable year 1000, when men looked for the end of the world. It is curious to note the spasm of goodness that swept over the land. In France so many anxious penitents entered the monasteries, that scarce laymen enough remained to carry on the business of living; and the peasants, refusing to plough their fields, sat down to await the end, that did not come. So rich did the churches grow, they scarce knew how to use their wealth, and there began to spring up all over Europe those wonderful mediæval cathedrals, masterpieces of wealth and art and devotion, the despair of later times.

But if the end of the world came not, famine came instead—famine, widespread and terrible, reappearing from year to year. God seemed indeed wroth with his world, as though almost He were minded to destroy it. Unknown horrors followed in famine's train. A butcher of Tournus offered human flesh

for sale in his shop, and though he was burned to death by the authorities, yet the flesh was dug up from where it was buried, and was devoured. It was not the authorities who were starving. Children were lured into secret places by offers of something to eat, and they never were seen again.

King Robert did what a good saint, though rather weak king, could do under the circumstances. He gave alms liberally and rather indiscriminately; he composed dolorous chants for the churches, and when he was being robbed, looked the other way, that he might not have to punish. Yet even this gentle and pitiful man had his disagreements with the bishops, the flaw in his perfect saintship. He deeply loved Bertha, widow of the Count of Blois, and despite the adverse council of his bishop, married her.

Now Bertha was the King's fourth cousin, a degree of kinship within which the church disapproved intermarriages. There were also political and other objections to the match. So there was much parleying to and fro, and after King Hugh's death Robert was bidden to put away his wife. He refused, and the Pope excommunicated him. Still Robert clung to the woman he loved; but the people shrank away from him, his very servants fled from his side, throwing into the fire whatever food he touched, and at last the King yielded. He divorced Bertha, whom the later legends of the common folk turned into a witch. All manner of horrible things were related about her. Bertha "Goose-foot" is her name in these superstitious tales.

King Robert took another wife, Constance of Aquitaine, daughter of the Count of Toulouse. In her train, the South invaded the North. "Then were to be seen pouring into France and Burgundy," laments a monk, "the most vain and most frivolous of all men. They were outlandish and outrageous equally in their manners and their dress, in their arms and the appointments of their horses." One complaint against them was that they "shaved their beards like actors," another that they "wore shoes that were not decent," curling up into long points in front of them. Despite the scolding of the monks, the uncouth North was impressed, and its lords sought to imitate the dandyism of the South, cutting away their long, shaggy hair, and stumbling bear-like over their unmanageable new shoes.

Queen Constance proved fair and gay and haughty, and withal a bit of a shrew. Her ideas of life did not at all chime with those of her saintly husband, and if such a suggestion were not derogatory to the dignity of a king, one would be inclined to say that he was sadly henpecked. His constant warning to the beggars who followed him was "Don't let Constance know." He once cut away the silver ornaments with which she had draped his lance, and gave them to an old beggar. There was much tumult in the palace when Constance discovered that the costly baubles were gone, "and Robert swore by the Lord's

THE EXCOMMUNICATION OF ROBERT THE PIOUS

name—but not in earnest," as the chronicler quaintly assures us, "that he knew not how it was done."

Indeed, the King's efforts to be saintly and yet lead a quiet life at home, placed him more than once in rather awkward straits, as when, in the early days of their honeymoon, the gay Constance bade him write her a light love song. Robert offered to do it in Latin, and wrote instead a solemn hymn beginning "Oh, constant martyr." As the Latin word "constantia" thus appeared in the first line, Constance took it for her name and was satisfied.

This same touch of pious trickery lends a peculiar air to much of Robert's sainthood. He had a gorgeous reliquary or box for holding relics of the saints, on which, as was the custom of the time, he took the oath of his nobles on serious matters. But before actually receiving any oaths, King Robert secretly emptied his box. Thus he secured whatever binding force the thought of the relics might have upon his nobles, while if they broke faith, their souls were in not quite so helpless a position as if they had really insulted the remnants of the holy saints. In the same way, the common people swore on a gorgeous shrine supposed to contain very holy relics, but in reality all the king placed within it was a simple egg. One of the idle questions which has ever since been bandied about the world is, "What was the symbolism of King Robert's egg?"

Constance added to the general discomfort by quarrelling also with her sons, and rousing them to rebellion against their father. But Robert put the outbreak down with unexpected vigor, and named as his successor his son Henry, who had remained faithful, and whom Constance, though he was her own child, hated with all her royal vigor.

Henry I. (1031–1060) reigned long and ingloriously. Not to be caught in the same matrimonial difficulties as his father, he escaped those troublesome degrees of cousinship by seeking for a wife the very remotest princess of whom he could learn, Anne, daughter of the barbaric ruler of the Russians. Her pedigree was somewhat fancifully traced from Alexander and Philip of Macedon, so her eldest son was christened Philip, and that name came into the line of French kings.

In Henry's reign the monks of Burgundy started the movement for the "Truce of God" of which you heard in Germany's story. This weekly truce, by lessening the wars of the nobles among themselves, slowly improved the condition of the country. Robert had strengthened the kingly power in the south by his marriage with Constance. But Henry, and after him his equally inglorious son Philip I. (1060–1108), more than offset this by losing the friendship of the Dukes of Normandy, who had risen to be the most important men in the kingdom.

Robert and Richard, two brothers in the fourth generation of descent from the invading Rolf, disputed possession of the Norman duchy in 1027. Some sort of peace was patched up between them, and Robert invited his brother to a banquet of celebration. After the feast Richard and several of the chief members of his party who had been present, died, leaving Robert in sole possession of the duchy, and with the terrible name of "Robert the Devil" attached to him by his suspicious contemporaries.

Robert governed Normandy with a strong hand. He would have no tyranny there but his, and his own people called him Robert the Magnificent. When the young King Henry I. was attacked by his mother Constance, Robert took up the cause of the lad, and by his warlike exploits spread both his nicknames wide through France among friends and enemies. He settled Henry firmly upon his throne, and to reward himself, extended his own Norman frontier to within twenty five miles of Paris.

Finally Robert summoned his barons together and told them he was going on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. They protested, reminding him of all the ills to which he would leave their undefended province, and of the fact that he had no heir. "You are wrong," he said, "I have an heir. If you must have a duke among you, there is the tanner's lad in Falaise." In truth he had once loved a tanner's daughter of Falaise, and had by her an illegitimate son, William, now a sturdy lad of eight.

The nobles were little pleased that a child, and a peasant's child at that, should be proposed as their ruler, but Robert had a fashion of having his own way. "The boy will grow up, if it please God," he said. "And I have great hopes of him both in battle and in court." So young William was sent for, the barons swore allegiance to him, and Robert departed on his pilgrimage. That was the last heard from him, except the word brought back by a returning knight, who had seen the Duke in Palestine, ill, and borne forward in a litter by four black African slaves. "Tell my people," said Robert, "you saw me carried toward paradise by four devils." Then came news that he was dead—poisoned.

Meanwhile, the boy William, who was to become celebrated for all time as William the Conqueror, King of England, was engaged in France in making good his father's words. The barons, having no longer the fear of Robert before them, attempted to despoil him on all sides. Guy of Burgundy claimed his entire duchy, and William, confronted by a sudden plot, had to flee in the night for his life. Almost alone he galloped to King Henry's court and demanded help. For Robert's sake and somewhat, perhaps, for the brave lad's own, Henry joined him with three thousand men at arms, and together they roundly defeated Guy and his forces.

THE NORMANS IN LONDON AT THE CORONATION OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

The Count of Anjou, who also invaded Normandy, was repelled by William after four years of war. Later the fickle and feeble king turned against the "tanner," as William's enemies were fond of calling him; but the Norman was now come to the fulness of his strength, and completely defeating the king in two fierce battles, stood out as far the ablest and most powerful man in France.

His wife was Matilda, daughter of the Count of Flanders. When William first sent to ask her hand, she returned a scornful message, refusing to wed the son of a peasant, and adding to her words much unnecessary insult. A startling but not improbable legend declares that William soon after rode to her father's court, and entering the room where Matilda was alone, "he took her by the tresses, dragged her round the chamber, tramped her under foot and did beat her soundly." He then galloped away before any could stop him, and sent a second embassy asking again for her hand. This time she accepted. When her enraged and astounded father demanded the reason for this remarkable change, she replied that she had not known William before, and that he must be indeed a man of great heart, since he had dared thus seek and punish her in her father's court.

William's conquest of England belongs chiefly to the story of that country. The weak French king, Henry, was dead, and his weak son, Philip, reigned in his stead. William besought Philip's help in his mighty enterprise, and offered to hold all the lands he might win as a vassal of France; but the king refused him and would be neither for nor against the expedition. The bolder spirits of France were nevertheless eager to follow William, and when in 1066 he invaded England, it was with an army composed not only of his own Normans, but of adventurers from all France as well as from Italy and Germany.

The English were defeated in the world-famous battle of Hastings. Their king, Harold, was slain, and the national assembly at London perforce elected his conqueror to succeed him. William promised the English to govern by their laws; but even during his coronation, his fierce Normans burst forth and slew many of the London citizens.

The great power which the English conquest gave William and his successors, was a sad blow to the Capetian kings. Once more France had a vassal mightier than her sovereigns. William had won England not by Philip's help, but in spite of his opposition, and the two were always quarrelling. Secure of England, the Conqueror began extending his power southward, seized the district of Maine and added it to Normandy. He grasped after more, but Philip won a rather unexpected victory over him, and on William's death the Norman power was temporarily divided, Normandy going to one of the Conqueror's sons and England to another.

Yet the evil was only delayed, not destroyed. The earlier kings of France, both Merovingian and Carlovingian, had been devoured by their overgrown vassals. The Capetians finally saved themselves from a similar fate; but it was only after four hundred years of ever-recurring strife. The long warfare between the successors of William and Philip desolated and almost destroyed the land of France.

COUNT EUDES FIGHTING HIS WAY BACK INTO PARIS

PETER THE HERMIT PREACHING THE FIRST CRUSADE

THE CRUSADERS' FIRST SIGHT OF JERUSALEM

Chapter LXXXII

GODFREY OF BOUILLON AND THE FIRST CRUSADE

THE eleventh century has been called the century of the barons. All over Europe there were nobles more powerful than their sovereigns. The Godwins ruled England, until their chief, Harold, was slain by the invading Normans. The Cid was the true monarch of Spain. In Germany the child Henry IV. was buffeted about among dukes and bishops. In France half a dozen different lords were stronger than the feeble kings.

Yet perhaps we might even better describe the century as that of the Normans. All the great events which the age saw, all the mighty movements which swayed it, centred about this ambitious and energetic race. Feudalism, the rule of the nobles, reached its fullest development because they adopted it. Its system was peculiarly fitted to the haughty Norman's sense of equality among themselves, and of contempt for the subject races beneath them. Normandy had become too small for their restless ambition. The old, wandering viking blood stirred within them, and they scattered through all Europe, conquering and plundering, and spreading their institutions along their track.

As shrewd and crafty as they were fierce and strong, they studied life with a merchant's eye to profit, and sold their swords or turned them against the buyers, with equal readiness. They matched their wits against every antagonist east and west, and were successful everywhere. William seized England. Robert Guiscard held southern Italy. Roger of Hauteville became King of Sicily. Norman bands invaded Greece and threatened Constantinople. Then

came the crusades; and the first and most successful of these owed much of its triumph to Norman valor and Norman wit.

Ever since the seventh century, the Holy Land had been in the hands of the Mahometans; but they permitted Christian worship in Jerusalem, and derievd much profit from the pilgrims who gathered there. The Normans, once they became Christianized under Rolf, adopted with enthusiasm the idea of pilgrimages, as offering not only forgiveness for whatever sins they had pleased to commit, but also adventure and excitement into the bargain, and a relief from the monotony of life at home. Pilgrimages were very popular with all the French lords of the eleventh century. Fulke of Anjou, the formidable rival of the Norman dukes, went on three, finding always, after a few years at home, a new and heavy accumulation of sins needing expiation.

In the East, the Frenchmen discovered a civilization in advance of their own, and a people who regarded them with contempt. The humiliations endured in the East rankled in their proud hearts, its wealth allured them. The true marvel of the Crusades, says one French historian, is that they were delayed so long.

In 1076, a new-risen, conquering race of Mahometans, the Turks, seized Jerusalem. They were far more fanatical than the previous owners; and if pilgrimages had been difficult before, they now became ten times more so. This brought matters to a crisis. A truly holy man, Peter the Hermit, arrived in Rome with a tragic tale of the shames, sufferings, and even tortures, the Christians were undergoing in Jerusalem.

A Council of the Church gathered at Clermont in southern France, in 1095, and the Pope, Urban IV., made a celebrated speech to the assembled multitude. He told them of the cruelty of the Arabs, and the wealth of the Holy Land, and reminded them of the poverty of their own country. When at last he urged them to march in a body and restore to Christian hands the possession of the Sepulchre of Christ, a wave of religious ardor swept over his hearers, and with one voice they cried, "God wills it! God wills it!"

"Ay, God wills it!" exclaimed the Pope, catching at the words. "Let that be your battle cry, and the cross your standard."

All Europe was roused. Through France the enthusiasm swept like fire. Peter the Hermit, with a mass of followers, passed preaching from place to place. Men everywhere and of all ranks joined the crusaders. They sewed the red cross on their shoulders, they carved it on their naked breasts, they branded it upon themselves with burning iron.

In their enthusiasm a great body of the ignorant, common people would wait for nothing, neither preparations nor provisions, but insisted that Peter should lead them at once to this new Land of Promise. So they set out, guided

BOHEMOND LEADING THE CRUSADERS AT DORYLÆUM

by the fanatical hermit and ruled, as much as they would permit themselves to be ruled, by a poor but valiant knight, Walter the Penniless—though legend represents them as led by two animals, a goose and a goat, whose heedless wandering they followed. As they plodded through Germany, many of the peasants there caught the infection and joined them. Even women and children were in the mob, and as each new city loomed upon the horizon the duller ones would point and cheer, and cry "Is that Jerusalem?"

What to do with this reckless and often starving horde, was a sore problem even to the Christian countries through which they passed. They swept across Hungary and the Byzantine Empire like a devastating storm, plundering as they went. The bones of their dead whitened the path behind them. Less than half of them reached Constantinople, whose Emperor hastened to transport them over the Bosphorus Strait into Asia, and speed them on their way.

At last they were in the world of the Mahometans, in the dominions of the local ruler or Sultan of Asia Minor, whose capital was at Nicæa. Hitherto they had been treated as friends; now they were met as enemies. The land was made a desert before them, and as they staggered on, tortured by hunger and thirst, the troops of the Sultan suddenly assailed and almost exterminated them. Only a few hundred survived to tell the story.

Meanwhile, the French lords, who understood what a military expedition of this size and length entailed, were busy with their preparations. Four armies were gathered in different districts, and marched separately to unite at Constantinople. The army of Southern France was commanded by Count Raymond of Toulouse, mightiest of the lords of the South. He had been the first of the nobles to enter the crusade, and was the oldest and most experienced among them. Indeed, he had already led a sort of crusade against the Arabs of Spain, and knew the ways of the foe they had to meet. With him went his wife and little son, for he had given his possessions to his heirs and vowed never to return from the East.

In Italy an army gathered under the gigantic Norman knight, Bohemond, Count of Tarentum, and his cousin, Tancred, an heroic centre-figure of romance and of song. The army of Northern France was led by Hugh, brother of the French king, by Stephen of Blois, who, men said, owned a castle for every day of the year, and by Robert, Duke of Normandy, eldest son of the Conqueror.

The fourth army was as much German as French, being gathered from that borderland of Burgundy, Lorraine, Luxemburg and Flanders, which lay between the two established kingdoms and was ever in dispute between them. Leader of this force, and the chief leader and hero of the crusade, was Godfrey of Bouillon or Boulogne, one of the most celebrated figures of the middle ages.

Godfrey was a son of the Count of Boulogne. Half-German, half-French, and speaking both languages, he had early taken service with the German Emperor, Henry IV. According to legend, in the great battle between the Emperor and his rebellious vassal Rudolf of Swabia, it was Godfrey who shore off the rebel's false hand and slew him. For this and other services, Godfrey was created Duke of Lorraine, and when the German Emperor stormed Rome, Godfrey was the first to mount its wall. A superstitious fear came over him for having thus assailed the Pope, and he gladly hailed the crusade as an opportunity to wipe out his sin.

It is to be noted that among these crusading chiefs there was not one king. This great movement was the people's war, the barons' crusade. When the four armies united in the neighborhood of Constantinople, we are told that they numbered six hundred thousand men. Certainly it was such an army as few ages have seen, one which must find in disease and starvation its most dangerous foes.

Naturally the Emperor of Constantinople was sore afraid of the overwhelming force of these fierce semi-barbarians, who were gathering in his land. Instead of welcoming them as allies, he met them with alternate threats, prayers, and trickery, until he had almost brought upon himself the result he feared. The crafty Norman Bohemond urged the other leaders that their first step ought to be to punish this treachery, and to make themselves masters of Constantinople, before they ventured into Asia. But Godfrey of Bouillon refused to consent, horrified at the idea of turning their arms against Christians instead of Mahometans. He even swore allegiance to the trembling Emperor, an example which was then followed by the other chiefs, while the Emperor made all haste to transport them over the Bosphorus and be rid of them, as he had of the followers of Peter.

The Sultan of Nicæa, however, found them a very different foe from the rabble of the previous year, whose survivors crept down from their hiding places in the mountains, the humbled Peter among them, and welcomed the newcomers. Nicæa was besieged and captured, and the crusaders marched on through the deserts toward Syria. When he thought them sufficiently exhausted, the Sultan assailed Bohemond's division with all his forces, but Godfrey hurried to his comrade's help. The Sultan was defeated in a great battle at Dorylæum, and his power crushed.

Antioch, the great capital of northern Syria, was reached at last, and the crusading army besieged it for seven months. It was finally captured through the art of Bohemond, who intrigued with a traitor among the defenders, was allowed to scale a portion of the wall with his followers, threw open the gates, and admitted the Christian army. A fierce massacre of the defenders followed.

GODFREY OF BOUILLON'S FIRST ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM

By this time the crusaders' store of provisions was exhausted. There had been much privation among them, even before Antioch was stormed. They had hoped to replenish their stock by the capture of the city, but found that the seven-months' siege had reduced the defenders to more desperate straits even than they.

Three days after Antioch fell, the entire army of the Turks, headed by the Sultan of Mossul (Assyria) appeared before it, and the Christians found themselves in turn besieged within its walls. Horrible were their sufferings! In their despair they even offered to surrender Antioch if permitted to depart peacefully for their homes. Only Godfrey of Bouillon refused all terms of concession.

At last, Count Raymond of Toulouse came to the rescue. It was announced that one of his followers had seen a vision from which he had learned where the spear that had pierced the side of the Redeemer, was hidden in Antioch, and that if the crusaders charged out with that spear at their head, they would triumph over the infidels. Raymond himself led a great procession, which found a spear in the place indicated; and the crusaders, fired with religious transport, clamored to be led to battle.

They burst forth from Antioch, a tragic and terrible spectre army, gaunt with hunger, staggering and swooning with disease. The Turks mocked them as they came. But a frenzy seized the Christians when they confronted the infidels, their strength returned, their mad charge was irresistible, and after a brave resistance, the whole Turkish host was driven in headlong flight. In the captured camp, the conquerors found food and wealth. All the spoils of the East lay at their feet. The power of the Syrian Turks was broken at Antioch, as that of their northern brethren had been at Dorylæum.

It was not until the next year (1099) that the crusaders advanced on Jerusalem. The unfamiliar climate, starvation, disease, and battle had reduced their number to only fifty thousand. The southern Mahometans, rulers of Egypt, were still unbroken in strength. Indeed they had taken advantage of the Turks' defeats to wrest Jerusalem from them. Their Sultan then sent an embassy promising good treatment to pilgrims and urging the Christians to return home. To Godfrey of Bouillon he offered forty thousand pieces of gold, to the Norman Bohemond, most dreaded of all the crusaders, sixty thousand.

Bohemond did, indeed, remain behind. Antioch had been awarded him as his own, and he would not leave it. But the chiefs could no longer have restrained their followers, if they would. These were crying out on all sides, "Can Jerusalem be taken and retaken and not by Christians!" And they insisted on being led without delay to their goal.

It was on June 10, 1099, that the crusading army, after nearly three years of marching and fighting, arrived within sight of Jerusalem. Not thirty thousand of the soldiers were fit for duty, and the city was garrisoned by an army greater than their own. But their enthusiasm was not to be denied, and after a desperate siege of five weeks, they forced great towers against the wall and from them burst into the city, with Godfrey and Raymond at their head (July 15, 1099). The lust of blood was upon them, the remembrance of countless insults unavenged, and they slew without mercy. Seventy thousand were massacred, say the Arab writers. Then the survivors, who had been "reserved as slaves," were ordered to clear away the bodies and severed heads and limbs, from the streets and temples. In such awful guise did Christianity come back to its own.

A sudden reaction followed. Godfrey remembered the teachings of his religion and was ashamed. Checking the work of bloodshed he withdrew from the city, and he and the other chiefs re-entered it as pilgrims, barefooted, with bowed heads, and singing psalms.

Their next duty was to select one of their number to govern the land they had conquered, and after much discussion the unanimous choice of all fell upon Godfrey, though it is said the position was first offered to Count Raymond, who declined it. Godfrey accepted the responsibility solemnly, but declared he could not "wear a crown of gold in the place where Christ was crowned with thorns." He refused therefore the name of king, and assumed only the title of Defender and Baron of the Holy Sepulchre.

The Sultan of Egypt was yet to be settled with. He sent an army to the relief of Jerusalem; but Godfrey, marching out with the crusaders, defeated this force with great slaughter at Ascalon. The battle of Ascalon broke the power of the Mahometans as completely as Dorylæum and Antioch had humbled that of the Turks.

The work of the crusaders was accomplished. Many of them departed for their homes. Those who remained formed four little kingdoms. In addition to Godfrey's kingdom of Jerusalem, Bohemond established a principality centring on Antioch, and Count Raymond soon managed to carve out for himself, between the two, a dominion called Tripolis. The fourth kingdom lay far back upon the Euphrates River, with its capital at Edessa. It had been founded by Godfrey's brother Baldwin, who early separated himself from the other crusaders, seeing that his chance was slight among so many, and went adventuring by himself.

In the end, however, Baldwin was luckiest of them all. Godfrey died within a year of his accession, "poisoned by the infidels," cry the lamenting chroniclers. Baldwin then succeeded his brother after some strife with the

GODFREY'S SECOND ENTRANCE INTO JERUSALEM

priests, and was crowned king both of Jerusalem and Edessa as Baldwin I., founder of a line of sovereigns who ruled for eighty years.

These Christian kingdoms of the Crusaders were all built on the same feudal model, the lesser chiefs holding lands as fiefs from the greater, and each state was French in language and thought. Indeed, even to this day, all Europeans are called Franks in the East, and Europe is *Franguistan*, the Frankish land.

As for the churchmen who had started the crusade, Pope Urban died two weeks after the capture of Jerusalem, of which, therefore, he never heard. Peter the Hermit, his authority gone, himself an object of scorn, was swept onward with the minor herd to the holy city. It is said that he was among those who fled secretly from horror-ridden Antioch, while the Christians were besieged there, declaring that such pangs of suffering were beyond endurance. After the crusade he returned to France, and there ended his days quietly in a monastery, once more an object of saintly veneration to the peasantry around him.

Such is the story of the first crusade, as it has come down to us through the centuries. Legend has of course been embroidered liberally into the tale. One story, for instance, tells that the Mahometans to check the crusaders in battle, chained thousands of armed African slaves together in a line, fastened to posts so they could not flee. It was hoped that despair would render them formidable enemies, and indeed they stood bravely against the advancing crusaders until they saw the banner of the cross. Then suddenly they all crouched in fear, and the Christian knights easily leaped their horses over the prostrate line to attack the regular Mahometan troops behind.

Modern critics incline to think that romance has much exaggerated the figure of Godfrey. The fact that he was finally chosen guardian of the Holy Sepulchre, led after-generations to regard him as a saint and hero. Legends gathered round him, till he was made the central figure of the crusade. Its real leaders, say the critics, were the mighty and crafty Bohemond, taller by half a head than other men, and the wealthy, wise, and aged Raymond of Toulouse. The quarrels and mutual jealousies of these two, interfered with the success of each. Had they been united, they might have conquered all Asia. As for Jerusalem, neither of them wanted it, foreseeing well that whoever might govern there in name, the city would remain really the property of its priests.

LOUIS VI. CAPTURING MONTLHERI

Chapter LXXXIII

SAINT BERNARD AND THE SECOND CRUSADE

WHILE this great outpouring of her warriors was making the name of France celebrated in the East, the mother land found herself equally benefited at home, by the absence of her over-turbulent sons. The country had been kept at fever-pitch with the din of their private wars. Their departure gave it time for the much-needed repose of peace.

The people being left alone, began to take a hand in governing themselves. The *communes*, as they were called, little self-defending towns or communities, came into existence. The French king too, no longer overshadowed by his many lords, became a recognized figure of authority. The royal power had been much diminished in the century which had elapsed since Hugh Capet seized the throne. Philip I., the one wise act of his feeble reign, purchased the estates of many of the lesser nobles who needed money for the crusade. He thus began that slow increase of the kingly power at the expense of the nobility, which continued until the latter were mere "courtiers," servants in the court of the monarch.

Philip's own progress along this line was not extensive. Indeed, there is a tale that at the close of his reign, he led his son Louis to the window and pointing to the tower of Montlheri, in plain view from the Paris wall, said, "My son, watch well that castle. It is my great anxiety, and I have grown old in the effort to capture it."

Louis VI. (1108–1137) obeyed his father's behest. He took Montlheri and many another frowning robber castle of similar type. The name given him in

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THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS

his old age, Louis the Fat, is rather misleading. In his younger days he was known as Louis the Alert and "the fighter." He stands out as one of the ablest of the early kings. The duty of royalty was, in his eyes, to punish wrong and administer justice, and he did both with a resolute hand. One plunderer's stronghold after another yielded to his determined sieges. The church supported him gladly; and after a while the peasantry also recognized his service to themselves, and we begin to find them taking part with his knights in the assaults on the petty tyrants of their fields.

The Abbot Suger, who had been the King's teacher in youth, remained the able counsellor of his reign, and is the first of those great ministers of France, who did so much to raise the power of her kings. By degrees Louis extended his hand beyond his immediate neighborhood. His strength was felt, and something of his sovereignty recognized, in southern France. Prayers for help came to him even from other lands, his high sounding rank as King of the French leading distant people into a most exaggerated idea of his majestic power.

In 1119, he even ventured to make war on his mighty vassal the King of England, but was beaten in what the chroniclers assure us was a tremendous battle at Brenneville. As the same informants let us know that just three knights were slain in this "tremendous battle," we begin to realize why to a noble, safe clad in iron armor, war appeared merely as a pleasant pastime. The French peasants, taking up the matter more seriously, avenged their king's defeat by such fierce ravages into Normandy as effectually checked any further Norman advance.

In this war was first used the Oriflamme, which became for centuries the royal standard of the French kings. Hitherto their banner had been the blue "monk's hood" of Saint Martin, borne in honor of Hugh Capet. By this time the kings had snatched from Normandy all the broad lands of the Abbey of Saint Denis, and one of the conditions on which the overlord of Saint Denis was acknowledged by its monks, was that he swore to defend the abbey and carry its standard, the Oriflamme (golden flame), in war. So when King Louis marched against the Normans he was persuaded by Suger, Saint Denis's abbot, to have the Oriflamme borne before him. It was a banner, not a flag, and was all of flaming red, mounted on a gilded staff. The end of the banner was cut in three points or flames. Men soon attached a superstitious value to the holy standard. It was said no rebel could face it; infidels were blinded by merely looking on its splendor; and whoever struck against it was doomed to eternal flame.

In the time of Louis VI. came also the beginnings of modern philosophy in France. One might almost say, the opening of religious revolt. The great

teacher Abelard became head of the Paris schools (1119) and preached doctrines founded wholly on reason. Students flocked to him by thousands from all over Europe. But at last he clashed in argument with the celebrated Saint Bernard, and Bernard, dreading the irreligious tendency of his rival's thought, had his doctrines condemned by the church. Abelard was forbidden to teach and sent to the seclusion of a monastery (1137).

Almost the last act of King Louis was the wedding of his son Louis VII. to Eleanor, the only daughter and heiress of the Duke of Aquitaine. Forty years before the Aquitainians would have thought little of such an alliance, now they sought it as an honor.

Louis VII. (1137–1180), called the Young, from having been only seventeen at the time of his accession, continued long under Suger's influence. He was by no means so able a man as his father, though circumstances brought him much more before men's eyes. His marriage with Eleanor more than doubled the extent of his domains, and at last there was a king in France who really ruled over more than half its territory. Unfortunately, the union of Louis and Eleanor soon proved but a repetition of the former attempt to unite North and South under King Robert and Constance. Louis trod in the footsteps of his saintly ancestor, and Eleanor vowed in disgust that he was more monk than king.

Their quarrelling was interrupted by the Second Crusade. The Turks had recruited their military strength. The descendants of the first crusaders were proving themselves a weak and pusillanimous race, half eastern, half western, and heirs to the vices of both continents. Edessa, their border stronghold, was captured by the Turks and its inhabitants put to the sword; and from Jerusalem there came to Europe a terrified wail, "Help us or we die!"

St. Bernard was the great preacher and herald of this crusade. He was a French monk who had refused all offices, but whose inspired eloquence, whose wisdom and whose holy life had so exalted his fame throughout Europe that kings sought his advice, wars were ended at his command, and popes were not only guided but elected by his counsel. At first Bernard would have nought to do with the crusade, for he was a man of peace; but finally he was impressed by its necessity, and he drew all Europe after him.

Louis VII. was one of the first to take the crusading vow. His minister Suger entreated the young man to withdraw the words. Suger had seen the kingship grow to be the real centre of France, the true court of justice, whose strength preserved the land in peace. Even Bernard hesitated to advise the young monarch to abandon his people to the miseries of an empty throne. But Louis was not to be turned aside; and at Bernard's insistence, Conrad III., the Emperor of Germany, also, though most unwillingly, took up the cross. Both

LOUIS VII. RECEIVING THE CROSS FROM SAINT BERNARD

monarchs urged Bernard to accompany them and take supreme command, but he recognized his utter lack of military experience and declined.

Conrad set out for the Holy Land early in 1147 with a large and well-appointed army; and Louis soon followed him, accompanied by Eleanor and a court queerly divided betwixt the gay queen and monkish king.

Both armies had endless trouble with the Emperor of Constantinople. He gave them false guides, and endeavored to betray them to the Turks. Conrad's army was starved amid the deserts of Asia Minor, ambushed, and almost destroyed. Louis, keeping away from the interior and marching along the Asian coast toward Syria, fared little better. His advance was a constant battle.

On one occasion his vanguard was ordered to hold certain rocky heights for the protection of the army. Queen Eleanor and her ladies chanced to be with the division assigned to this duty, and Eleanor preferred the pleasant shady valleys beyond, to the hot and barren hillside. So the courteous commander abandoned the unpleasant spot, and led his soldiers whither the ladies wished. The Turks at once seized the heights, and there ambushed a large body of the unsuspecting troops who followed. These were almost cut to pieces. King Louis himself, determined not to become a prisoner, set his back to a rock and almost alone repulsed the ravaging Saracens, till they sought an easier prey. Night fell, and Louis, leaping on a riderless horse, escaped to where the other crusaders were mourning him as dead.

No punishment followed for the knight whose folly had sacrificed so many of his comrades. The saintly Louis was incapable of severity. He proved incapable even of firmness. When further progress along the coast grew difficult, he yielded to the entreaty of his weak associates, and took ship with the best of his troops for Antioch. Vessels enough could not be found for the great body of crusaders, so the wounded and all the host of common people and unarmed pilgrims were left behind. Some saved themselves by turning Mahometans; the remainder starved, or were seized and sold as slaves among the Turks.

Only a few thousand soldiers of the combined armies reached Antioch, where Eleanor flirted with its degenerate Count, while Conrad and Louis visited Jerusalem, and fruitlessly besieged a few Mahometan towns. Then the crusaders sailed one by one for home, disgusted with everything, the crusade, the East, one another, and themselves. Never has undertaking so heralded and so pompously begun, resulted in failure more complete and shameful.

Suger had governed France ably in his master's absence, but he could no longer control the king. Louis returned burning with rage against his faithless queen, and insisted on divorcing her. Suger reminded him that her estates would go with her, and the kingdom be again reduced to its former weakness.

But Louis was petulantly determined, and the lady scornfully willing. Indeed, she seems to have had a second husband already in waiting. Scarce were the words of separation pronounced by the Church, ere, despite King Louis's frantic forbidding of the banns by virtue of his power as their overlord, she wedded Henry Plantagenet, Count of Anjou.

This Henry was already heir to England and Normandy, and when two years later he entered on his inheritance, he united with England under his rule Normandy, Maine, Anjou, Brittany, Poitou, Aquitaine, and Gascony. A glance at the map will show that all Western France, from the English Channel to the Pyrenees, belonged to the Plantagenets.

Now indeed had Louis cause to tremble. His little territory was almost engulfed in that of his ambitious and mighty vassal. Causes of quarrel between them were not lacking—even if we except Eleanor—and they were soon at war. Looking back across the centuries, it is hard to understand why Henry was not more successful. To be sure, he professed great respect for the oath of allegiance he had taken to King Louis, and abandoned the siege of Toulouse because of the King's presence within its walls. Yet his allegiance did not stay him from making war on France, or from turning loose upon its poor peasantry several thousand hired soldiers to burn and pillage.

Luckily for France, hindrances more serious than Henry's oath of vassalage soon checked his power. He quarrelled with his Archbishop, Becket, and roused the enmity of the Church. He quarrelled with Eleanor, and she led Aquitaine in revolt. He quarrelled with his sons, Eleanor's sons, and they also fomented rebellion against him. France, for the moment at least, was left at peace.

ABELARD

THE HEROIC RESISTANCE AND ESCAPE OF LOUIS VII.

PHILIP AUGUSTUS UNHORSED AT BOUVINES

Chapter LXXXIV

PHILIP AUGUSTUS AND THE GREAT THIRD CRUSADE

PHILIP AUGUSTUS (1180–1223), son of Louis VII., was only fifteen years old when the death of his weak father summoned him to the throne. His barons thought to take advantage of his youth to regain some of their ancient privileges, but Philip at once proved himself their match.

Without being a great man he was assuredly a great king, and did more than any other to establish the power of the French monarchy. Cold, crafty, and undemonstrative, he had but one enthusiasm—France; but one dream—to restore to her the power of Charlemagne. Yet he was by no means an evil man. He sought justice, disliked cruelty, avoided persecution, and encouraged learning. He was a brave enough soldier, too, when there was call for fighting; but, above all these things, he was the statesman that France needed, far-seeing, resolute, and politic.

Upon the border line of France and Normandy there stood an ancient tree called the "treaty elm," under which the rulers of the two domains used to meet to arrange terms of peace, and under which, it is said, Philip had frequently stood as a boy, listening while his father was outwitted by Henry Plantagenet. The lad had vowed to be avenged, and, as proof of his deep-seated purpose that there should be no more treaties, he cut down the tree.

Henry's sons were stirred by Philip to constant rebellion and treachery,

until their aged father knew not which way to turn. Richard, his oldest surviving son, afterward King Richard of the Lion Heart, withdrew from Aquitaine, which he was supposed to be guarding for his father, and passed openly into Philip's camp. The French king welcomed him as a brother; and the two lived in the same tent, ate from the same plate, and even slept on the same bed.

Perhaps this was all part of Philip's revenge, for he broke with Richard readily enough in later days. At any rate, he so wore out the strength and confidence of his aged foe, that at last Henry acknowledged himself wholly the vassal of the French king, surrendered some of his French estates, and promised to pardon all who had rebelled against him. There is a story that when, rising from his sick bed, Henry asked to see the list of the rebels he was thus forgiving, the first name written thereon was that of his youngest and favorite son John, whom he most trusted and supposed still faithful. Then at last his bruised heart broke, and crying out upon the hollowness of life, he turned his face to the wall, and died. France was avenged upon her ravager.

At this time arose the third crusade. Jerusalem, abandoned to its fate by the crusaders forty years before, had continued to exist because of dissensions among the Turks. Finally, however, a brave and able prince, Saladin, a favorite of romance in both East and West, succeeded in uniting all the Mahometans under his rule. Resolved to be the only power in the East, he attacked the Christians, defeated them in battle, and captured Jerusalem (1187).

We are told that he had sworn to massacre its every inhabitant, in revenge for the slaughter with which the Christians had disgraced its former capture. But when the miserable and defenceless people crouched before him, he had not the heart to pass sentence on them, and, more Christian than the Christians, let them go free to seek other homes. The result, however, was much the same, since most of the unfortunates died of hunger or by Turkish swords along the route of their aimless wanderings.

The fall of Jerusalem roused all Europe to a sense of shame. Each man felt that he had neglected the cause of God for his own private interests. There was no one great preacher this time to rouse men to action, yet more than ever before seemed ready to take the crusader's vow. Nor was France, as formerly, the centre of the movement. Its king, Philip, and also his sworn brother, Richard, new seated on the English throne, both assumed the red cross. But so did another, greater than they, the German Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, acknowledged on all sides as the chief potentate of Europe.

Under Barbarossa's guidance, the crusade promised success. He set out in 1189 with one hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, maintained strict discipline among them, led them in orderly fashion to Constantinople, and secured the alliance of its Emperor. Plunging then into the wilds of Asia Minor, he did

FINDING THE BODY OF FREDERICK BARBAROSSA

what no crusading general had yet accomplished—threaded its passes and defeated its ambushed warriors without serious loss. Leaving the land conquered and submissive behind him, he brought a practically undiminished army into the north of Syria, and there, as you have read in Germany's story, died, while plunging across a mountain stream.

With him perished the crusades. His German troops, bewildered and disheartened and with no man among them fitted to take his place, disbanded at Antioch and gradually drifted home. Crusaders of all nations had, however, already arrived at Antioch by sea and were besieging Acre or Ptolemais. There also came Philip and Richard, not sorry at heart, perhaps, to be relieved of Barbarossa's overwhelming presence.

Yet even here his absence proved the crusade's undoing. Either of the two kings would have readily yielded precedence to him. Neither was prepared to submit to the other. Richard was indeed the vassal of Philip for his French lands; but he asserted that he attended the holy war not as Duke of Normandy, but as an independent sovereign, the King of England. Philip finally yielded first place to him, but their quarrels extended to their people. The other nations took sides. The whole camp was in constant uproar.

If you read English chronicles, you will learn that the fault was all with Philip; if you prefer French accounts, you will find Richard was to blame. Richard, no doubt, was, as always, hasty, overbearing, and short-sighted, a tremendous fighter but a poor general. Philip saw these follies, sought to use real headwork for the successful guidance of the war, and received only insult for his pains.

Probably half a million men took part in this, the most universal of the crusades; and there were not now, as before, crowds of peasantry among the soldiers, helping only to swell the numbers and the victims. These men were all soldiers, the picked fighting strength of Europe. Yet they accomplished nothing.

The siege of Acre continued for months in desultory fashion. No two nations would act in unison against it. When the troops of one country assaulted the walls, the others sat sulking in their tents. In the meantime there were gorgeous tournaments, many stately interviews between Mahometan and Christian potentates, and truces during which the soldiers fraternized. East and West were slowly growing acquainted.

At last Acre was forced to surrender, the whole Christian world being bent on starving it into submission. It was not an important place in itself. Yet so well had it been defended that its capture cost the crusaders over a year of time and a hundred thousand lives. Whatever religious enthusiasm the young French king had felt for crusading was now wholly evaporated. At the

present rate of procedure Jerusalem would not fall for centuries, so he left a few thousand troops for Richard's assistance and returned to France.

On the whole, one feels that he had acted very well. Richard of course did not think so, entreated Philip to stay, then cursed him, heaped scorn upon him, and continued fighting by himself. He was a magnificent warrior, a most dashing and captivating figure of a knight, but he had a positive genius for insulting other people, and soon found nation after nation deserting him.

For another year he continued battling without any notable result. Then he realized the hopelessness of his cause, and saw also, as indeed by this time all Christendom seems to have seen, that a Mahometan might still be a human being, and that Saladin in particular was a very noble and gallant gentleman. So Richard and Saladin made peace with a mutual warmth and admiration that quite shocked the churchmen on both sides. It was agreed that Christians were to be free to visit Jerusalem without hindrance, and Richard departed for home. He had won for himself a mighty name and a place in the hearts of unborn generations of English children. Perhaps, too, the crusade had saved Europe for the time from a Mahometan invasion, but with regard to its avowed object, the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, it was almost as complete a failure as its predecessor.

The one person who found any material profit in the crusade was Philip. Before leaving the Holy Land, he took a special oath not to attack the domains of his brother, Richard, while the latter was engaged in the crusade. The true feelings of the French king may, however, be inferred from the fact that he stopped at Rome on his way home, and tried to persuade the Pope to absolve him from his vow. This the Pope vehemently refused to do, and Philip, far too shrewd to place himself manifestly in the wrong, remained content with stirring up Richard's vassals in France against him, and encouraging his brother, Prince John, to usurp his power in England.

Meanwhile a new misfortune befell Richard. While returning from the Holy Land, he was seized and imprisoned by the Duke of Austria, whom he had insulted at Acre. Clearly the English king was no longer crusading, and Philip, claiming to be released from his oath, promptly attacked Normandy. Prince John, whom the Normans refused to acknowledge as his brother's successor, joined the French king, and the two besieged Rouen.

The Norman barons met them so sturdily that they had made but little progress, ere Richard was ransomed and returned. His fiery valor made matters more equal, and Philip, seeing now but little chance of profit in the war, accepted peace with a small accession of territory.

Richard died in 1199. John succeeded to the English throne, and thereby in his turn forfeited Philip's friendship, which was transferred to Arthur, the

PHILIP AUGUSTUS THANKING THE BURGHERS AFTER THE BATTLE OF BOUVINES

young nephew of Richard and John, in whose name Philip managed to appropriate another slice of the Plantagenets' territory.

It is customary to attribute to the weakness and cowardice of John all the losses that now befel the house of Plantagenet, but it is doubtful if even a far stronger man could have retained its possessions intact. It must be remembered that, though kings of England, the Plantagenets were not English. They were French, the sons of Henry of Anjou and Eleanor of Aquitaine. Richard of the Lion Heart, whom England has made a great national hero, was not in that land six months of all his reign. The Aquitainians looked on him as *their* hero, and the chief members of his roving court were from southern France.

It is noteworthy, too, that when Richard and Philip were swearing loyalty to each other, the English king named as his capital not London, but Rouen in Normandy, the stronghold of the pirate Northmen. He thus proclaimed Normandy and not England as the centre of his domains. Yet even the Norman barons had no feeling of loyalty for these Plantagenets, whom they regarded as a foreign race, newly set over them by the accidents of marriage and the extinction of the direct line of their own dukes, descendants of the mighty Rolf and William. The fame of Richard had drawn this fierce race to his side, but against John we have seen them already at war.

Put in sudden and unexpected lordship over four distinct and antagonistic races—English, Normans, South French, and the Bretons of Brittany—John had need to tread as warily as a rope dancer. Brittany and southern France declared at once for Arthur. John defeated and captured his young rival; and then, unluckily for him, Arthur died in his hands.

Perhaps John made the mistake of killing the lad. At any rate, all France with King Philip at its head, accused John of the deed, and rose in arms against him. Only Normandy remained loyal, or rather refused to submit to Philip, maintaining haughtily the superiority of the Northman to the Frank.

It was manifest that Southern France was lost to John. Normandy, he still might have saved; but he remained in feeble hesitation at Rouen, while Philip swept triumphant into the land at the head of a powerful army, which burned to avenge Arthur's death. Between Paris and Rouen there rose a great fortress, Chateau Gaillard, which Richard had built to bar the French forever out of Normandy. Philip settled down to besiege it, storming its outer defences point by point. John made one ineffectual effort to relieve it, and then fled to England, abandoning Normandy to its fate.

After a gallant seven-months' resistance, which gave Philip opportunity to display notable military skill, Chateau Gaillard fell, and with it Normandy (1204). Rouen capitulated. Philip formed a court of the great peers of France, whom he made twelve in number in imitation of Charlemagne; and

before this court he summoned John to appear to be tried for murder and treason. The "King of England" forbade the "Duke of Normandy" to obey the summons; that is, John very sensibly ordered himself to remain safe in England. So he was adjudged guilty by the twelve peers, and all his French lands were declared forfeited to Philip, who already possessed them.

Even then the great French monarch had not reached to the height of his ambition or his power. John still had England—unlucky John, destined to mar everything he touched. He quarrelled with the Pope, who laid England under an interdict. Philip had once endured an interdict himself, and had met the Pope's threat of a second one by sending to Rome a document signed by eleven of his peers, vowing to uphold him even against the Pope. So Philip could hardly pose as a churchly saint, yet he now professed great horror of John, and raised an army to invade his kingdom.

The war was preached as a holy one, and adventurers from all quarters flocked to Philip's standard. It was in just such fashion that William the Conqueror had begun, and the resemblance was not lost on the terrified John, who hastened to make abject submission to the Church. The Pope, suspicious of Philip's growing power, was perhaps equally eager for peace. So the English king was pardoned and the holy war forbidden.

Philip was naturally disappointed, but that his armament might not be unprofitable, he employed it to chastise sundry rebellious barons. These united in a league of unexpected strength. John vengefully joined them; so did Otto IV., the Emperor of Germany, who was also having trouble with the Pope. It was indeed a crucial test of Philip's power. England, Germany, and all the strength of the debatable lands along the Rhine were united. No earlier French monarch could have stood against them for a moment.

It is here that Philip shows at his best and greatest. No longer intriguing, deceiving, and cavilling, he stands out clear and strong as the Champion of France. He had made his people respect him, and they stood by him in the hour of trial. There is no surer proof of a monarch's worth than that. Philip himself seems to have feared treachery, but there were no traitors in his camp. Even the Normans had learned to value his just and vigilant rule, and fought now under the French flag.

John invaded western France, and so drew after him a portion of the French army, before which he retreated; otherwise he took no part in the struggle. It was fought out in Flanders, Philip against his rebel barons and the Emperor Otto. They met at Bouvines, August 27, 1214. Philip, knowing all that depended on the issue, fought mightily. Indeed, both sovereigns seem to have been in as much personal peril as was possible with first-class armor. Philip was beaten from his horse, probably with sore pounding; but

SIMON DE MONTFORT BEFORE TOULOUSE

his knights rallied round him, and he remounted and with resolute will led them again into the thick of the fray. A valiant French knight had Otto in his grasp; but Otto's horse, wounded and luckily "*un*manageable," bore him from the field, to which he did not return. His followers gradually gave way. The Count of Boulogne and a body of English auxiliaries were the last to yield. Even these laid down their arms in the end, mainly convinced by the mighty Bishop of Beauvais, who held it wrong to shed men's blood, so battered them down with a clubinstead. The French remained undisputed masters of the field.

You may remember the effect of the battle of Bouvines on Otto. It lost him the Empire of Germany; and the gallant young Frederick II. succeeded him. John, too, suffered not a little from this campaign, through the English scorn that greeted him on his return home. Its effect upon France, however, was greatest of all. Philip was left undisputed master of his own realm, and by far the most powerful and most renowned prince in Christendom.

Bouvines is often referred to as closing in France the struggle whose progress we have watched, between feudalism and monarchy, between the great lords and the king. But it must be remembered that more of Philip's lords fought with him than against him. He had conquered them already by his wisdom and his justice. Greater therefore is the claim of this celebrated battle to be regarded as the beginning of French national feeling. It was not only the barons but the people who gathered so resolutely around their threatened king.

Philip had followed the wise policy inaugurated by his father and grandfather of upholding the communes, the free cities. They regarded him as *their* king. The militia of sixteen French cities swelled his ranks at Bouvines and contributed not a little to his victory. Indeed, if we might believe their own historians, they did it all, began the attack, rescued the king when assailed, and won the final assault. It is certain that Philip thanked them publicly after the battle, and gave them certain of the captive lords to ransom for their own benefit.

The worthy burghers went home in high and quite uncontrollable triumph. And thus a new development enters our story. We have talked of French kings and French barons. Hereafter we must speak also of the French cities, and of the great French people. For the first time these had tasted GLORY, the strongest of their national passions.

THE CRUSADERS ENTERING CONSTANTINOPLE

Chapter LXXXV

SAINT LOUIS AND THE END OF THE CRUSADES

HISTORIANS usually recognize eight crusades in all, though those which intervened between the great Third Crusade and the final efforts of St. Louis, are confused in number and of small importance. They seem not even to have aimed to reconquer the Holy Land, and were either content with the smaller object of preserving the remaining Christian cities along the Palestine coast, or else they degenerated into mere plundering expeditions.

Briefly summarized, the *Fourth Crusade* of 1203–1204 was made by the Normans and Venetians. They never reached the Holy Land; but did what the earlier and more earnest crusaders had scorned to do, stormed and plundered Constantinople, and set up there a Norman kingdom. This, after a precarious existence of fifty-six years, was overthrown by the Greeks themselves.

The *Fifth Crusade* is generally reckoned as that undertaken in 1217 by Andrew, King of Hungary. He led an army into Asia Minor and wandered about among its deserts for some time, with an apparently blind and aimless sort of bravado. Finally, having encountered neither battle nor booty sufficient to please himself and his wild followers, he returned home in much disgust.

The *Sixth Crusade* was that which Frederick II. of Germany undertook in

LOUIS IX. AND THE PRISONERS FREED AT HIS CORONATION

1228. You will recall that he set out in defiance of the command and excommunication of the Pope, but won by diplomacy what his predecessors had failed to extort by arms. His friend the Sultan presented him with the city of Jerusalem, and he was crowned its king. Thus a feeble principality was re-established there for a few years, till in 1244 another tribe of fiery Mahometans recaptured the city and levelled it to the ground.

The *Seventh* and *Eighth Crusades* were those of St. Louis, and we must now return to our story of France and carry it forward to his reign.

Philip Augustus lived for yet another nine years after the battle of Bouvines, reigning in peace and acknowledged power. He organized the University of Paris, the centre of learning in France; and he is reputed to have saved his capital from the condition that justified its ancient name of Mud-town. Looking one day from his palace window, he was so disgusted with the way the mud splashed upon all the passers-by, and so convinced of its unhealthfulness, that he immediately issued a royal order, and forthwith the entire city was paved with stone.

One important matter that began in Philip's reign and ended in that of his son and grandson, was the crushing of southern France. We have seen that Aquitaine had fallen largely to the king, but the region of modern Languedoc, including also the territory from Toulouse to the Pyrenees, still held itself quite independent. Philip had small part in its ruin; it encountered a yet more resistless and terrible foe in the wrath of the Church.

Two sects of heretics had gradually acquired power there—the Albigenses and the Waldenses. To attempt an explanation of their doctrines would be to enter what is even yet a field of controversy. It is sufficient for our present purpose to record that the Church of Rome condemned them, and bade the lord of the region, Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, to put an end to them.

Raymond promised, but evaded the performance of his pledge. Indeed, he seems to have had a leaning toward the heretics himself, declaring that only among them could truly holy men be found. At last the Pope took the matter out of such slack hands, condemned Raymond along with the heretics, and preached a crusade against his lands. Men were assured that a brief expedition to Toulouse would yield all the benefits toward salvation that could be gained by the lengthy crusades against Jerusalem. They knew also that there were cities to be sacked and lands to be distributed among the conquerors. Let us not presume to sit in judgment upon these our brothers, and say what influence was strongest upon their straitened and superstitious minds. They gathered in large numbers for the war. A Norman knight, Simon de Montfort, became their leader, and proved a valiant and successful one.

The crusade, nominally against the Albigenses, became in reality a war

against all the inhabitants of the district. At the storming of the first city, Beziers, the crusaders asked how they should know the heretics from other citizens. One hesitates to set down the blasphemous answer, though it is vouched for on good authority. "Slay them all," commanded the Abbot of Citeaux; "God will know His own."

The war thus became one of extermination. The Southerners were unfortunate in their leader, Count Raymond, apparently a light and frivolous man, of good impulses, but mainly concerned throughout for his own safety and the preservation of his lordship. He first offered to lead the crusade himself, and was in at least nominal command at the storming of Beziers. But the excesses of the crusaders frightened him; and the intent of the Church to deprive him wholly of his lands, gradually became clear. Then he did considerable vigorous fighting.

It was not until after long years of siege, warfare, and treachery, that Simon de Montfort found himself master of a country ruined and utterly desolate. Only Toulouse and one or two other cities remained to Raymond. Toulouse, twice taken, and with her walls battered to the ground, rebuilt her defences and defied the invader yet a third time; and Simon, besieging the city, was slain by a great stone hurled from one of its catapaults.

He had been the soul of the war, and it dragged on but languidly after his death. Finally another Raymond, son of the former count, made peace with a grandson of Philip, who pledged himself to protect what remained of the ruined land, and it passed finally into complete possession of the kings. In the struggle all the splendor and wealth and culture, which had been the glory of Southern France since Roman days, had disappeared.

We need scarce pause over the brief reign of Philip's son, Louis VIII. (1223–1226). During his father's time, Louis made an effort to obtain the kingship of England, heading a faction of the English lords against King John. But that forms a bit of English history. It came to nothing in the end, as did his own brief rule in France. He wedded Blanche, a princess from the Spanish land of Castile, and left his kingdom and his little son to her motherly care. It has been aptly said of him that his only claim to glory lies in having been "son to Philip Augustus, husband to Blanche of Castile, and father to St. Louis."

Blanche of Castile certainly ranks as one of the remarkable women of history. For nearly thirty years she stood forth as the saving angel of France. Her son Louis IX. (1226–1270), commonly called St. Louis, was only in his twelfth year at the time of his accession. We are told that his mother had not even the legal right to act as Regent, and when she summoned the barons to attend her son's coronation, they absented themselves in a body. They refused

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THE BATTLE OF TAILLEBOURG

to do him homage for their lands, and formed a widespread confederation to regain their ancient power. To this league Queen Blanche had nothing to oppose "save her sense of right and her own mother wit."

These proved sufficient for the difficult task. She completely outmanœuvred the barons, winning first one and then another from their confederation. She summoned the people of Paris and the other communes to her side, refused to liberate certain noble prisoners whom the lords demanded, but made, upon her son's coronation, a general jail delivery of the common folk instead.

The two chief barons of the time were Thibaut of Champagne and the lord of Brittany, Pierre Mauclerk (evil clerk), who had been educated as a priest or "clerk," and coming unexpectedly into a lordship, ably turned his knowledge of law against his teachers. He was the most powerful, despotic, and merciless man of his day, bullied the clergy and his lesser lords, buried the dead and living together when they offended him, defied the Queen, and invited the English into France. Him, Blanche harassed until he made submission, then abandoned his lordship, and finally disappeared on a crusade.

Thibaut of Champagne was a man of different stamp, not only a warrior but a poet, whose verse still lingers in his native land. He professed to be deeply enamored of the fair queen; and she turned his passion to account, as she did all things, for the government of France. He had been the leader of the barons; and he alternately encouraged or deserted them as his suit fluctuated, till at last they rejected him altogether, and ravaged his land of Champagne with savage hatred.

It would be interesting to know just how much of policy and how much of passion lay behind this fanciful love affair. At one time Thibaut would have joined his forces to those of Mauclerk, by wedding the latter's daughter; but Blanche drew him from the match by a letter still preserved, and fascinating with double meaning. "I charge you, if you do not wish to lose whatever you have possessed in the kingdom of France, not to do it. If you hold dear or love ought in the said kingdom, do it not. The reason why, you know well."

In such manner Queen Blanche preserved the kingdom during her son's minority, and after Louis came of age, he wisely left much of the government in his mother's hands, knowing he could find none fitter. Indeed, the way in which he long yielded to his mother gave little promise of the strength he afterward displayed. Even his marriage was of her making. When he was but nineteen, she united him to the little twelve-year-old princess, Marguerite of Provence, which was then a separate kingdom.

Having thus given her son to another woman, Blanche seemed disposed to snatch away the gift. She hardly allowed the young pair to be together for a

moment, and their queer little stolen interviews and subterfuges to escape her domineering will, are more pathetic than amusing. Once the young queen lay on a sick bed nigh unto death, and Blanche bade her son leave the room. Poor Marguerite in a frenzy cried out: "Will you let me have him neither alive nor dead!" Then at last Louis asserted himself, and assumed the natural dominance of his position.

To the outer world he first displayed his power in 1242. The threatened invasion of the English had become a reality; their king, Henry III., with many French lords in his alliance, was ravaging Aquitaine. Louis marched against them, conducted a short campaign with brilliant valor, and utterly defeated the allies at Taillebourg. So complete was his success, and so wisely and justly did he use it, that he never had to fight another battle in France.

Two years later Louis, now acknowledged on all sides as a king and a mighty one, was ill almost unto death. He himself laid a crucifix on his breast and sank back with closed eyes. He lay thus for hours, until his people believed him dead and one lady would have drawn the coverlet over his face. But he still breathed, and began slowly to mend. When his strength had come back, he announced that when sinking in that terrible lethargy he had vowed, if his life were spared, he would go on a crusade.

The time of the crusading enthusiasm had passed. His counsellors sought to dissuade him by picturing the miseries of his own land. His mother declared that she would sooner see him dead at once. Even the Pope protested vehemently. The Church was in the midst of its tremendous struggle with the Emperor Frederick II., and its leader repeatedly entreated Louis to turn his crusading longings to account nearer home, by attacking Frederick "the Anti-Christ." It was characteristic of Louis that, despite his deep respect for religion, he refused to be dominated even by the Pope, and persisted in his own purpose. He was not sure of the righteousness of the assault on Frederick. He *was* sure of the purport of his own vow, and in the end all objections gave way before him.

In this, the Seventh Crusade, the heroism and saintliness of Louis IX. shine forth at the expense of his reputation as a general. We see in him the enthusiasm of the mystic, combined with the headlong valor of an ancient Frank. But the mastery over men displayed by Godfrey and Barbarossa, the warlike skill of a Bohemond or even of a Philip Augustus, are conspicuous by their absence.

Louis aimed his armament not against Palestine, but against Egypt, since there lay the capital of the Sultan of the East, and the chief power of the Mahometans. Jerusalem itself was at the moment but a mound of ruins. The crusaders landed at Damietta, at the mouth of the Nile, and Louis, leaping

SAINT LOUIS IN THE HANDS OF THE SARACENS

recklessly into the water, led the way in a wild dash against the Saracen troops who lined the shore. These fled in dismay before the furious charge, and the strong city of Damietta was captured.

And there ended the crusaders' triumph. The pleasures and plunder of Damietta stole away their eagerness to advance. Louis feared the all-pervading overflow of the Nile, of which he had heard. Disease, ever the most fatal foe of the Northerners in those torrid climes, seized upon the army. It was five months before a resolute forward movement was begun, and by that time the Mahometans were fully prepared, the Christians enfeebled and despondent. They charged, moreover, with headlong and indiscriminate valor at every obstacle. The whole advance-guard pursued a few Moslem horsemen into the city of Mansourah, whose gates were shut behind them. Held thus helpless as in a trap, they were massacred at leisure from the house-tops.

At last the Christian army, assailed on every side by countless enemies, could go no further. They began to retreat. At once the number and daring of their enemies seemed increased tenfold. The crusaders could find no rest. Men dropped of exhaustion in the ranks. Louis might still have saved himself, had he been willing to follow the example of his predecessor, Louis VII., and abandon his wounded and the common folk; but this he steadfastly refused to do. He remained fighting with the rearguard, until he, too, fainted from exhaustion and was captured by the Moslems. Not even a remnant of the wretched army escaped back to Damietta.

Meanwhile, imagine the consternation of the Christians who had remained in that unhappy city. The queen, Marguerite, who had insisted upon accompanying her husband on the ill-fated crusade, bore him a son in Damietta, whom she named Tristan (the sad). In her despair she knelt before the aged knight left to guard her, and entreated him to swear that, if the Saracens retook the city, he would cut off her head before she could be captured. "I had already resolved to do so, madame," was the grim rejoinder.

The sacrifice was not required, for the city held out. Great, however, was the triumph of the Saracens over the utter annihilation of the invading army, and their capture of the renowned "King of the Franks." They slew all the common soldiers and retained only such captives as they hoped to ransom. In exchange for Louis himself, they demanded the surrender of Damietta and a million bezants of gold (about two million dollars).

It was in captivity that the virtue of Louis shone most grandly. So calmly patient was he under insult, so tenderly thoughtful of his comrades, so unflinchingly loyal to his word, that the very Saracens learned to admire him. Their writers leave us abundant proof of this, and the Egyptian Sultan presently lost his throne in a revolution roused partly at least by his too great kindness toward

his captives. He was attacked and slain by his own guards, the Mamelukes, in sight of some of the Christian prisoners, who fully expected to follow him. Only the immense amount of the ransoms led the Mamelukes to observe the treaty their Sultan had made.

Louis's ransom came at last, and he sailed with a miserable remnant of his knights, not for home, but for the Holy Land, whither he hoped against hope that his presence might draw others. For four years he remained in Palestine, strengthening its fortifications and encouraging the few defenders. Legend tells us that both here and in Egypt the admiring Saracens followed the hero with alternate threats and prayers, entreating him to adopt their religion and become their king. Louis needs the help of no such romances to make him glorious.

He did not return to France until 1254, when the death of his mother removed from the helm the sure hand to which he had entrusted the guidance of his state. The remaining sixteen years of Louis's life were a blessing both to France and Europe. All earthly dross seemed to have been purged away from the man by the shame and suffering he had endured. Simple and wise and strong, he gave his life to France. His greatest service to his country was the substitution of the rule of law for the rule of force. He systematized existing laws, and extended them over baron as well as peasant. He also established the coinage of the kingdom, centralized its power, and nationalized its people.

Yet even for France Louis would do no wrong. He was troubled in mind over the artifices by which Philip Augustus had wrenched so much land from the English king; and finally he made a voluntary treaty with Henry III., by which he restored to the Plantagenets their fief of Aquitaine and some other southern lands; in return for which Henry confirmed to the French kings their possession of Normandy and the north.

It is characteristic of the times that not even to the just Louis did it occur to consider what the people, whom he thus transferred to Henry, might think of the question. They were merely vassals, bound to accept whatever lord he chose to set over them. As a matter of fact, they had become wholly estranged from the Plantagenets, and bitterly resented this placing them again under the wing of England. They never forgave Louis. Long afterward, when all the the rest of France had accepted him as their great national saint, these expatriated Aquitainians refused to recognize his saintship or celebrate his day.

This unheard-of restitution of a territory unforced, caused Louis to be scoffed at by the worldly-wise. Yet even those who scoffed, trusted him. The French king was made arbiter of many national quarrels, even where he himself was a party interested. His influence extended over all Europe, and it was exerted everywhere for peace. He was indisputably the most important man of his age, one of the few saints whose holiness has not interfered with their earthly suc-

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE SULTAN OF EGYPT

cess. There was profit even in his surrender to the English king; for, as Louis himself pointed out, he deprived discontent in France of the one unfailing support which had made it dangerous.

Through all these years of labor the inflexible Louis was treasuring in his heart another purpose, unknown to his people. He meant to head another crusade. When at last he proclaimed his intention, it was met with a wail of despair from all over France. Men had had more than their fill of these fantastic, impossible, and appallingly disastrous expeditions. Nevertheless, the influence of the great king prevailed, and an army gathered for the Eighth and last Crusade (1270).

It was a melancholy affair. Most of the crusaders were hopeless from the start; and as they sailed from France, they left behind them on the shore a heartbroken crowd of mourners, who wept as if the warriors were already dead. Contrary winds baffled them, provisions ran low, and St. Louis decided to attack the Mahometans in Tunis, and defeat them thus near at hand before advancing on Egypt.

Under the flaming sun of Tunis, on the site of ancient Carthage, he waited for provisions. Disease struck down the army, and this time it assailed as its chief victim the aged and wasted king. He died there upon the burning African sands, a saint's death of prayer and forgiveness and wise counsels. Edward, Prince of England, who had come to join him, pushed on to the Holy Land, but accomplished little and soon returned home. As for the French crusaders, most of them hurried back to France as promptly as possible after their king's death.

With Louis perished the crusades. He had kept them alive long after his world had lost all interest and faith in them. In 1291, Acre, the last Christian stronghold in the East, was stormed, and its inhabitants either turned Mahometan or were slain. From that day to this, the Holy Land has remained undisputed in Turkish hands.

THE LAST CRUSADE

EDWARD III. DOING HOMAGE TO PHILIP OF VALOIS

Chapter LXXXVI

THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR AND BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN

FOR a century and a half France had been ruled by able kings, three at least of whom—Louis VI., Philip Augustus, and St. Louis—were far above the ordinary plane of ability. Now for an equal period her destiny was committed to the hands of sovereigns whom we might almost stigmatize as degenerate. They showed for the most part small sense of their responsibility, devoting themselves not to the land and its people, but to their own evil pleasure and selfish purposes.

There is little in this period over which we need care to linger. Philip III. (1270–1285), the son of Louis IX., was a good man, but "more monk than king," unlearned and narrow-minded. By a single, sudden, ill-advised expedition into Spain he gained for himself the surname of "the Bold" or rash, a title otherwise little in harmony with his quiet and undemonstrative life. He was not even the chief man of his kingdom, being quite overshadowed by his vehement and masterful uncle, Charles of Anjou.

You have already heard of this Charles in both German and Italian history. It was he who wrenched from the last Hohenstaufens their kingdom of Sicily and murdered poor Conradin at Naples. "He was a dark man, who slept little," says his biographer; he was like an evil genius, sucking the life-blood out of France. It was on his advice that Louis had directed his last crusade against Tunis, by which Charles' neighboring kingdom of Sicily reaped all the

THE MAHOMETANS OF JERUSALEM URGE SAINT LOUIS TO BECOME THEIR KING

profit. He had other high-sounding schemes, for the controlling of the papacy, the capture of Constantinople, and so on, which allured to his Sicilian court many of the best knights of France. These shared in the ruin which he brought upon himself, the sudden and awful "Sicilian Vespers."

Charles had treated his Sicilian subjects with contemptuous cruelty. The thousands of Frenchmen whom he had established as officials all through the island of Sicily, draining its wealth like so many leeches, imitated their chief in the haughty scorn with which they insulted their victims. They were playing with volcanic fire.

A word, a trifle, an insult of a French soldier to a Sicilian girl, brought on the explosion. Her lover stabbed the insulter. Plans had been already laid, and the Sicilians rushed to the church towers and rang the vesper bells. At the sign, the French were slain all over the island—men, women, and children, some eight thousand in all. Not one was spared. This was the Sicilian Vespers (1282). Charles, hastening back from his larger projects, made desperate efforts to regain his sovereignty, but failed, and died worn out with work and disappointment in 1285, the same year with his nephew, King Philip III.

Then came Philip's son, Philip IV. (1285–1314), *le Bel*, which means the Handsome, or, as English historians have chosen to translate it, the Fair. He was a strong but evil man, inheriting the statecraft and cruelty of Charles of Anjou. His reign contains some important events, at which we may glance as showing the changed character of the times.

He sought to oppress the people of Flanders, the Flemings, as Charles had the Sicilians, and the Flemings also rose in revolt, not with sudden frenzy, but slowly, weightily, and deliberately, as was their nature. They met Philip's knights in the battle of Courtrai (1302), celebrated as the first contest in which the common people by their own strength withstood the gorgeous and boastful power of chivalry. Note, however, that these Flemings were not country peasants, but *burghers*—that is, city people, the wealthy, intellectual, venturesome, trading class. It will be yet some centuries before the poor, scattered, ignorant country folk of France rise also to the level where they can resist force with force.

For the present it is only the city folk who, driven to it by desperation, range themselves against Philip's chivalry at Courtrai—carefully placing a well-filled canal between themselves and the enemy. The horsemen charged them in that pell-mell fashion which seems to have been the French knights' conception of valor. They dashed forward so furiously that they never even saw the canal—until too late, until they were tumbling into it, hurled forward by those behind, beaten under foot, drowning, suffocating, horses and men mingled in one inextricable, madly plunging mass.

The rude burghers, having never been taught the courtesies of chivalric warfare, did not wait for the unhorsed knights to regain their feet, but crossed the canal and assailed the discomfited foe with clubs and swords, slaying them as they lay. Four thousand gentlemen of the noblest families in France perished; and if you want to realize what a shock this was to chivalry, you must compare it with that "terrific battle" of Brenneville in which three knights were slain. Four thousand pairs of golden spurs, some say seven thousand, the Flemings gathered on the field of Courtrai, whence they named it the Battle of the Spurs. Courtrai caused the final downfall of the ancient noblesse. King Philip had to fill the gaps in his aristocracy with new-made lords, deficient in ancient pedigrees; and the Flemings were left in peace.

In one way this wholesale destruction of his nobility was a gain to Philip. There was no longer any power in the land able to oppose him, except the church. Against that, therefore, he struggled during most of his reign, and in the end did what the Hohenstaufen Emperors had failed to do—broke the power of the Papacy. His mercenaries smote Pope Boniface VIII. in the face, and hounded the aged man to his death. The Popes were settled most unwillingly at Avignon, and became little more than servants to the French monarch.

For all these things Philip needed money,—always more money. He plundered the Jews. He taxed his people till they could bear no more. He debased his coinage till it was worth but a fifth of its face value, and men mocked him with a nickname, "the base coiner." Finally, he evolved a splendid and fearful scheme for replenishing his exhausted treasury.

The "Templars" were an order of knights founded originally among the crusaders in Jerusalem, for the defence of its temple. In the course of generations the Order had grown enormously rich. France, the main home of the Templars, was dotted from end to end with their castles or "chapter houses," filled with treasure. With the ceasing of the crusades the Templars perforce became idle; perhaps they had also become evil. At any rate, Philip conceived the idea of plundering them. He had them suddenly arrested everywhere in France. They were tortured, and confessed, as men have done under torture in all ages, impossible things, which they retracted afterward. It was enough for Philip's purpose. He compelled the unwilling Pope to join him in declaring the Order abolished. Its possessions were nominally transferred to another holy Order; but the King surrendered little or none of the portable treasure he had received.

Many of the Templars were executed. The Grand Master of the Order, after being twice tortured, died upon the scaffold, whence his last words summoned his persecutors to meet him for a higher judgment before the tribunal of God. So at least says legend, stimulated perhaps by the result. The victim

THE CHARGE OF THE FRENCH KNIGHTS AT CRECY

was said to have cited the Pope to meet him within forty days, the King within a year, and it is true that each of them died within the allotted time.

Philip was succeeded by his son, Louis X. (1314–1316), *le Hutin*, which means the Quarrelsome or the disorderly, though in truth it was not poor Louis who was quarrelsome, but rather those who assailed him on all sides, taking advantage of his idleness and folly. He cared more for boyish sports than for his kingdom, and died at twenty-seven through over-exertion at a game of tennis.

His sudden death left the question of the kingship in doubt. He had a daughter, but no sons, though a child was soon to be born. If this proved a boy, he would be king. So France waited on his birth, and in the interval the dead king's brother Philip was appointed regent. The child was a boy, John I. But little John took no heed of kingships and died within seven days. He is sometimes called the seven-days' king, but in point of fact he was never proclaimed king at all.

It was now that Philip, having all power in his own hands, formally proclaimed what is called the Salic law of France, by which no woman was permitted to be sovereign of the land. Whether or not this law had always been in force as an inheritance from the old Salic Franks of Clovis' time, is a disputed question. At any rate, Philip proclaimed it, and made himself king as Philip V. (1316–1322), the Tall.

His reign was brief and unimportant. Needing money, like all his race, he permitted a frightful persecution of the lepers, and then of the Jews. Both of these unhappy people were charged with plotting to poison all Christian France. They were slain like beasts, and Philip and his officials confiscated their estates. After this the King died, finding no more worth in the spoils of the Jews, than his father had in those of the Templars. He left no son, and his daughter being excluded from the throne by the same Salic law which had given it to him, he was succeeded by his younger brother Charles, the last of the sons of Philip the Handsome.

Charles IV. (1322–1328), also called "le Bel," like his father, soon died, leaving nothing accomplished except crime and oppression. Thus, within fourteen years of the execution of the Templars, Philip the Handsome and the four succeeding kings of his family were dead. His evil race was extinct, and men said upon all sides, that it was God's punishment for Philip's treatment of the Pope and the Templars.

France had indeed fallen on evil days and evil ways. Chivalry seemed to have perished with the crusades, and the heartlessness of the powerful, the cruelties practised on the defenceless, upon women, and upon all, in fact, who had not the brute strength to resist—these things are beyond telling. Let it suffice to thank God that our days are not as those.

To find a Capetian king to succeed Charles, it was necessary to trace back beyond Philip the Handsome, whose brother's son, called Philip of Valois, was declared by the grandees of the kingdom to be the new king. Hence the rulers who follow, though still direct descendants of Hugh Capet, are regarded as a distinct sub-branch, known as the house of Valois.

In the reign of this first Valois king, Philip VI. (1328–1350), began the dreary Hundred Years' War. France had not yet emptied her cup of sorrow. She was to drain it to the very dregs of humiliation and suffering. England, the land which had been but a dependency of her Norman dukes, the land which in the days of its King John, France had wellnigh conquered for a second time,—this England was to hold her helpless by the throat, and trample on her prostrate form.

There was no sharply marked beginning to this war. It slowly drifted into existence. Philip the Handsome and all his sons had made trouble in the English fief of Aquitaine, which objected to the exactions of their royal tax-gatherers. The new English king Edward III. had a faint claim to the French throne through his mother, a daughter of Philip the Handsome. But there were several princesses of France nearer in succession than she; and Edward does not seem to have thought at the time of advancing this illegal claim. He even did homage to Philip for his French possessions. But Philip of Valois, a haughty, narrow, and hot-tempered man, who "hated the English," almost forced war on his youthful kinsman.

At that time no person would have thought of comparing the two kingdoms. France, despite her evil ways, still retained something of the prestige Philip Augustus and St. Louis had given her. Her court triumphed over that of the enfeebled German Emperors, and was a central luminary, round which gathered other, lesser monarchs. King John of Bohemia declared he could not truly live outside of brilliant Paris, and brought thither his young son, who was to become the able German Emperor Charles IV. The King of Navarre was but a French viceroy, dependent on the larger state. The little King of Minorca, too, made Paris his residing place.

Moreover, Philip of Valois had revived to some extent the splendor of the court. The barons had elected him as one of themselves, and he began his reign with their ardent support. He made an expedition into Flanders, defeated the boastful Flemings, and seeing those unlucky four thousand pairs of golden spurs in the cathedral of Courtrai, he massacred every citizen of the town in revenge for the triumph of their grandfathers.

Now England and Flanders were in continual trade together, each adding to the other's wealth. It occurred to Philip that it would be a happy way of inflicting discomfort on both these insignificant but disagreeable neighbors to

THE CAPTURE OF KING JOHN AT POITIERS

destroy their mutual commerce. All the English merchants were ordered out of Flanders. The feudal lord of Flanders, also a perpetual visitor at the French court, not daring to live among his dissatisfied subjects, entered heartily into Philip's little pleasantry. He lined the Flemish coasts with ships of war, privateers, not to call them pirates, which seized every passing trading ship, and confiscated its goods for their lord's benefit.

This was more than the English king could stand. He sent a fleet which defeated the privateers and drove them from the coast (1337). This was the first real battle of the Hundred Years' War. Note, therefore, that we have reached a new epoch in the history of Northern Europe. We have read of many wars waged for plunder or religion, for glory or revenge. This one was fought for trade. The merchant supersedes the knight.

Edward landed an armament in Flanders, and summoned the Flemings to join him in attacking France; but they held back. They were very willing he should fight, but not at all eager to plunge themselves into a new embroilment with the vindictive French king. Among the objections they raised, was that they were sworn vassals of the crown of France, and could not break their feudal oath by assailing it; but if Edward had assumed that crown as his mother's right—Edward promptly did assume it, placed the lilies of France on his royal standard and declared Philip of Valois a usurper. The war was on in earnest, and this resolute Edward was not the man to retract his spoken word.

Yet for a long time Edward could make no headway against the French. Philip was stronger than he, and Edward avoided a decisive battle. In 1340 he won the great sea fight of Sluys off the Flemish coast, thereby gaining for England that supremacy of the seas, which she has ever since maintained.

The defeat, it must be confessed, troubled the French court but little. What did the great lords care for the ocean? They rather rejoiced in the wiping out of these "Norman pirates, who would never let any fresh fish come up to Paris." And Philip reflected with pleasure that he had saved the four-month's back pay which the seamen could never come to claim of him.

In 1346 Edward made his famous raid through Northern France, which led to the battle of Crecy. Philip, furious at his antagonist's presumption, which had dared to threaten Paris itself, pursued him with a force far outnumbering the English. Edward fled, but was looking always for a good place where he could turn and fight. He found it among the hills near the village of Crecy, and posted his army strongly. Some say he had cannon with him, the first used in France, but this is more than doubtful.

He had evaded the French forces repeatedly, when they thought they had him trapped and already a prisoner. Now, when he was seen at last awaiting them, they rushed forward like madmen. You remember the reckless charges

of St. Louis's knights against the Saracens. You recall the fearful plunge of the French nobles into the canal at Courtrai. Crecy was but a repetition of these madnesses. A number of hired Italian bowmen were in front, and when their unarmored ranks retreated before the showers of English arrows, the French lords charged and cut them down furiously for their cowardice.

This took time, and many Frenchmen fell during the massacre of the Italians. Moreover, the deadly English arrows descended like hail amid the confused mass of men and horses. Only a small portion of the French knights broke through the medley and drove their exhausted steeds against the English lines. They were easily beaten down, and the wild Welsh and Irish footmen knifed them as they lay. The old blind King of Bohemia was slain with all his attendants, who tied their bridles together and charged with him into the thick of the fray. Philip of Valois, bewildered and impotent in face of the sudden and awful disaster that had overwhelmed his nation, stood idly staring, and would have been made prisoner had not some of his own knights forced him from the field.

Crecy changed the whole aspect of the war. Edward marched in triumph to Calais, the great seaport stronghold of the French, whence they were still harassing England's trade. For a whole year he besieged Calais, fortifying his army so strongly meanwhile, that though Philip gathered another immense force, he dared not again hurl it against the English. And thus almost in sight of its king Calais surrendered; its inhabitants were turned out; and it was peopled with colonists from England. For two hundred years it remained the pride of the English people, their stronghold in the midst of the enemy, the "key to France."

All this was as nothing to what was to follow. That terrible plague known as "the Black Death" swept over France, depopulating whole cities. In Paris eighty thousand are said to have perished, among them Philip's queen. The English, under Edward's son, the "Black Prince," made their headquarters at Bordeaux and ravaged all Southern France unopposed. Philip of Valois died, disgraced in the eyes of men, ruined by his own temper and folly.

His son John II. (1350–1364), the Good, took up the war only to be defeated by the Black Prince at Poitiers (1356), a battle quite as rash and reckless and ill-planned by the French as Crecy. Their army was destroyed, and King John, after defending himself with great personal bravery, was captured. He was carried prisoner to England, where, except for one short interval, he remained until his death.

Thus the government of his distracted country passed to his son, Charles, who had fled among the first from the fatal field of Poitiers. This son ruled till 1364 as Regent, and afterward as King Charles V. (1364–1380), called

MARCEL THREATENS THE DAUPHIN

"the Wise." The surnames of these two kings might easily mislead us as to their merit. The "Good" of John meant only what we would call a "good fellow," a pleasant, jovial comrade; and the wisdom of Charles consisted in refusing to fight the English, letting them ravage his land unopposed, until they starved in the desert they themselves had made.

Imagine if you can the horrible condition to which this policy reduced wretched France. The English marched over the land from end to end with fire and sword. The "free companies" as they were called, soldiers hired to fight first by one side then another, found greater profit in plundering for themselves. A few strong towns like Paris shut their gates and defied all comers. The castles of the nobles could resist an ordinary siege. But the poor country folk had no defence nor escape. It was useless for them to plant crops which others devoured, and they fled like beasts to the forests, hiding at every footstep, starving, or feeding upon roots and nuts.

In 1358 bands of these peasants gathered in a rebellion, not of enthusiasm, but of despair, like the Bagaudæ of Roman times. They had passed beyond the fear of death, and stormed the smaller castles like legions of rats, swarming onward and upward till the defenders grew exhausted with slaying, and the rats scrambled over them, and filled the castle, and massacred every soul within, and fed upon the stored provisions, which had drawn them to the spot. These frenzied wretches were called the *Jacquerie*, from the French nickname Jack, or *Jacques*, given to all peasants. The French nobles, and especially the noble ladies, learned to dread the hideous mobs worse than either English or free companies. The picture is too terrible! Let us turn to another.

Charles the Wise crouched in the centre of all this like a spider in his web, certain to win in the end, because he had neither heart, nor blood, nor soul, and could endure this living death longer than any of his foes. A burgher of Paris, Etienne Marcel, led the Parisians in an attempt to secure better things. Charles, who had fled like a coward from Poitiers, seemed easy to terrorize, and the Parisians burst in upon him, and slew his chief counsellors before his eyes. Their blood spattered his clothes, and he grovelled at Marcel's feet and shrieked for life. He promised the citizens their way in everything, then fled from Paris and resumed his former course. Marcel was slain by some of his own followers.

In 1360, the peace of Bretigny granted nearly half of France to England, not as a fief, but as a part of the English kingdom, separated entirely from France. King John was released from his captivity on part payment, part promise of an enormous ransom, and returned to France. He gathered an army to attack some free companies who were ravaging Burgundy, and who, after roundly defeating him, continued their devastation. Then some hitch occurring in the

payment of the balance of the ransom,—indeed it is whispered that Charles would have had his father refuse payment altogether—King John returned, surrendered himself again to the English, and died among them. One chronicler asserts that John was not sorry to escape sight of the woful miseries of France, and to go back to his feasting and good fellowship with the English king. John had, however, a noble speech with which to return, one of the best known in history. "If honor," he said, "were banished from all the world beside, it ought still to be found in the hearts of kings."

Charles V., that atrocious parody on his father's words, now ran his course unrestrained, deceiving everybody, betraying everybody, yet so successful in his arts that France saw her strength returning, she knew not how. The life-blood flowed once more through her sluggish veins; and men gazing in fear at their silent and sickly king, whispered that he was a magician, a dealer with evil spirits, and the name they gave him, Charles the Wise, had to them a mystic and terrible significance.

He found a captain who could handle troops, not a great lord, but a simple Breton gentleman, a captain of free companies, Bertrand du Guesclin. With his aid, Charles put down the worst of the rebellions in his own land, and then rid himself of all the "free companies" at one stroke by hiring them to take part in a war in Spain, under their hero, Du Guesclin. In Spain they found plenty of plunder to pay them, and plenty of fighting, both with the Breton captain and the Black Prince—for they changed sides occasionally, and once left Du Guesclin to be captured by the English. Few of these marauders ever returned to France, and those who did, were adroitly turned over to the Pope, who marched them into Italy and with their help re-established himself at Rome.

The French knights had been given their last chance to redeem their military reputation when King John led them against the free companies in Burgundy. Charles V. would have no more of them. He formed a regular army with Du Guesclin at its head, and made the Breton, Lord Constable of France, a rank heretofore reserved for only the highest nobility. He next turned his attention to the English. He had already embroiled them with the Spaniards, and had been part prompter of a quarrel between them and their Aquitainian subjects. In 1369, he sent them a declaration of open war, emphasizing his contempt of chivalry, it is said, by making a kitchen servant his ambassador.

He would not, however, let Du Guesclin meet them in the field, but still pursued his old policy of caring nothing for the sufferings of his own land, provided the English invaders suffered also. They did to the full. They raged —and starved. When they were few in number, Du Guesclin beat them. When they came in force, they could find no foe outside the impregnable cities.

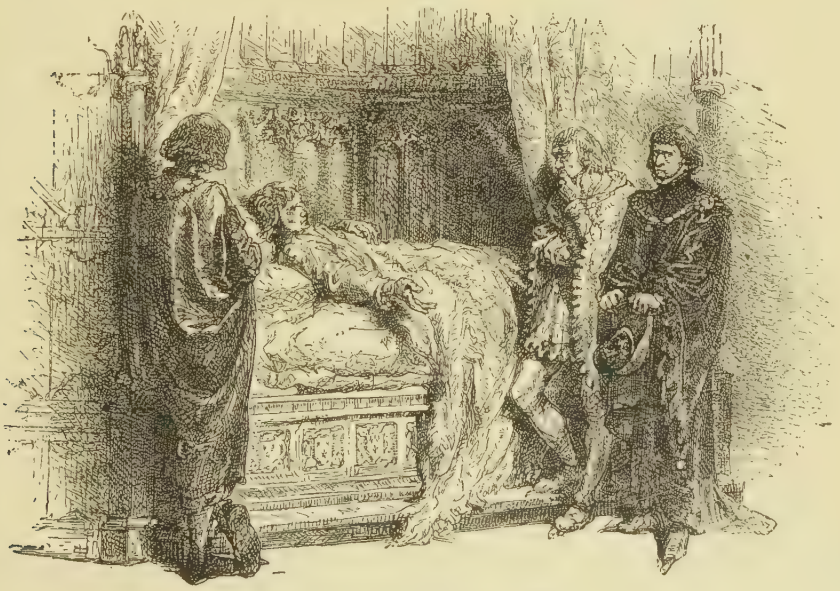
CHARLES VI. AND THE FIRST PLAYING CARDS

"Never was there King of France," cried the aged Edward III. in despair, "who wore so little armor, yet never was there one who has given me so much to do."

Edward died at last, worn out and despondent over his fruitless conquests. The Black Prince was already dead, having abandoned in furious despair the assault on his strange antagonist. The man who succeeded them on the English throne had no liking for the horrors of life in France. He sent generals there, but Charles outwitted them, Du Guesclin beat them. Soon only a few fortified cities remained of all the English conquests, and a long truce came between the nations, though with no actual declaration of peace.

Charles and his great captain both died in the same year, 1380. Du Guesclin has been adopted by the French as one of their great national heroes. He saved France. But he was only the hand that did the work; Charles was the guiding brain. Du Guesclin was certainly the best fighting man of his time, heroic in single combat, and a fairly good general in an age when the French lacked generalship altogether.

Moreover, he was a real master of men, beloved by the wild rascals he led, and ruling them as no other could. He was besieging a castle in Southern France when he died, and its chieftain, who had agreed to yield if not relieved by a certain date, swore he would surrender to no one but the great Du Guesclin. He laid the castle keys upon the hero's coffin.



DEATH OF CHARLES THE WISE

CHARLES VI. WARNED BY THE MADMAN

Chapter LXXXVII.

THE ENGLISH POWER IN FRANCE—JOAN OF ARC.

THE Hundred Years' War does not represent a century of continuous fighting between French and English. We have seen fifty years of it, from 1337 to 1386, when the last of those useless English raids swept over the desert land. After that there was much talk of invasion upon both sides, but no decisive action for nearly thirty years.

During this period each country had too much civil strife and revolution of its own, to have time to think of other lands. In France a child succeeded to the throne of Charles the Wise, his twelve-year-old son, Charles VI. (1380–1422), the Well-Beloved.

During the minority of the King, the realm was in the hands of his uncles, who robbed him and quarrelled among themselves. The chief disputants were the Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans, and the whole country rang with the clash of their armored factions. Roughly speaking, the Burgundians were at first the party of good government. They had the support of the cities and of northeastern France. The Orleanists drew their strength from the south. They were the party of the nobility, and sought only their own selfish wealth and pleasure.

Little Charles VI. was a gay, bright lad, eager to govern rightly, and the people, seeing his intentions, laid all the blame for their sufferings upon his uncles and looked longingly toward the time when their young king, "the Well-Beloved," should be able to rule for himself.

CHRISTMAS DAY UNDER THE WALLS OF ROUEN, 1418

Alas! that time never came. The wild dissipations of his evil court engulfed the weakly lad. He plunged into all kinds of excesses and came but slowly to manhood. He did make a brief effort to improve things, dismissed his uncles from court, and, following his father's course of distrust for the ancient nobility, placed another Breton soldier, Oliver Clisson, in control of the realm as Lord Constable. Some of the nobles attempted to murder Clisson. Charles vowed vengeance, and led an army against the Duke of Brittany, who was giving shelter to the criminals.

This was in August of 1392. One hot day Charles rode at the head of his troops. He was excited and a bit light-headed, feverish from his excesses. Suddenly a wild and ragged man sprang out from the forest and checked the King's horse, crying, "Go no further, sire; you are betrayed." The young King pushed the madman aside, but a little later an accidental clatter of falling steel among his followers jarred his excited brain from its poise. He shouted "Treason!" and charging among his attendants with naked sword, slew four of them before he could be disarmed. The King was insane, and though he had lucid intervals thereafter, never fully recovered.

So here, as if she had not enough misfortunes already, was a mad king fastened upon France. Worse than mad! for had he been wholly insane, he might have been deposed, and a stronger ruler taken his place; but those periods of returning reason, when the worn brain climbed up through the pits of darkness that engulfed it, and for a moment recognized its own agonized condition, held him upon the throne. He then made feeble efforts to right the wrongs by which he was encompassed, and the common people, recognizing this, watched and prayed for those times of intelligence, hoped always for the day when their beloved king would shake off entirely the horror that enchained him, and stand forth the glorious champion of their millennium. Of course, it had never been in Charles' nature to be all his people dreamt him, but what idol is ever all its worshippers imagine it? And so from every household in France went up for this poor madman such fervent prayers, as have seldom honored the noblest of monarchs.

Charles, the Well-Beloved! What an unutterable pathos in the name, when we consider all it meant, all that could never have been! We are told that playing cards were invented by this king's courtiers to divert his mind. It is true that cards now came into general use, though they had existed before; and Charles would sit for hours playing with his favorite court fool—trying to forget. He knew, too, they tell us, when the darkness was coming over him, and would entreat those around in mercy's name to put an end to his life.

The dukes, his uncles, and his queen, Isabelle, assumed all the power.

Clisson had to flee from court. Civil strife broke out again. As years passed, John the Fearless, the new Duke of Burgundy, cousin of the king, became the chief man of the realm, though he greatly weakened the strength of his party by leading a crusading army to the help of King Sigismund of Hungary. You may remember how the French fought for Sigismund at Nicopolis (1396), charged the Turks with their usual crazy valor, and brought upon Hungary a terrible defeat. It was John the Fearless who led that wild charge; and he was taken prisoner and left ten thousand of his followers dead upon the field.

By this time the northern part of ancient Provence, known as Dauphiny, had fallen by purchase to the French crown, and had been made a fief to be held always by the eldest son of each king. Hence this son, the heir to the French throne, is from this time called the Dauphin or sometimes in the old spelling, the Dolphin, and he bore a Dolphin on his coat of arms. The eldest son of Charles VI., Louis the Dauphin, began to be a personage of considerable account in French politics. An evil lad, brought up with his younger brothers under the influence of the nobles' party, the Orleanists, he promised to be as dissolute and feeble as his father, but without his father's better nature.

England had now settled her civil dissensions, and a young and able king, the famous Henry V., sat upon her throne. He had been a gay youth; and legend says that on Henry's accession the young Dauphin sent him a present of a set of tennis balls, as a hint of the way the new English king was likely to spend his reign. If this silly sneer was ever made, it did not seriously influence Henry. He had far better warrant to revive the French war, in the popularity he knew it would give him with his people, who were proud of their French victories, and dissatisfied with the unaccountable loss of their possessions in that country.

Here opens the second half of the Hundred Years' War. In 1415 Henry, after giving warning that the truce was at an end, landed on the French coast at Harfleur, besieged and took the town, and then started on such a raid through the land as his predecessors had made. Charles the Wise was dead, Du Guesclin was dead, Clisson banished, the nobles—the Orleanist faction at the moment—were again in power. They pursued Henry with the old, furious haste; and the battle of Agincourt repeated the tale of Crecy and Poitiers.

The Duke of Orleans had commanded the French army; he was taken prisoner with most of his supporters, and the power of the Orleanists was broken. Paris, however, still remained in the hands of the remnant of their party, and was taxed into utter poverty before the oppressors were driven out by the Burgundians. Many of the Orleanists were imprisoned; an angry Paris mob stormed the jails and slew them by thousands. The other prisoners and

THE INSPIRATION OF JOAN OF ARC

even the jailers perished with them. It was like a scene from the "Reign of Terror," enacted before its time.

Thus the two factions continued warring ferociously, paying no heed to Henry of England, who pursued his conquests unchecked. Slowly and patiently he made himself master of all the Norman towns. Caen, then the chief city of the coast lands, surrendered in 1417. Rouen, the mighty capital of upper Normandy, was besieged in 1418. The citizens were reduced to starvation. They turned out all their non-combatants, women, children, and old men, and grimly watched them perish before their eyes, for Henry, hoping to drive them back upon the city, refused them passage through his lines. Only on Christmas day did he relax for a moment from his cruelty and supply a meal to the miserable suppliants.

Rouen sent a message to the king, or rather, to John the Fearless, of Burgundy, "Fifty thousand of our people have starved to death in your cause." Still there came no help to the citizens, no effort at help, and they surrendered. Another of their messages to the Duke of Burgundy had been: "If through your neglect we are forced to become the subjects of the King of England, you will not have in all the world more bitter enemies. If we can, we will destroy you and your whole race." Thus little by little divided France abandoned itself despairingly to Henry's stubborn grip.

At last he advanced upon Paris, and the necessity of the moment brought a truce between Burgundians and Orleanists. At the head of the latter party was now the Dauphin, not the Dauphin Louis, who had died, nor even the second son of King Charles, for this son was also dead, poisoned by the Orleanists, some said, because of his friendship for Burgundy. The present Dauphin was Charles, a still younger son of the king, a youth of fourteen, completely under Orleanist influence. Charles had quarrelled with his mother, Queen Isabelle; and she and the poor mad king were in Burgundian hands.

A hollow peace was patched up between John of Burgundy and the Dauphin. They met upon a narrow bridge to make further terms; and the attendants of the Dauphin stabbed John, and left his body to be stripped and plundered by their followers and buried in a pauper's grave.

They might almost as well have stabbed France. John's son Philip succeeded to his father's power, and promptly made an alliance with the English. The very Parisians themselves declared they would sooner surrender to England than have the Dauphin and his horde of murderous nobles over them. Hence Henry found no need to conquer the capital. Instead, he made The treaty of Troyes in 1420, with the French king and queen. By this famous agreement Henry was to retain all of France that he possessed, and administer the remainder as Regent. Moreover, he was to be the acknowledged heir of the

king, and was to succeed him upon the throne. To make this possible, Charles the Dauphin was declared disinherited for his crimes, and Henry was to wed Catherine, the daughter of King Charles.

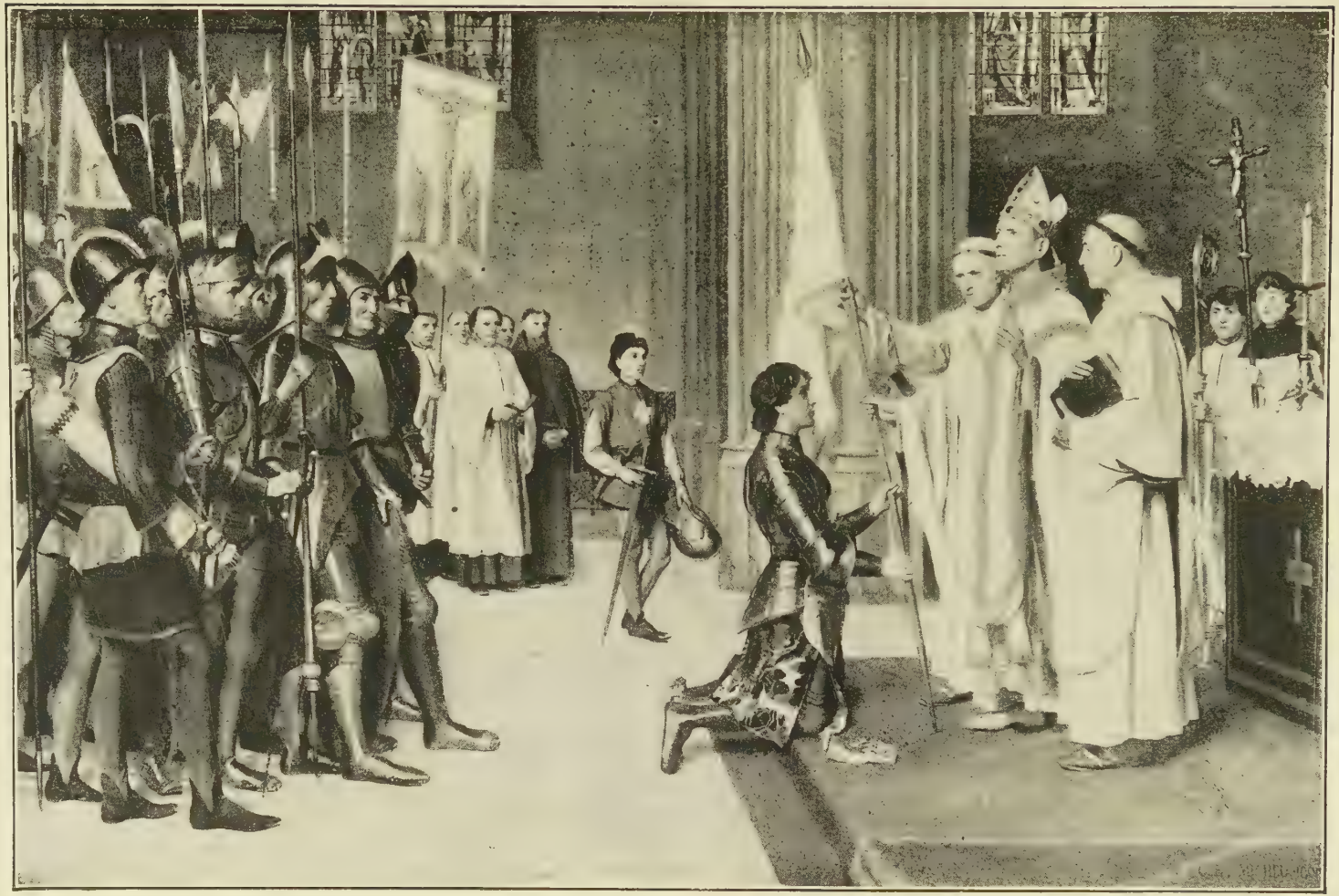
The mad king of course was acquitted by his subjects of all blame for the treaty; the full responsibility was cast upon his wife, Queen Isabelle. At the time most of the people of northern France said she had done well to give them peace, and all hastened to make friends with Henry. Later she came to be regarded as a traitress, who had sold the country to the English and sacrificed the inheritance of her own son.

For the moment, however, there was much jubilation. The Dauphin and his friends had fled. Paris opened her gates joyously to the English king, who entered riding deferentially by King Charles' side. His marriage to the French princess was celebrated after the shortest possible wooing; and, in his new father's name, Henry rode forth from Paris to chastise such Frenchmen as still clung to the outlawed Dauphin.

He found the southern towns unexpectedly stubborn. They had always been of the Orleanist faction, and now the Orleanists had found a new and higher plane on which to stand. They were the *national* party, the only one that would not surrender to hated England, and consent that France's opponents of a century should become her masters. Whatever of patriotism still lingered in the sorely tried hearts of the French, clung now to the Dauphin's party. Henry was detained for months in taking Melun, which is close to Paris. He was nearly a year in capturing Meaux. Then he died, and seven weeks later the poor, mad Charles VI. passed also out of the turmoil he could not understand. It is said he grieved sadly for his new son, Henry, who certainly had treated him more kindly than his real sons condescended to.

The sudden death of these two central figures made a great change in France. In Paris the infant son of Henry and Catharine was proclaimed king. But the child himself, little Henry VI., was kept safe in his English kingdom. His French possessions were entrusted to his uncle, the Duke of Bedford. Bedford was an able man, but he had not, like Henry V., the whole power of England behind him. That country was divided by parties and dissensions, and Bedford found himself compelled to rely largely on French and Burgundian aid for his support.

In the South, the partisans of Charles declared him king as Charles VII. (1422–1461). He came afterward to be called "the Victorious"; but it was not he who won his victories, though he made at first a few flickering efforts. His party, even before Henry's death, had won a victory of some importance from the English at Baugé, and Charles, securing both Scotch and Spanish assistance, re-invaded northern France. His forces, however, were twice de-



JOAN RECEIVING HER CONSECRATED BANNER

feated by Bedford with heavy loss. His Scotch regiment was annihilated, and Charles collapsed into the helpless idleness characteristic of his family, amusing himself with sports and pleasures at Brouges, surrounded by a little court of favorites as worthless as himself. The French nicknamed him in scorn the King of Brouges.

By 1428, Bedford felt himself strong enough to invade southern France, and bring this divided sovereignty to an end. An army of Burgundians and English advanced to the Loire, capturing all the cities to the north, until only Orleans was left. Orleans was at once a city and a mighty fortress, the stronghold of Charles' party, and the key to southern France. If it fell their cause was lost. Yet Charles did nothing; he left the defense of the all-important town to its inhabitants and his captains within the walls. He himself remained sipping languid pleasure at Brouges, waiting in apparent indifference for the end.

After six months of siege, Starvation, the usual conqueror of France in those days, stalked into the doomed city. So great was the distress of the defenders that they offered to surrender to the Burgundians, if the English would march away. The offer was rejected by the English, but it is worth mention as marking the very lowest ebb in the fortunes of France. Humanly speaking, her conquest was beyond doubt. She was about to be saved by the nearest approach to a miracle which profane history records. That miracle was Joan of Arc.

Many books have been devoted to this wondrous maiden, and we can do but scant justice to her in our brief space. There was really no such place as Arc connected with her life, so perhaps we might more accurately call her Jeanne Darc, but as English historians have made Joan of Arc a household name for over four centuries, we may be allowed to cling to the familiar form. Joan was a peasant girl, a shepherdess of Domremy, which is a village in eastern France, not far from Burgundy. Its inhabitants had always been Orleanists, and Joan from childhood was deeply stirred by the sorrows of her land. She fancied that angels appeared to her, that holy spirits whispered in her ear; and they bade her save France. At first she could not believe that so exalted a mission was entrusted to her; but the voices were insistent, until at last she accepted their command with a calm faith that knew no weakness nor wavering. Her neighbors half-believed, half-laughed at her, but with simple directness Joan forced her way to Charles at Chinon and told him of her errand. She had come to drive the English from Orleans, and have him crowned in the ancient crowning place of the French kings, the far northern city of Rheims.

Charles, whether he believed in her or not—it was not in his cynic nature

to believe much in anything—did what was eminently characteristic of him, gave her a few needed supplies and his royal consent to go on to Orleans with such men as chose to follow, while he himself remained in comfort where he was. Some of the churchmen, however, took Joan more seriously. Her character was investigated, her cause blessed, and she was given a sacred white banner with the lilies of France upon it, and figures of her own device. So the heroine set out mounted on a great black war horse, her white banner in her hand, clothed all in white armor, except for her long hair and sturdy peasant's face. You wrong Joan if you make her a delicate, aristocratic saint.

There were many who proved willing to follow. A religious enthusiasm began to centre around this earnest maiden. Men said her meeting with the King had been accompanied by wonderful signs and secret tokens, which convinced him of her supernatural power. Miracles, we are told, had not been lacking at the proper moment, though no honest man will ever dream of questioning Joan's own perfect truth and perfect faith. The volatile French soldiers embraced her cause with eager devotion. As they marched behind her, they strove to be as pure as she. Brutalized though they were by a century of such cruel ravage as we have seen, they yet caught for a moment the spirit of her higher soul, stilled their wild oaths and wilder thoughts, and hustled their evil companions of both sexes out of camp.

So with troops ever increasing in number—stranger army perhaps was never seen—Joan moved on towards Orleans. News of her approach had already reached the English besiegers there, with whom things were going badly. Their Burgundian allies had marched away, angered by the refusal of that shrewd offer to surrender to Burgundy alone. The English commander had been slain by a cannon ball; and now came word that a mysterious, supernatural angel was coming against them, with all France at her back. They were half-beaten before Joan even reached them. It is not the heroine's military qualities which make her great. It is her supreme faith in her own mission, a faith which compelled the answering belief of two whole nations of reckless soldiers.

When Joan reached Orleans she sent the English a straightforward peasant's note. She had no wish to hurt them; they were to "go away, or it would be the worse for them." They were not quite ready for such an open admission of their fear; but they did what was next to it, stayed hidden behind their defenses, and permitted Joan with all her reinforcements to march into Orleans unopposed.

Then began a remarkable scene of warfare, the besieged storming the works of the besiegers. The English had built a number of strong fortifica-

JOAN OF ARC ENTERING ORLEANS

tions around the city, and under Joan's lead these were assaulted and captured one after another. She bore her white banner ever in the van. She used her sword too, though sparingly, but she loved her banner best.

The resistance of the English was only half-hearted. Dunois, the commander in Orleans, has himself left us testimony that, "Before her coming two hundred English would put to flight a thousand of the French; but after she arrived, four or five hundred French would drive back the whole power of the English."

Eight days after Joan entered the city, the English abandoned the remainder of their forts and retreated ignominiously from Orleans. Joan's troops, following, cleared them out of the whole Loire valley. The backward tide of the conquest had begun (1429).

Once more Joan sought King Charles. Half her mission had been accomplished, the remainder was to see him crowned at Rheims. That city lay in the far north, the region held by his foes, and the sluggish Charles was most unwilling to venture toward it. But the "Maid of Orleans," as men now called her, was a far different personage from poor peasant Joan of Domremy, and when she insisted, the King gave way. So, forced to be a hero despite himself, Charles the Victorious reluctantly resigned his life of ease and set out upon the perilous march for Rheims.

There was no resistance worthy of the name. Joan's fame had gone before them. City after city opened its gates; the English generals interfered but little—they had trouble enough to persuade their troops to stay in France at all with this terrible superhuman maid marching against them—and Charles was crowned at Rheims, July 17, 1429.

Joan's avowed mission was ended. They tell us she asked permission to return home. But even those who scoffed at her visions, recognized the value of her marvellous influence over the soldiers. She was persuaded to remain, to lead her troops against new enemies. Alas! her worst enemies were those around her in the French court, that poison bed of intrigue and suspicion. Charles himself was jealous of her popularity. As for the courtiers, had not she succeeded where they failed? What more was needed to make them mortal enemies?

Her counsels were ignored, her plans deliberately thwarted. She headed an assault on Paris, and it failed, because the captains themselves, not the common soldiers, did not support her. Fearing she would insist on another attack, Charles ordered the bridge connecting with the city to be broken down, and led the troops away. He had proved that she was not infallible.

Still she persevered in her work, though now in sorrow and despondency. She yet sought to be of use to France. While defending the city of Com-

piegne, she was captured by the Burgundians; perhaps she was betrayed into their hands. At any rate Charles made no effort to rescue or ransom her.

Of all black shames upon France, her treatment of the captive Maid of Orleans is the most black. No voice was raised in Joan's favor. The Burgundians, themselves Frenchmen, deliberately sold her to the English for so much cash in hand. Bedford, the English regent, decided that to reanimate his coward soldiers, she must die as a witch. French judges tried her, French witnesses testified against her, and she was burned to death in the market-place of Rouen, May 30, 1431.

She met her fate with unpretentious heroism. "Would that our souls were where hers is!" said the very judges who had condemned her. And the secretary of the English king exclaimed as he left the place of execution, "We are all lost; we have burned a saint."

Statue to Joan of Arc in her Native Village

THE CORONATION OF CHARLES VII. AT RHEIMS

LOUIS'S TREATY WITH CHARLES THE BOLD AT PERONNE

Chapter LXXXVIII

THE RISE AND FALL OF BURGUNDY—LOUIS XI.

THE Hundred Years' War offers us little of interest after the death of Joan. The English failed to gain from her execution the advantage they had hoped. Their power over France had been thoroughly shaken. King Charles found a third Breton gentleman, De Richemont, for his Lord Constable. The King and Constable were never friends; Charles accepted the other's services unwillingly; but Richemont, like Joan, served France rather than the King, and continued capturing from the English one stronghold after another.

We have said little of the awful state to which France had been again reduced during these long years of invasion and civil war. Wolves pursued their prey in the streets of Paris, and "most of the land was a wilderness."

One of Joan's main difficulties in driving the English out of the Loire valley, had been to discover their armies amid the forests which had sprung up there. Her chief battle against them in that section, Patay, had been brought on by a deer, which her men chased through the underbrush, till it led them unexpectedly to the English camp.

One important reason, indeed, for the complete breakdown of the English power in France lay in the utter poverty of the country. The conquerors could gather no taxes from the broken land, and found to their dismay that even the pay for the army of occupation had still to come from English purses. We may find other excuses for their failure, a dozen if we wish; but the fact

remains: the English cause in France met not one gleam of success after the murder of Joan of Arc.

In 1435, Duke Philip of Burgundy, become weary of his profitless alliance, and finding many causes of complaint against these arrogant English, abandoned their cause and made a treaty with King Charles. By it he was released from all homage to France, and Burgundy became practically an independent state, with a slight increase of territory. Charles did public penance for the murder of Philip's father, pleading his extreme youth and evil counsellors. In the same year the great Duke of Bedford, the heart and strength of the English cause in France, died. Burgundians and Orleanists united in driving the English from Paris, and Charles re-entered his capital, though only to hasten away again from sight of its woful miseries, and to sink back into his slothful ease.

He and the equally peaceful Henry VI. of England found no difficulty in agreeing to a truce, which lasted thirteen years. Of all Henry V.'s conquests in France, only Normandy and Aquitaine remained to his son.

During this interval of peace Charles displayed the first signs of kingship we have seen in him. The free companies had once more begun their ravages, and he united the best of them into a permanent army, which drove out the rest. This army, the first of its kind in Europe, precursor of all those that now burden her people, laid the foundation of the absolute power possessed by future French kings. Out of their desolation was born their strength.

It is said that Charles' new energy was instilled into him by a woman, Agnes Sorel, whom he loved, and who loved France. At any rate, he became for a few years quite a different man. In 1449, knowing the English were broken by faction and civil strife, he suddenly marched with his army into Normandy, and repelled its possessors, meeting but faint resistance. The English clamored that he should observe the truce; and for answer he turned south into Aquitaine, and swept them out of there as well.

Two years later the falling conquerors made a last effort to retrieve their cause. They sent a fresh army to the south under the veteran soldier Talbot, who had fought against Joan at Orleans. The people of Bordeaux were almost English in feeling, and they readily welcomed Talbot. Soon all Aquitaine was again in his hands, but Charles marched his army against him, slew him, and completely defeated his forces at Chatillon, recapturing Bordeaux (1453). Chatillon was the last battle of the Hundred Years' War. England herself was now plunged into the frightful civil wars of the Roses and could make no further effort abroad. Of all her vast French territories she retained only the town and neighborhood of Calais.

Agnes Sorel died and Charles relapsed again into idleness. In the weak-

LOUIS XI. ENTERING PARIS

ness of his people, and the strength of his army, he had all the means at hand to be a tyrant, but he lacked the energy. His indifference left the land at peace, and out of its own inherent vitality, energy, and fertility, it slowly recuperated. Its woes had left it far behind other countries in civilization. The Italian *Renaissance* had not yet influenced it. But from this time the progress was rapid, until two centuries later France had become once more the leader of Europe.

The closing years of Charles were clouded by the plots and rebellions of his son, afterward the notorious Louis XI. Something, too, of the shadow of his father's madness fell upon the king. It is hard to decide to just what extent he was responsible for his actions in his later days.

The crafty Louis gathered about him all the forces of discontent within the kingdom, but was at last compelled to flee and take refuge at the court of Philip of Burgundy. Even there he remained a source of terror to his father, who became possessed of the idea that Louis meant to poison him. He grew more and more suspicious, trembled at the mere sight of food, and at last refused it altogether. For seven days he tasted nothing. The members of his court, knowing well that they were not in his son's good graces, finally attempted to force him to eat, but it was too late, and the King perished, as had so many of his subjects, from starvation.

Louis XI. (1461–1483) might have been a reincarnation of his great-grandfather Charles the Wise, so crafty was he, so treacherous, so scornful of the ancient chivalry, so weak, and yet in the end so successful through ways which no man had foreseen. His reign was one long struggle against the feebleness into which his father's crimes and follies had allowed the royal power to descend. The son was forced to meet the evil consequences of each inherited difficulty, and he mastered them all, though perhaps more by good luck than by the subtle wisdom of which he was so vain. Before his death his poverty-stricken land was once more wealthy, and he himself was the most influential monarch of Europe.

France of the Middle Ages has been aptly compared to a boar worried by a pack of fierce hounds—the great fiefs or semi-independent duchies upon her borders. She was stronger than any one of these, but always in danger lest they should unite and drag her down among them. First, there had been Normandy at her throat. Then Aquitaine and Anjou on her flank. In Louis XI.'s time Anjou still remained, with Brittany in the north and Provence on the south, and there had grown up along the east a new hound, Burgundy, most formidable of the pack.

This province had expanded so as to include not only modern Burgundy but Flanders and much of northeastern France, with some of the Rhine lands too,

so that it extended from the North Sea to the Alps. A portion of these territories had been conferred upon a younger son by King John II.—he who died a prisoner in England. Under this son and his son, John the Fearless, Burgundy had grown greatly in size and power. John even aspired to wrench the throne of France from his cousin, the mad Charles VI., and might have succeeded, but for that ill-omened interview with the Dauphin Charles, wherein John found a pauper's burial instead. He left his plans to his son Philip, whom we have seen giving France to the English, repenting and taking it away again, establishing his independence, and at last sheltering young Louis XI. from a father's wrath.

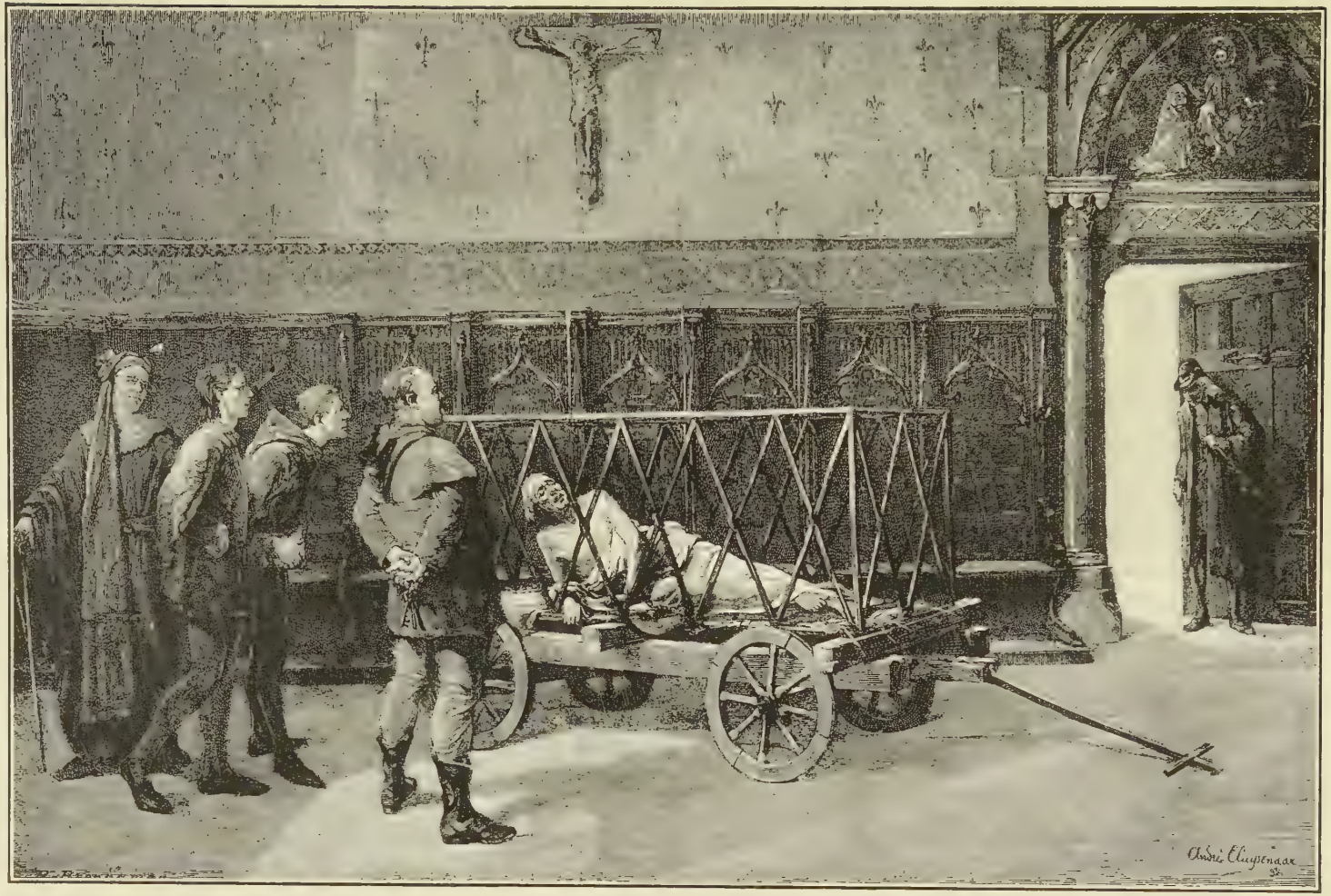
And now this Louis was king, all that his youthful craft had won him being, that he entered his father's kingdom as a returning fugitive. His first act was to dismiss from office the favorites who had ruled in his father's name. To whom, then, should he turn for support? Where could he expect it, if not from the man who had protected him in his banishment?

Philip of Burgundy assumed the guardianship of the kingdom, without waiting for the formality of being asked. He conducted the whole ceremony of the coronation, and boasted that he would lead the king to his throne with two hundred thousand men. Louis must have felt more like a prisoner than a sovereign, and indeed he insisted that his overgrown protector should reduce his escort.

When the two entered Paris in procession, Philip was tall, magnificently dressed, and surrounded by crowds of gorgeous vassals. Louis rode before him alone, small and thin, and dressed in simple monkish clothes, like some secretary sent to prepare the way for the great duke behind. When the people would have made speeches of welcome, Louis impatiently bade them be brief; but Philip smiled and "spake them fair." He was the real hero of the Parisians, their ancient ally in the English wars, and they cheered him to the echo. It was a sorry homecoming for the silent exile.

Yet at first Louis got on well enough. Everybody was quite willing to let him be king, so long as he allowed them to have all the power, and copied his father's lazy life. Nor were Louis's quiet ways such as to alarm the ostentatious lords. It was some time before they realized that he was slowly gathering everything into his own hands. Finally, however, the nobles took alarm, and formed a great "league for the public good." Philip of Burgundy was growing old, but his son Charles, afterward Duke as Charles the Bold, who had been Louis's bosom friend in his days of exile, was the leading man in the league against the king.

Between these former intimates now began that long rivalry which makes up the life-story of both. Never were more widely contrasted antagonists.



LOUIS XI. AND CARDINAL BALUE

Charles justified his name "the Bold," and was as big and gorgeous and dashing, as Louis was weazened and plain and cautious.

Beside Charles in this first "league for the public good," were almost five hundred lesser nobles, including the Duke of Brittany, who coveted certain towns on his border, the Duke of Bourbon, who desired a money pension, and the King's own brother, who wanted Normandy, all, of course, "for the public good."

It seemed as if the helpless Louis must be crushed, but he faced the situation bravely. Gathering such forces as he could, he marched to secure Paris, knowing that so long as he held his capital, so long was he king. The nobles strove to prevent his entrance, and there was an indecisive battle on the road at Montlheri. That is, they called it a battle, but the accounts of it are better worth examining as a burlesque—a satire on the men and methods of the time.

Louis doubted the fidelity of the leader of his vanguard, so forbade him to attack the enemy. The general had indeed been in conference with the barons, and now in defiance of orders, he led his troops toward the enemy's camp. Whether he meant to fight or surrender will never be known; for there was some shooting among the skirmishers, and the general was the first to fall. On that his men charged in earnest, and the troops opposed to them fled.

At the other wing of the confused conflict, Charles of Burgundy charged furiously against Louis's rear guard. The commander there had already explained to the King that he had come to support his majesty against his enemies, but not to make war on the barons. This delicate distinction became doubly clear to the noble lord, when he saw Charles plunging ferociously toward him; and he and all his men fled without a blow.

Charles pursued them, until his followers were so widely scattered that the business-like "free company" men who had marched in the King's main body, slipped out of their ranks to gather plunder and prisoners from among these reckless novices. Charles himself was wounded in a scrimmage with some of the marauders, and wellnigh captured. Finally, with barely thirty men at his back, he regained the scene of his first encounter, where Louis was still waiting with a band only a little larger. The King had seen both armies, his enemies' as well as his own, disappear from around him as if by magic. All parties admit that Louis himself had fought well, though "he was badly served by these men of war. . . Every man fled who could," confesses a chronicler who was present. Except for the King's own resolute bearing, he would have had no army left at all. Both chieftains encamped for the night on the battlefield, probably equally uncertain as to what all the haphazard scuffling meant.

Yet the course of each amid the confusion was eminently characteristic. Charles was entreated by his attendants to flee, but stubbornly stood on guard

until morning. Then, finding King Louis gone, he remained and paraded about the field, to show that he had won the victory. He had his heralds blow their trumpets and beat their drums in mediæval fashion, and proclaim that if any foe sought him in battle, he was ready.

Meanwhile what had become of Louis? He had hurried on to Paris, of course. That was what he had set out to do. Why let this little fracas disarrange his plans? Before the battle he had sent word to the capital entreating reinforcements. None were sent, but the Parisians gathered on their walls, and seeing the flight of that portion of the barons' army which had encountered Louis's angry advance guard, they concluded that the victory was with the King, sallied out "to the number of thirty thousand" to plunder the Burgundian camp, and received Louis within their walls as a conquering hero.

Why follow further such "wars" as these? Louis made treaties with his lords and broke them; he gradually separated his foes; when they were all against him, he yielded anything they asked; then he evaded his promises, and crushed the rebels, one by one. At last only Burgundy was left. Its old duke, Philip, was dead, and Charles ruled in his own right.

Then (1469) Louis made that celebrated blunder whose dramatic scenes will live forever in the pages of Scott. He had often boasted that he could manage Charles, that the Burgundian was like a wild bull, and that by waving a red flag in the proper place, he could make the bull charge blindly wherever he pleased.

The King now attempted to make good his boast by going almost unattended to Charles' town of Peronne to make a treaty with him. Charles seems to have been greatly puzzled as to just how to treat his over-confiding lord. Unluckily, Louis had previously stimulated the burghers of Liege, the great Flemish metropolis, to revolt aaginst Charles; and they seized this ill-advised moment to turn out the Burgundian garrison and defy the duke. He was very near to killing Louis in his rage, and the badly frightened King consented to everything Charles asked, even accompanying him with some of the royal troops to punish Liege. The citizens resisted stoutly, and Louis had the doubtful pleasure of hearing his name shouted as their champion by both besiegers and besieged. The city was stormed and utterly destroyed.

Chief counsellor of Louis in this wretched business was the Cardinal Balue, whom Louis discovered to be also in the pay of the Burgundian. The unfortunate counsellor was arrested and kept for years imprisoned in an iron cage, said to have been originally Balue's own invention for torturing criminals. It was so small he could neither lie down nor stand upright, and we are told that Louis took a savage pleasure in visiting and watching the long misery of the wretch who had brought about his humiliation.

THE WOMEN OF BEAUVAIS DEFENDING THEIR CITY UNDER JEANNE HACHETTE

The King soon retrieved his blunder of Peronne. Returning to his shrewder policy, he kept himself in the background, while stirring up enemies against Charles on every side. The Burgundian prince now set no bounds to his ambition. He was already a king in fact; he sought to become one in name also. He planned to be Emperor of Germany, and all the time seemed to become more and more hot-tempered and reckless, sacrificing truth and honor to his pride, if he was not actually insane with vanity. His shrewdest courtiers began to abandon him and gather round Louis—straws which showed clearly whither the wind was blowing.

In 1472 the Burgundian invaded France without declaring war, almost without excuse for war. The little town of Nesle was captured and its inhabitants were massacred. "'Tis a fair sight," cried out Charles. "I have right good butchers with me." Then he attacked Beauvais, but its inhabitants, warned by the fate of Nesle, resisted him desperately. Their leader was a lass of eighteen whom history remembers as Jeanne Hachette, Joan of the Hachet. She herself hurled a Burgundian standard-bearer from the walls and following him into the moat, captured the flag to wave in triumph from the ramparts. Charles abandoned the siege, and soon after returned home. It was his last exploit in France.

Finally, the wild Burgundian quarrelled with both the Germans and the Swiss, and rushed blindly to demolish them. He was badly defeated at Morat, and more furious than ever, repeated his assault at Nancy with inferior numbers. His men were beaten back. "If no one will follow me, I will charge alone," cried the duke. And he did charge, the last great leader of the old chivalry, attacking recklessly and repeatedly, until he was actually left standing alone, and fled in bewilderment still slashing right and left, and was caught in the mud, and perished so covered with wounds, the finders could scarce recognize his body (1477).

Charles left no children except a young daughter, Mary of Burgundy; and Louis saw that his great life game was won. All Europe courted the fair Mary, wealthiest of heiresses. Louis repeated his offers of five years before, when he had sought to wed her to his two-year old son. While negotiations delayed, he seized the French part of Burgundy and also its eastern or German section, Franche Comté. He would have snatched Flanders and the Rhinelands too, but Mary cried out to Maximilian of Austria to come and save her. You will recall how Maximilian obeyed, and fought like the hero he was, for his young bride. Louis, for once betrayed by his eagerness into actual warfare, gained a few towns and then lost the battle of Guinegate (1479). He was beaten by the same old blunder of his generals—the headlong charge of their cavalry. It is the last time, however, that we shall have to record this fault

against the French. Louis was infuriated, for the battle had opened favorably, and he took such stern measures to repress his exuberant heroes that this particular folly was never repeated.

Guinegate was Louis's last battle. He contented himself with the half of Charles' dominions he had already gained, and made peace with Maximilian. About the same time both Anjou and Provence fell to him by inheritance, and except for Brittany, France became a compact and united kingdom under a single head.

The old age of Louis is familiar to all readers. He feared assassination and shut himself up in the gloomy castle of Plessis-les-Tours, a self-made prisoner. The fortress was guarded like a wizard's den. Man-traps were set all round, and the bones of foolhardy men who had ventured over-near warned others of their danger. The hired Scotch guards had orders to shoot any one who approached unannounced, and there was as much parley over the opening of a gate, as if all the armies of France were gathering to storm the stronghold.

Within, like an evil spirit, the trembling dotard wandered from room to room of the endless suites, never sleeping in the same place twice in succession. His attendants were forbidden to mention death, and he wore round his cap little leaden images of his favorite saints, to whom, not to his God, he prayed day after day, hypocritical, treacherous, blasphemous prayers to be spared the horror he dared not name.

Yet in the end, when death really came, Louis was the great king again, the man who had made France the powerful nation we shall find her through all the rest of our story. He mourned only for the good he could no longer do his country, and his last counsel to his young successor was to keep the land at peace.

FRANCIS I. KNIGHTED BY BAYARD

THE LAST FIGHT OF CHARLES THE BOLD

FRANCIS WATCHING THROUGH THE NIGHT AT MARIGNANO

Chapter LXXXIX.

THE FRENCH IN ITALY—FRANCIS I.

LOUIS XI. left a son and two daughters. The son, a boy of thirteen, succeeded his father as Charles VIII. (1483–1498). He was deformed in body and not brilliant of intellect. Louis had despised him and kept him at a distance, uncared for and uneducated.

One of the daughters was also deformed, and her Louis married to his cousin Louis of Orleans, the next heir to the kingdom after little Charles. It was only in his other daughter, Anne of Beaujeu, that Louis took any paternal pride. She had inherited all her father's intellect, understood all his plans, and was his favorite confidante. He made her guardian of his son; and the eight years that follow Louis's death might really be counted as part of his reign, so fully were his purposes kept in view by his clever daughter.

The assembly of the kingdom, its "States General," met and gravely declared that Anne should not be Regent, and that the next heir, Louis of Orleans, should be. Anne let them talk, and after the breaking up of the assembly went on ruling just the same, by means of her influence over her weakly brother. She even seized Louis of Orleans and put him in prison.

The only important event of those eight years, except the all-important one of France's peaceful and rapid advance in wealth, was the union of Brittany with the French crown. The province had devolved upon an heiress, Anne of Brittany, almost as big a prize for the young princes of Europe as Mary of

Burgundy had been a few years before; and curiously enough, we find the same leading candidates for her hand. Maximilian of Austria, having buried Mary, was wedded by proxy to the new heiress; but his French rival had grown from a two-years' baby to a king, not overweighted, to be sure, with either age or brilliancy, but able at least to speak for himself. At his sister's direction, Charles marched with an army into Brittany. Maximilian was slow this time in keeping his appointment with his bride. Anne was besieged in her capital and, we know not just how readily or sadly, agreed to discard her nominal husband, who did not appear, for the real and royal one who clamored at her gates. So she became Queen of France (1491), and her duchy was united to the kingdom.

Thus Anne of Brittany succeeded Anne of Beaujeu as ruler of the King and his kingdom. The older Anne, whose name should be placed beside that of Blanche of Castile, as the second great woman ruler of France, resigned her power gracefully and retired into private life. Her ideas were opposed to those of the young king and queen. She had followed the cautious thrift of her father; they wanted splendor and display. France being rich, it was time to squander her riches. Charles, seeing no chance of spectacular renown at home, delighted his nobles by promising to lead them to the conquest of Italy.

Thus we reach a distinct epoch in our story. The period of internal confusion is passed; the Frenchmen have ceased to fight among themselves, and once more sally out upon the nations around them.

The much-heralded expedition of Charles was not a success. At first he had everything his own way, the little Italian states, unprepared for resistance, refused to fight and welcomed him with celebrations instead. He traversed the peninsula from end to end, and his new allies urged him to leave them and march on to the conquest of the Turks. The foolish lad actually had himself crowned at Naples as Emperor of the East and King of Jerusalem. Here was glory indeed for himself and his youthful bride.

At this juncture wiser counsellors succeeded in persuading Charles to return to France. Even this was no longer easy, for the Italians had been offended at every step by his haughty pretensions and the stupid ignorance with which he trod upon their most sensitive feelings. A league of several of the little states sprang up against him. His homeward passage was barred by an army, through which he had to fight his way at Fornovo. His gallant soldiers defeated thrice their numbers, but even then the battle secured them only a retreat from Italy. One-half of the French forces had been left behind at Naples. These were almost exterminated by warfare and disease. The remnant were made prisoners, and few ever escaped to return to France.

Charles turned his back on war and glory; they had proved a less pleasing

CHARLES VIII. GREETING ANNE OF BRITTANY IN HER CAPITAL

game than he expected. The remaining three years of his life were passed in idle dissipation, and then while hurrying through a dark passage to witness a game of tennis, he struck his head against a beam. He insisted that he was unhurt, and hastened on, saw the game and chatted with the players, but presently fell down speechless among them, and so died. The court folk among whom he lived had given him the name of Charles the Affable.

Four children had been borne to Charles and Anne, but all died in infancy, and so that individual of so many extremes of fortune, Louis of Orleans, became king after all as Louis XII. He had been heir to the throne in Louis XI.'s time, and had been kept as a sort of state prisoner by that suspicious monarch, and married to his daughter Jeanne. Then came the birth of little Charles to blast his kinsman's hopes. Next Orleans found himself Regent of the kingdom, and then a rebel against it and the prisoner of Anne of Beaujeu. Later, he had seen the children of King Charles interpose between him and the throne, one after another—and now he was king.

He and the next sovereign were both descended from the Duke of Orleans, who had been a younger son of Charles V., and had been assassinated in 1407 amid the civil wars. Hence the kings we now reach are sometimes called the House of Orleans, though they are still descendants of Philip of Valois, and of Hugh Capet as well.

The reign of Louis XII. (1498–1515) presents little of importance. He was a good-hearted, well-meaning man of no particular ability. One feels kindly toward him for the generous act with which he began his reign. "It would ill become the King of France," he said, "to avenge the injuries of the Duke of Orleans!" And he forgave all who had set themselves against him during any part of his changing life. We have an even better thing than this to say of him. He loved his people, was unfeignedly eager for their good, and reduced by one-half the heavy taxes under which they suffered. So unwilling was he to burden his subjects, that he would resort to almost any expedient to obtain money rather than lay a tax upon them.

Outside of this he was not a notable figure. He fought much in Italy, and thrice won and lost there the Duchy of Milan. He quarrelled with Henry VIII. of England and lost to him the second Battle of the Spurs (1513), so called because the French galloped away in sudden panic without striking a blow.

There was no special result from this battle. Indeed, we have reached the period of the great European coalitions, huge-sounding, empty wars, fought for the mere shifting of a boundary line. The fate of nations no longer hangs suspended on every battle. The common folk are left for the most part to till the land in peace, and the fighting is carried on by hired soldiers. War has

become in truth the mere "sport of kings," a game played like chess with provinces for stakes.

Louis had not the brilliancy to be successful at such a game, but fortunately France was too strong to lose much. Meanwhile, at home, he divorced his poor deformed wife Jeanne, in order to wed his predecessor's widow, Anne, and so keep the Breton duchy united to France.

Apparently Anne found happiness with him, and her life, which had been almost as varied as his own, settled down into one of peaceful quietude. She died in 1514; and the old King, still hoping for a son and heir, wedded the English princess Mary, sister of Henry VIII. His young bride led him into a round of gayeties which his exhausted frame could ill stand, and he danced and feasted himself to death within less than a year after Anne.

He was succeeded by his cousin Francis of Angouleme, a lad of twenty. Francis I. (1515–1547) was a brilliant, spectacular man, such as Frenchmen love. Many of his countrymen, both in his own day and since, have declared him the greatest king who had ruled them since Charlemagne. But in so speaking they look less at the monarch himself than at the power and prestige which France held during his reign. The resources which had been slowly and painfully developed by his predecessors, he exhausted in showy expenditure and reckless warfare.

Louis XII. as he tossed upon his death-bed had cried, "That big boy of Angouleme will ruin all." Once more the people were ground to the dust under taxation; and once more the nobles were happy, though one can see how they had sunk in importance, from the fact that instead of seeking to seize upon power for themselves, they crowded around Francis, scrambling for the gifts which he scattered with lavish hand.

The early years of the lad's reign were one long display of vanity. His whole life was passed under the sway of women. His mother, Louise of Savoy, and his sister Margaret, afterward Queen of Navarre, were known respectively as his bad and good angel; and after them there were others, mostly bad. It was his mother who urged him to reassert the vague French claim upon Milan, and thus renewed those unfortunate Italian wars.

Francis marched a splendid army into Italy, scaling the Alps by a new road where no one expected him, and causing measureless consternation by his sudden appearance. With him was the celebrated Chevalier Bayard, the knight "sans peur et sans reproche" (without fear and without stain). Bayard was not a great general; he was simply the foremost of all knights in deeds of courtesy and heroism, the model after which chivalry sought to form itself—the adoration of his world.

Bayard, by a brilliant dash, captured the commander-in-chief of the Italian

THE CHARGE OF FRANCIS AND HIS KNIGHTS AT MARIGNANO

forces, while the great man was dining at his ease; and the French swept on unopposed to within a few miles of Milan. Here, at Marignano, they encountered a hired army of Swiss, who as the conquerors of Austria and of Charles the Bold, were regarded as the best soldiers of the time. Proud of their fame, they called themselves the arbiters of Europe, and boasted that they would hunt the French back to their homes like "hares in armor."

Marignano was one of the most fierce fought battles in history. The Swiss charged repeatedly, and the French fell slowly back, resisting stubbornly. Night saved them from defeat, and the exhausted combatants slept where they stood, within stone throw of each other. Francis watched almost alone in his own front rank. His men lit a fire, and he bade them put it out lest it draw the Swiss upon them. Gradually his shattered forces rallied round him, and in the morning when the Swiss charged again, the French still resisted them. The assailants began to lose hope and vigor; their best leaders were dead; a reinforcement came up for the French; and the Swiss, broken and despairing, fell back upon Milan, and thence scattered to their mountains.

Great was the joy of the French. Francis knelt to Bayard on the bloody field, and received knighthood at his hands. They regarded their triumph as the victory of the knights over the common people. The King declared before the battle that he would fight alone sooner than retreat "before peasants." Bayard had cried as he charged, "Cursed peasants, back to eat cheese in your mountains." Chivalry felt itself avenged for many defeats.

Yet Francis wisely made a treaty of peace with the Swiss, while they were in the humor for it. The "Perpetual Peace" it was called, and it remained unbroken for nearly three centuries. Italy was at the conqueror's feet; the Pope hastened to make terms with him; Milan became once more a French possession. The power of Francis was at its highest during the three years following Marignano.

While France thus regained a transient and soon forgotten control over Italy, the Italian influence upon France was deep and lasting. Italians became numerous at the gay king's court. Many French nobles brought home southern wives. The full splendor of the *Renaissance* of Art seemed to burst suddenly upon dazzled France. The king himself was especially enthusiastic, and poured out his wealth lavishly upon sculptors and painters. The great Leonardo da Vinci abandoned Italy and came to dwell as a friend at the court of the French monarch. There can be no question that from this time forward a marked and lasting change took place in the character of the French upper classes.

In 1519 came the celebrated struggle of the three great kings of Europe as to who should be Emperor of Germany. Francis, Charles of Spain, and Henry

VIII. of England all sought the position. Of the three, Francis was by far the most prominent, but Charles finally secured the prize, and, thus uniting control of both Germany and Spain, became the mighty Charles V., whose power, circling France on all sides, threatened her destruction.

The remainder of Francis' life was filled with his struggle against his mighty foe. Resentment at this first defeat of his ambition, seems to have burned into the French king's soul. He began negotiations at once with Henry of England, seeking an alliance against Charles; but the crafty Spaniard had been beforehand with him in winning England's favor. Ignorant of this, Francis invited Henry to France, and prepared for him the most gorgeous reception known to history. The place of their meeting has ever since been known as the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." Nobles of both nations beggared themselves in the effort at display made for the occasion. There were eighteen days of wonderful spectacles, tournaments, and processions. All this came to nothing in the end, indeed to worse than nothing; for Henry, being completely outshone by his lavish and dashing entertainer, felt more angered than flattered, and left the Field of the Cloth of Gold more firmly set than ever in his German alliance.

Another evil result was partly due to this famous meeting. Greatest of the nobility of France was the Duke of Bourbon, the Lord Constable of the land, a grandson of Anne of Beaujeu. Henry had noted Bourbon's almost regal state and said dryly to Francis, "If I had so powerful a subject, his head would not stay long upon his shoulders." Francis took heed of the warning. His mother, too, had cause of complaint against Bourbon, who had scornfully refused her wicked hand in marriage. Mother and son set themselves to ruin him. His estates were confiscated and his life was threatened. Fleeing from France, he threw himself into the arms of Charles. Bourbon was the best general of the age.

So here was all Europe—Germany, England, Spain, and most of Italy ranged against Francis, and his ablest subject ready to lead their armies. The long contests that followed may be briefly summarized. Both Henry and Charles repeatedly invaded France. Each time they were forced to fall back. Herein lies the chief of the boasted claims of Francis to be considered great. He withstood the whole strength of his united foes, who were planning to divide his country among them. Yet the honor belongs more to the French people than their King, who showed little wisdom in his methods of defense. Moreover, whenever the French ventured beyond their own border, they were badly defeated. In those days of scant food and difficult transportation, all the advantage of war lay with the defensive side.

The most serious fighting occurred in Italy. There the exiled Duke of

THE IMPRISONED KING FRANCIS SIGNING HIS TREATY WITH CHARLES V.

Bourbon led the Germans, and there Bayard died. Having been ordered to defend the rear of the retreating French, the good knight did so till he fell. Even his antagonists lamented his death. Bourbon, in hot pursuit, passed the dying chevalier and stopped to express his regrets. "Nay, it is not I, who am to be pitied," returned Bayard. "I fall with honor as befits a soldier. You are so unfortunate as to be fighting against your king, your country, and your oath."

At last, in 1525, there was a decisive Italian battle at Pavia. King Francis himself was besieging the city; and he stubbornly and ill-advisedly insisted on fighting a relieving army under Bourbon. The French were defeated with fearful slaughter, and the King, fighting as always with great personal bravery, was crushed beneath his horse and taken prisoner.

Report has represented him as sending to his mother that famous brief message, "All is lost save honor." In truth, however, his letter said, "All is lost save honor *and life*," and it added a great deal more even less heroic.

Charles of Germany was determined to get full value out of his royal captive, and insisted on his signing a most humiliating treaty, which among other things surrendered Milan and all his claims in Italy, yielded what little of Flanders belonged to France, and gave up the whole of Burgundy. Francis resisted, refused, and even talked of abdicating in favor of his son; but the dismal weariness of imprisonment at Madrid finally sapped his strength, and he consented, and took oath to all the Emperor required.

The moment he was once more free, the French King repudiated all his agreements, on the plea that the treaty had been forced from him. This course was certainly the best for France, and Louis XI. would have taken it without a thought. But what had become of the gallant knight's much boasted honor! A change comes over Francis from that hour. All that was best in the man, his pride in himself, his desire to be the mirror of his knights, died with his broken faith.

The war began again. The growing power of Charles V. had alarmed all Europe, and both England and the Pope joined Francis against him. The Pope absolved Francis from his broken oaths. Bourbon led an army against Rome, and though the great general ended his turbulent life in the assault, the city was stormed and hideously sacked. The Pope hurriedly returned to his German alliance.

About this time also, Francis was deserted by his "good angel," his sister Margaret. She had been the centre of all that was best in the intellectual life, half French half Italian, which had sprung up so luxuriantly in her brother's court. She encouraged literature, and herself wrote a series of tales still highly valued. The German Reformation had begun, and both she and Francis were

inclined to favor its earlier movements through their sympathy with all things new and intellectual. In 1528, however, Margaret wedded the King of Navarre, and left her brother's court, escorted by the celebrated satirist Rabelais, the poet Morot, and many of those best fitted to keep alive Francis' better life.

He sank into a gloomy, morose man, scarce recognizable as the dashing gallant of his younger days. His hatred of Charles, who had reduced him to this sad state, became intense. He even allied himself with the Turks against Germany. He began to take pleasure in a cruel persecution of the Protestants in his land, burning them to death by methods of prolonged agony. He stooped to diplomacy also, and tried to beat Charles at his own game, pretending friendship and asking for Italian lands as a favor. He even invited Charles to a journey through France, and there lavished expenditure on him as once before on Henry.

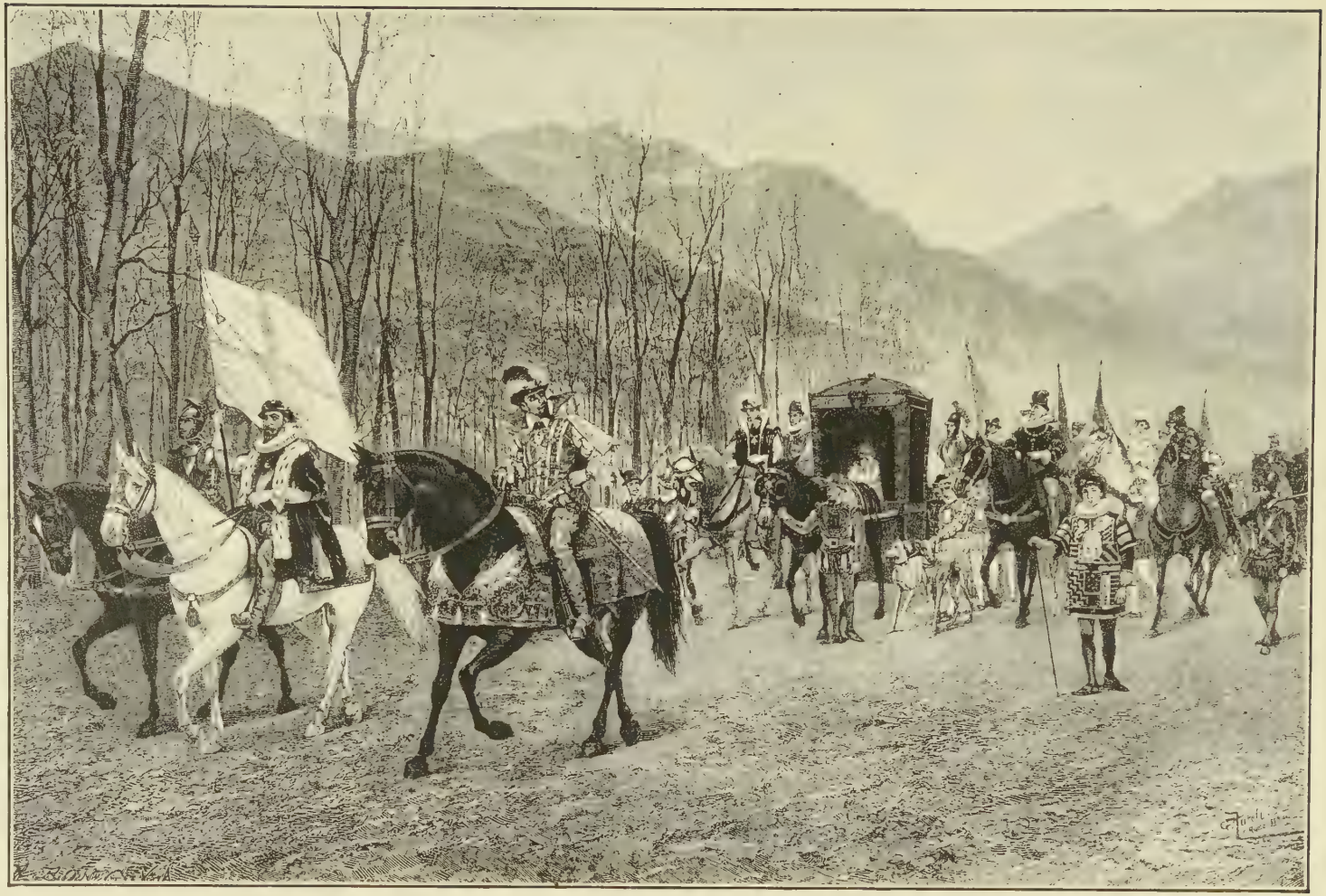
The court fool of France declared that the German Emperor should be elected head of the fraternity of fools for venturing into his rival's grasp. "But what if I let him pass in safety?" demanded Francis. "Then we fools will depose him, and elect your majesty in his stead," responded the ready jester.

The Emperor's stately progress was concluded without interruption, though Francis hinted constantly about his desires in Italy. He seems to have expected great rewards for his courtesy and good faith. Probably he received lip-words and half promises enough from the subtle Charles, who accepted gloomily everything his rival chose to give, and then departed, repaying the foolish donor with—nothing.

After that the hatred which Francis felt for his foe knew no bounds of reason. It was the one master-passion of his life. He renewed his union with the Turks. He reopened the useless Italian wars. He sought alliance with the Protestant princes of Germany. All men, however, had learned to distrust him. The Protestants refused his friendship. The Sultan treated his advice with open scorn. He was broken and suffering in body, grown old before his time with excitement, anxiety, and excesses. He died at the age of fifty-two.

Francis has been called "the Great." He has been named the "Father of French Literature and Art." Indeed, many historians have held him up as the type of the French people themselves. But one would not care to push the comparison too far; for France is still among us, full of energy and power, while as for this King Francis, his life which had begun so brilliantly, went out sadly amid clouds and ever deepening darkness.

The son of Francis who reigned after him, Henry II. (1547–1559), was a weaker reflection of his father, succeeding to the latter's passions, his plans,



MARGARET OF VALOIS ON THE ROAD TO NAVARRE

and his vanity, perhaps even excelling his parent in handsome looks and expertness at all bodily exercises, but far behind him in real ability and intellect. He was also ruled by women, and his so-called reign might perhaps be more truly termed the reign of his elderly favorite, the widow Diana of Poitiers, and of his young general, Francis Duke of Guise.

Under the guidance of these two, Henry was as successful as his father in his wars against England and Germany. The German Protestants had not the distrust of Henry which had kept them apart from the preceding king. He formed a league with them, and when their leader, Maurice of Saxony, suddenly assailed the Emperor Charles, Henry, calling himself the "Protector of German liberty," invaded that country and seized the three bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun. He thus initiated the slow advance of the French borderline amid the disunited little German states, which continued until Louis XIV. established his hold firmly upon the Rhine.

The emperor, after making peace with his own people, gathered an immense army and attempted to recover Metz. Francis of Guise with many of the highest gentlemen of France, threw himself into the town for its defense.

The siege was exciting and spectacular, with all Europe looking on for audience. Metz was strongly fortified and well-provisioned; the winter proved a severe one; and gradually the besieging army wasted away from privation and disease. Thirty thousand of the Germans perished before Charles abandoned the hopeless effort in despair (1552). "Fortune is indeed a woman," he said bitterly, "and deserts an old emperor for a young king."

After that he prosecuted the war but languidly; other misfortunes came upon him; and, finding that death refused him the relief it had brought to both his former rivals, Henry of England and Francis I., Charles surrendered all his power and sought peace in a Spanish monastery. His hereditary possessions, both in Spain and elsewhere, passed to his son Philip; but the Germans preferred his brother for emperor; and so Spain and Germany were again divided, and France escaped the danger of their united strength.

For the moment, however, her position seemed scarce improved, for England and Spain were allied against her by the marriage of their sovereigns Mary and Philip. Spain owned much of Flanders and the Netherlands, and Philip, taking up his father's war there with English help, defeated the French, and then crushed their army before the French city of St. Quentin. When Charles in his distant monastery heard the news of this decisive battle, he asked eagerly, "Is my son now under the walls of Paris?"

The capital was indeed in danger, for no defensive point lay between it and St. Quentin; but it was saved by the self-sacrifice of one man. The French general, Admiral Coligny, of whom we shall hear more hereafter, had thrown

himself with a few troops into St. Quentin; and despite the loss of the French army, he refused to surrender the town. It was not really capable of withstanding a siege, but so fiercely was it defended that the Spanish king dared not leave it in his rear, and wasted precious weeks upon its capture. When at last it fell, France had been given time to collect another army which stood between Philip and the capital, and his advance was checked. He revenged himself savagely on the inhabitants of the conquered town, and Coligny was carried off a prisoner.

Francis of Guise, already the most prominent man in France, because of his successful defense of Metz, was appointed general of the kingdom. As Philip retreated, Guise planned a bold stroke which made him even more celebrated. He marched suddenly upon Calais, the last stronghold of the English in France. The attack was unexpected, the garrison small. The French assailed the outworks with successful bravery, and Calais surrendered (January 8, 1558). The outlying fortress of Guines also yielded. The English dominion in France was at an end.

Queen Mary, the English wife of Philip, died, and the Protestant Elizabeth succeeded her in England. Philip was thus left alone against France, and though he had won another great victory in Flanders, he proposed a peace which King Henry of France gladly acepted. It closed the long period of foreign wars.

Henry surrendered all Flanders, "more strong cities and castles than could have been taken from him in thirty years of defeat," grumbled his subjects. He gave up also the last of his possessions in Italy, where Guise had made an unsuccessful campaign. This brought to a permanent end those unwise Italian wars, which Charles of Anjou had begun three centuries before, and which had made the southern land the "Cemetery of the French."

In return for all he yielded, King Henry was allowed to keep Metz with the famous "three bishoprics," thereby obtaining a strong line of defense against Germany; and he also retained Calais. France was at last absolute mistress of all the territory within her borders.

The much-abused Dame Fortune, wiser than the French kings, had thus given the land not what it clamored for, but what it needed. When the French, glory-dazzled, sought conquest abroad, they were driven ignominiously home again. But each foreign foe, whether it was Henry V. of England, or Charles of Germany, or Philip of Spain, though his power for the moment seemed irresistible, failed when he attempted to lay hands upon French territory. France could neither conquer nor be conquered. She had her own life to live at home —her own mission to fulfil.

COLIGNY ON THE WATCH BEFORE ST. QUENTIN

EXECUTION OF HUGUENOTS

CHAPTER XC

THE RELIGIOUS WARS AND THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW

IN seeking to explain how France at this time managed to hold her own against so many nations, we must remember that Germany, the most powerful of her foes, was a house divided against itself. This was the age of the Reformation, the great religious rebellion, when brother warred against brother, and father against son. The special horror of these religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is the ferocity of feeling which they aroused, severing every tie of kinship, and making the "shelter of one's family" an empty form of words.

The Reformation was slower of movement in France than in its German birthplace. Francis I. had found his heretic subjects so few that he could humor or burn them, at his pleasure. Yet the change was coming. From the King's savage persecutions in Paris in 1535, there fled a young heretic lawyer, Jean Calvin. He dedicated a book to King Francis, explaining the principles of the reformed faith as he understood them. Then he took refuge in Geneva, and became ruler of that powerful city, in the name of religion. Gradually his writings spread through all France, and his followers, Calvinists, increased in number and importance. After a while, as they banded together, the name of *Huguenots*, which means "confederates," was applied to them and to all the French Protestants.

Henry II. had taken but little interest in these Huguenots during the early

period of his reign; but at last their strength alarmed him, and the main reason given by both him and Philip of Spain for their final peace, was that each might be at leisure to stamp out heresy in his kingdom. Henry even planned to have the fearful "Inquisition" introduced into France, but he was stayed by the sudden hand of death.

The treaty with Philip was his last work. While this was being celebrated with love feasts and tourneys and gay marriages of young princes and princesses, intended to bind firmly the new friendship, Henry thought to display the knightly skill of which he was so proud. Entering the lists with horse and lance, he overthrew one discreet opponent after another. At last one of these broke a spear in the encounter, and the point flying upward, slid between the bars of the King's helmet and pierced his brain.

That blow changed the destinies of France. Henry was at least a man; he left none but incompetent children to succeed him. In the days when the Italian furor was at its height, Henry, then only a younger son, had been wedded by his father to a typical Italian noblewoman, Catharine di Medici, daughter of the great house of Medici, merchants and lords of Florence. During her husband's reign the "merchant's daughter," as the Frenchmen scornfully called her, had been neglected, and forced to see her position and her rights trampled upon by Diana of Poitiers and many another. With Henry's death she became suddenly a power in France. She displayed a crafty Italian wisdom, a cold unfeeling courage, little suspected of her before.

Three out of Catharine's four feeble sons now succeeded one another upon the French throne, and during the reign of each she managed to be the real ruler of the kingdom. We can not call her a good woman; but we must at least recognize the tigerish love with which she clung to and battled for this worthless brood of hers.

Her eldest son, Francis II. (1559–1560), a youth of sixteen, weak both in mind and body, was king only eighteen months. That was time enough to kindle into inextinguishable flame the religious wars. The young King was already married to the beautiful and ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scotland. Mary was a niece of that Francis, Duke of Guise, whom we have seen grown so great and so popular through his victories in Henry's reign. The Guises, with the fair Mary's help, now became all powerful.

They arranged with the King's mother to continue Henry's plans for crushing heresy. One of the chief judges of the kingdom, who had bravely resisted the proposed introduction of the Inquisition, was executed. This only served to unite the Huguenots, and put them upon their guard. They were far more numerous than their foes suspected. At this time almost all of the nobility of

CHARLES IX. SIGNING THE ORDER FOR THE MASSACRE OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW

France, except the little knot of courtiers closest to the throne, leaned toward the new faith. Among the common people it had not spread so rapidly. Of the burghers, perhaps one in eight; of the peasants, an even smaller proportion were Protestants.

The strength of the new religion lay thus among the nobles, who had adopted it perhaps as much through policy as from conviction; and unfortunately, in their hands it became a political movement. The great body of the Frenchmen upon both sides were probably sincere in their convictions, many of them were heroically so; but several of the leaders seem to have been chiefly moved by ideas of personal profit or revenge, and are open to the awful charge of inciting religious massacre for private gain.

Chief leaders of the Huguenots were the family of Bourbon, descendants of King Louis IX, St. Louis, and nearest heirs to the throne after the children of Henry II. At the head of this powerful family were Antony, Duke of Bourbon, and his younger brother Louis, the Prince of Condé. Antony was also King of Navarre, having married its Queen, Jeanne d'Albret, daughter of Margaret, the "good angel," sister of Francis I. Antony was a light, trifling man; but the Prince of Condé was a dashing, handsome young soldier, whom his people loved.

Under his leadership the Huguenots formed a plot to abduct poor King Francis, thinking that if he were removed from the influence of the Guises, the Bourbons could persuade him to anything they would. The plot was partly suspected, partly discovered, and many Huguenots were executed. Other and more desperate plans were hastily formed.

In the midst of the confusion poor King Francis died and was succeeded by his ten-year-old brother Charles IX. (1560–1574). Queen Catherine allied herself with the Huguenots, and was appointed Regent for her little son. At once the tremendous power of the Guises collapsed. The fair Mary of Scotland, whose influence with her husband had been all in their favor, was bundled most unwillingly off to her native home. She bade adieu to France with tears, and so passes out of our present story.

Catharine now aimed to conciliate all parties. She pardoned the Huguenots, and had for her chancellor Michel de l'Hopital, one of the ablest lawyers and noblest men of whom France can boast. His ideas have become the basis of much of the later law and justice of France. But for the moment his wise and pacific suggestions were flung aside by both parties. Matters had gone too far for peace. The Huguenots had their executed brethren to avenge, the Guises their lost power to regain.

Francis of Guise travelled everywhere, forming a great "League" to exterminate heresy in France through the restoration of the Catholics' power, and

incidentally of his own. This league was assured of support by both the Pope and Philip of Spain.

Then in 1562 came the natural result, the massacre of Vassy, which began the period of open war. The Duke of Guise with his retainers was passing a barn, where several hundred Huguenots were holding religious services. The duke's men attempted to break up the meeting, there was some rioting, and they attacked the Protestants with their swords. Guise himself came forward, perhaps to check the uproar. A stone struck him on the cheek, and his soldiers, rushing into the barn, slew men, women, and children, all who could not escape. Some sixty were killed outright, and upward of two hundred badly wounded. The flame of civil war was kindled.

Both sides flew to arms. Antony of Bourbon, tempted by Spanish promises, lightly abandoned the side of which he was the nominal head; and was soon afterward slain while fighting against it. But his brother, the Prince of Condé, remained faithful, and ably guided the Huguenots. He sought help in England and Germany. Guise sought it in Spain and Italy. Mainly, however, both sides depended upon themselves. Catharine's power, which she had won by balancing between the two parties, disappeared when they came to blows. Guise seized the little king, and told Catharine she might come with him to Paris or go home to Italy, just as she pleased.

Paris was strongly Catholic, and devoted to Guise. The chief provincial cities, Rouen, Orleans, Lyons, and La Rochelle were in Huguenot hands. The intense ferocity of these wars has been already mentioned. Both sides were guilty of shocking cruelty; both at times slew their prisoners as traitors.

The decisive battle of the first period came in December of 1562 at Dreux. After a bloody struggle the Protestants were defeated, and Condé was made prisoner. A new leader now appeared for the Huguenots, the noblest man those miserable wars can boast. This was the hero of the siege of St. Quentin, Admiral Coligny. Again Coligny plucked glory from defeat. Rallying the beaten Huguenots, he saved them from the worst consequences of defeat and retreated into Orleans.

Guise besieged the town; its outworks were taken; its fall seemed certain. Once more, as in King Francis II.'s time, Guise seemed all-powerful, his plans certain of success. His followers boasted openly that his foot already touched the throne of France, from which the little king, a prisoner in his hands, could be easily thrust aside.

At that moment the bullet of a fierce Huguenot assassin pierced the mighty Francis, Duke of Guise, and all his plans came to nothing, for he died. His last words protested his innocence of the fatal massacre of Vassy.

Everything now changed. Queen Catherine regained her power. Both

CHARLES IX. DURING THE SAINT BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE

sides were weary of war, and consented to the terms of agreement she proposed. Yet the false days of peace that followed were full of signs of the return of war. Catharine found her Huguenot friends bitter and intractable. The Catholic party, dazed for a moment by the fall of its great leader, regained its power. Catharine drew toward them more and more. Huguenots were secretly murdered, or in places where their opponents were strong enough, openly executed. There was another uprising, in which Condé besieged Paris, and another peace, and an attempt by the queen to seize both Condé and Coligny for execution.

This led to more war, and in 1569 Condé held La Rochelle and most of southern and western France. It is even said that he called himself king, and printed coins with the bold legend "Louis XIII., first Christian King of France." Then came the battle of Jarnac, and Condé in his turn was slain.

This strife, so fatal to its leaders, had now left the Huguenot nobles without a head. Coligny was only one of themselves, and neither could nor would advance a claim to be king, or regent, or anything else beyond himself. At this juncture Jeanne d'Albret, the Queen of Navarre, entered their wavering council and presented them with a new leader, a lad of fifteen, her son and the son of Antony of Bourbon, young Henry of Navarre, destined to be among France's greatest kings.

Such right to the French throne as lay outside the family of King Henry II., belonged to this lad, now head of the Bourbons; and the Huguenots received him with enthusiasm. Coligny was appointed his guardian and general. Several small battles were fought without result, and then Queen Catharine again sought a peace. The Huguenots, receiving better terms than ever, returned to their allegiance.

This was in 1570, and that appalling massacre of the Protestants, the St. Bartholomew, was but two years off. It is, therefore, hard to tell how much Catharine was in earnest over this peace. Somewhere about this time she must have come to her cold resolve to be rid forever of all these troublesome Huguenots, and planned the merciless massacre. The Huguenots themselves were already suspicious of her. Their chiefs declined many pressing invitations to come to Paris.

Now, however, King Charles IX. must be taken into account. He was growing into manhood. There is no evidence that he was mad, as some writers have tried to prove. He was only shallow, childish, incapable of grasping the true value and nobility of life. He thought solely of himself and of his pleasures, was gay, witty, and weak, and easily turned from any purpose by his firm-minded mother. He was angered against her too, jealous of the favor she showed his younger brother, Henry, whom she had made general of

the kingdom. Charles would have liked to form a party of his own, that he, too, might gain military glory.

So the King himself began to invite the Huguenots to court. A marriage was proposed between young Henry of Navarre and the King's sister, Margaret; and Charles caught the idea eagerly and insisted on it. Queen Jeanne of Navarre was most unwilling. She was a truly noble and religious woman, who had reared her son in the quiet purity of her country household, and was horrified by the wickedness she saw at the court, the coarse brutality of the King, and the evil mind of the young princess proposed as her son's bride.

But she yielded at last, came up to Paris for the ceremony, and there, upon the very eve of it, died. The death seems to have been a natural one; and the marriage was celebrated in spite of it. Yet dark suspicions of poison naturally filled the minds of the Huguenots; and many who had come with the Queen of Navarre to Paris slipped quietly away again.

Admiral Coligny did not. He had formed a personal friendship with Charles, appealed to the better side of his nature, and interested him in bold projects of foreign conquest. The King seemed infatuated. He saw only with Coligny's eyes. The Catholic party looked on in amaze. Here was their chief enemy stealing the King before their very eyes. Coligny was warned by friends that he was in danger; but he trusted the King, and besides, as he boldly said, he would far sooner risk death than plunge the land into civil war. Catharine sent an assassin against Coligny. The Admiral was wounded, but not dangerously, and the bungling shot brought matters to a crisis.

The Huguenots clamored for vengeance. King Charles hastened to Coligny's side, and vowed to find and punish the assassin. Catharine had need to exert all her strength. She hurried to the King, confessed that she, his mother, was the guilty one, told him the Catholics were all with her, and would depose him if he faltered. She pointed to the fury of the Huguenots, who surely would not believe or uphold him against her; and finally she wrung from the weak lad his consent that not only Coligny, but every Huguenot in France should be slain. "If my poor Admiral must die," he cried in a frenzy, "let not one of them survive to reproach me for his death."

On the eve of St. Bartholomew's Day, that is, in the night time before the dawning of August 24, 1572, eager murderers suddenly fell upon all the Huguenots of Paris. Some say two thousand were slain, some ten thousand. The bodies cumbered the streets; the Seine ran with blood.

Coligny was stabbed in his bedroom and the corpse tossed out of the window, where the triumphant young Duke Henry of Guise, successor to his father's power, spurned the venerable body with his foot. You must turn to

CATHARINE DI MEDICI AFTER THE SAINT BARTHOLOMEW

larger volumes to read of all the horrors as well as all the generous deeds that marked that awful night.

The slaughter spread all through France, but nowhere did it reach the completeness or success it had achieved in Paris. As regards its avowed purpose, the massacre of St. Bartholomew was an utter failure. So frightful a crime could be nothing but a failure. The surviving Huguenots rushed to arms in murderous passion. Once more the civil strife began, and once more Catharine engineered a peace. Peace! There would be no further peace for the wretched King. His victims were ever before his eyes. Their screams haunted his dreams, and he died within two years, shrieking and cowering with fright. The merciful oblivion of entire madness was denied him.

CATHARINE DI MEDICI AND CHARLES IX.

HENRY IV. BIDDING HIS SOLDIERS FOLLOW HIS WHITE PLUME

Chapter XCI

HENRY IV. ENDS THE RELIGIOUS WARS.

THE death of Charles brought to the throne Catharine's next and favorite son, Henry III. (1574–1589). He was the last and most worthless of the Valois kings. Even Charles IX. possessed some higher thoughts and aspirations, by which Coligny could appeal to him. Henry III. was utterly frivolous and contemptible.

His mother had made great efforts to secure for him a throne outside of France. Elizabeth of England received the offer of him as a husband. Indeed, Elizabeth at one time or another had under consideration three of these Valois-Medici brothers, but finally proved her wisdom by rejecting them all. Catharine next intrigued in Poland, and won for Henry an election as king by the nobles of that wild land. Henry had reigned in the realm but a few months, when he learned that he was King of France also.

So disgusted had he already become with the savage Polish life, that he immediately fled from the land in secret. His subjects pursued him ferociously to the border, but, failing to catch him, elected another king in his place. The fugitive being thus placed at ease, made no haste to resume the onerous weight of a crown, and idled for some months of foul pleasure in Italy, before returning to France.

His first royal act, when he finally reached home, was to declare that he would have no treaties with heretics. So the wretched Huguenot wars were reopened. Why follow them further through feeble battle and treacherous

HENRY III. RECEIVING THE DUTCH AMBASSADORS

peace? From this period dates the appearance of a third party in the struggle, destined to bring it finally to a close. These were the *Politiques*, or liberal Catholics, who declared for religious toleration of the Protestants, pointing out that the civil war was ruining France, and insisting that patriotism was more important than difference of creeds.

Young Henry of Navarre now came forward as a great leader for the Huguenots. He had been spared by Catharine in the Bartholomew massacre, because he was her son-in-law; but he had been compelled to declare himself a Catholic, and had been held as a sort of prisoner at the royal court. In 1576, he escaped from Paris to his own possessions of Bearn and Navarre, repudiated his forced Catholicism, and vowed that unless dragged back by force, he would never return to the city which had slain his mother and his friends.

The success of the Huguenots soon led Henry III. to make peace, despite the hatred for them which he had always felt. This treaty, however, only led the miserable King into worse difficulties. The extreme Catholics, under the Duke of Guise, turned against him and revived their old "League," leaning on the support of Spain.

One must guard here against the confusion of names. Note that there were three Henrys at the head of affairs: Henry of Guise, chief of the great "Catholic League;" Henry of Navarre, leader of the Huguenots; and King Henry III., though the latter soon sank to be scarce a ruler at all—one moment seeking alliance with the middle, or *Politique* party, at another claiming to be leader of the League—clinging feebly to whatever dwindling support his mother's wit could find for him. Catharine's ability had always lain in the intrigues of peace; yet, in spite of her, war was becoming more and more constant. Men might fear, but they no longer trusted her, and she was sinking into an old age of impotence and hate.

Her royal son degenerated into an effeminacy beneath contempt. He wore earrings, and loaded himself with jewelry, and smothering perfumes. His favorite pets were parrots and small dogs; and while driving about Paris he would stop for any pup that caught his fancy, and carry it off, whether the owner consented or no. He was surrounded by a set of feeble effeminates like himself, —his *mignons*, the people called them in disgust. The Provinces of the Netherlands, long in revolt against Spain, sent to offer him their crown, provided he would defend them. The honor attracted him, but he was wholly incapable of effort, and kept putting the ambassadors off, until they abandoned the matter in disgust.

As the King sank, Henry of Guise grew steadily more powerful. His followers nicknamed him the King of Paris, and said openly that it was time for him to imitate the ancient Carlovingian Mayors of the Palace, and depose these

Valois "sluggard kings." Henry III., venturing for a moment to oppose the overbearing Duke, had to summon his royal troops to fight a battle in the streets of Paris. They were defeated, and the King himself fled from the city, even as he had fled from Poland, pursued by his angry subjects. He vowed never to return to the ungrateful capital, except through a breach beaten by his cannon in her walls.

So here, in this War of the Three Henrys, were two out of the three contestants under oath to keep away from Paris. Yet such facination has the fair metropolis for gentlemen who are angry with her, that both of these oaths were broken. Henry III. violated his within the year, returning under a treaty with the Duke of Guise, which made the latter practically king.

Weak men will sometimes do desperate things. Catharine de Medici was dying, and Henry III., left to his own wavering guidance, seeing his realm slipping from his hands, formed a plot to assassinate Guise. The Duke was warned, but treated the warning with contempt. "They do not dare to touch me," he said; and being invited into the King's presence, he went alone. He was slain by a band of hired murderers; and the King coming from the closet, whence he had watched the struggle, spurned the body, even as sixteen years before Guise himself had trampled on Coligny.

Poor, miserable Henry III. was overjoyed at his own daring; and hurrying to his mother's bedside, cried out with pride: "Congratulate me, I am once more King of France, for I have slain the King of Paris." "I hope you have not made yourself King of nothing," answered the wiser Queen.

It was precisely what Henry had done. The "League" broke into furious rebellion, and once more the monarch found himself barred out of his beloved Paris. The army which he managed to gather, was wholly inadequate to march against the rebels, and he was in despair. Catharine died, with all her subtle schemes, her treachery, her murders come to this,—a ruined monarch in a ruined land.

Henry of Navarre now stepped forward to profit by the blunders of his foes. There had been a fourth of the Valois-Medici brothers, but he, too, had died; so Henry of Navarre, being descended from a younger son of Louis IX., was the next heir to the throne, though only a twenty-second cousin to the King. The shrewd heir now assured his sovereign that, despite the little differences which had come between them, broken oaths, murders, and so on, his loyalty remained unchanged; and he offered to come with his army of Huguenots to support the King. So, driven by necessity, Henry III. allied himself with those he most hated, and acknowledged Henry of Navarre as his heir. The two Henrys advanced together to lay siege to the capital.

We have seen the first of these three Henrys perish by the assassin's steel.

THE LAST MEETING OF HENRY III. AND HENRY OF GUISE

The same fate was in store for both the others. While the two kings lay before Paris, a vengeful monk, a partisan of the "League," sought an audience with Henry III., and plunged a dagger into his side. The victim fell dying, and the murderer stood calmly watching till the swords of the courtiers avenged their master. With his last breath the King entreated his followers to remain faithful to Henry of Navarre.

The sudden death of one king, Henry II., had plunged France into all her woes. The sudden death of his son, Henry III., the last of the Valois race, brought the land's release. This was not at once apparent, however, to the world. No man less able than Henry of Navarre could have pierced a way through the difficulties that surrounded him. How could the Catholics, even *Politique* ones, accept a king who was not only a heretic, but a "relapsed" heretic"—that is, one who had acknowledged the error of his ways and become a Catholic, and then relapsed into heresy again. Such a one was stigmatized by the Church as beyond all pardon. The nobles who had clung to Henry III. now knelt to Henry of Navarre and entreated him to bceome Catholic, that they might support him. The French Catholic bishops of the patriotic, or *Politique*, party offered to reaccept him into the Church at once, and absolve him from the excommunication of the Pope.

Henry refused. To have accepted would have lost him the support of his veteran Huguenot soldiers, and gained him only the doubtful and hesitant allegiance of a few of his foes. Still he did not wholly refuse, asked a few months for consideration, and held out hopes as to his future course. Some of the Catholic gentlemen joined him at once, while others withdrew sadly to their homes. The Huguenots, with much enthusiasm, proclaimed their unyielding leader, King, as Henry IV. (1589–1610).

Of course the Leaguers in Paris refused to accept him. But their own counsels were divided. Some even favored offering the crown to Philip of Spain. In the end they decided on another Bourbon, a worthless dotard, uncle of Henry of Navarre, and decared him king, as Charles V. He was a prisoner in Henry's hands, and, therefore, in all respects just the king to suit the League nobles, who, under cover of his name, sought to keep all power for themselves.

The first two or three disputed years of Henry IV.'s reign were the most brilliant, and probably the happiest of his life. He lived on the excitement and glory of his splendid career. The forces of the League outnumbered his, five, often ten, to one; but they had no general to match him for a moment. He swept through France with his dashing Huguenot cavalry, defeating an army here, capturing a town there, and elsewhere outwitting a too superior foe by brilliant strategy.

The Duke of Mayenne, brother of the murdered Guise and nominal head of

the League, published bulletins announcing that he had defeated Henry, and the next moment Henry appeared before Paris itself, plundering the suburbs and flustering the dear city almost into hysterics. He made no serious effort at a siege, being far too wise to coop himself up amid his enemies, but was instantly away again, having given the citizens practical demonstration of the trust they could put in his rival's bulletins.

The strongest point in Henry's position was that he never forgot that he was King of France, never for a moment degenerated into a mere party leader. Once he did besiege Paris in earnest for four months; but when the town was reduced to the greatest miseries of starvation, he suddenly relented, and let all the non-combatants pass out through his lines, thus leaving food to the remainder. "I am the father of my people," he said. "I will rather lose Paris than gain it by such suffering to them." As the poor and aged crept past his lines they cried out: "Long live our King!" It was a sign of the turning of the tide.

Ivry (1590) was the greatest of Henry's victories. By a heroic charge at the head of two thousand cavalry, he broke and put to flight twenty-four thousand of the Leaguers. In the pursuit the cry of the conquering King was: "Slay the foreigners; spare the Frenchmen!"

> "And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
> 'Remember St. Bartholomew!' was passed from man to man.
> But out spake gentle Henry: 'No Frenchman is my foe;
> Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go!'
> Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
> As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?"

"Let my white plume be your Oriflamme. Follow that," he said vauntingly to his soldiers; and well did he keep his boast, for the white plume was ever in the van.

The charges of his horsemen were as reckless as those of the French chivalry of old, only now a marvellous, keen eye directed their course, a wonderful, firm hand held them in leash until the supreme moment for assault. At the close of that glorious charge at Ivry, Henry turned aside and, with only thirty horsemen at his back, dashed against two whole regiments of the foreign auxiliaries of the Leaguers. It looked like suicide; but the flight of their allies had already shaken these strangers, and instead of facing Henry, they turned their backs and scurried off like sheep, to be slain with the rest.

Once in later days, Henry charged with a handful of men against the whole Spanish army under the command of the Duke of Parma, the ablest general of the age, abler in tactics at least than Henry himself. Yet Henry and his little band cut their way out in safety. When reproached for letting him escape,

THE LATER KINGS OF FRANCE

Charles VIII. Louis XVI. Louis XII.
Louis XV. John II. Charles V.
Francis I. Henry IV. Henry III. Henry II.
Francis II. Charles VII.
Charles X. Louis Philippe Louis XVIII.

Parma answered: "I supposed I was matched against a great general, leading an army. How could I know he had turned into a reckless swashbuckler?"

But the "reckless swashbuckler" won the love of France, as, perhaps, the great general never could. All over the land men began to glory in the glories of Henry. Admiration and patriotism rose above faction, and men sighed, "Ah! if he were only a Catholic!" As he had so often done before, Henry saw and seized the supreme moment of victory. He became a Catholic (1593).

To discuss laboriously the sincerity of his conversion is a piece of folly. "Paris is worth a Mass," he is reported to have said; and if he did not actually use the words, there is no question that the spirit of them was his. Many of the noblest men in Henry's own party had advised the change. Maximilian de Rosny, afterward the Duke of Sully, a devout Huguenot, and the prime minister and most trusted friend of the King, told his master it was the only possible way to restore peace to France.

Indeed, the effect of Henry's change of front was magical. The power of the Catholic League was immediately broken. Its chief leaders hastened to make friends with him. Paris welcomed him as ardently as she had once fought against him. The Pope granted him absolution. Henry was crowned again in formal style at Rheims in 1594. All France was at his feet. The religious wars were at an end.

The desolation which they had caused was not so readily effaced. Once more the open country had become like a desert, through the burnings, plunderings, and murders of both parties. But there is a wonderful recuperative power in this fertile land of France, and this time she had able hands to help her. There was the Duke of Sully, one of the great ministers of history, and there was the King himself.

The remaining sixteen years of Henry's life were devoted to the good of his country. He declared war against Spain, and swept the Spaniards from the land. He crushed revolt at home with a ready wit and an iron hand. Even the Duke of Mayenne, the head of the defeated League, came and knelt at the monarch's feet for pardon. Henry bade him rise, and began walking, as was his habit, along the paths of the royal garden, discussing grave affairs of state with his former rival. It was a hot day; the King, spare and athletic, strode on at a rapid rate talking eagerly. Mayenne, stout and unused to exercise, panted after him, with perspiration dripping from every pore. Henry spoke aside to the Duke of Sully, who joined them: "If I keep this fat body moving any longer, the League will be without a head." Finally he exclaimed to Mayenne: "But I fear I move too fast for you?"

On the rebel confessing that he was almost exhausted, Henry came to a

halt, saying: "Then that, my dear Duke, is all the revenge I shall ever take of you."

In 1598, Henry published the celebrated "Edict of Nantes," granting toleration and security to his old friends, the Huguenots. It tided over all difficulties, and remained the law of the land for nearly ninety years. Yet it differed from the many useless religious treaties of Catharine only in that Henry meant what he said, and kept his word.

The King turned his attention to the affairs of peace. Sully had slowly brought the ruined finances of the kingdom into business shape. The minister believed in agriculture, declaring the cow and the plough the two great sources of French wealth. Manufactures he would have discouraged: "They made bad soldiers." But Henry, even more farseeing, insisted on promoting this branch of industry also. To him France owes the introduction of the silk worm and the beginning of her valuable silk manufactures, besides many others.

In 1600, Henry, having divorced his dissolute Valois wife, Margaret, wedded a niece of that Pope who had released him from his excommunication. The lady was Mary di Medici, another daughter of the great Florentine family, and her influence on France was almost as bad as that of the former Medician bride, Catharine, though fortunately her power was less. She was secretly devoted to the Spanish cause, and was a spy in her husband's house.

There is a pretty little story of this period relating that the haughty Spanish ambassador came one day to her parlor, and entering, unannounced, found there the King himself. Henry was down on hands and knees, playing horse with his children. Instead of being ashamed of being surprised in this undignified attitude, the King merely looked up and asked the intruder if his business needed immediate attention. He received an embarrassed answer that it did not, and responded calmly: "Then we will go on with our game."

Henry was no lover of his southern neighbors; indeed, he had wisely seen that the true interest of France lay in breaking the overbearing Spanish power. He seems to have had dreams of uniting all Europe into a vast Christian republic in opposition to his foe. With this in view, he watched and waited, and, with Sully's aid, gradually accumulated stores of money and munitions of war. At last, in 1610, he was ready for his mighty stroke. His treasures were brought forth, his armies marched, the whole world looked on in excitement, and then—his projects came to naught before an assassin's dagger. Francis Ravaillac, a monkish schoolmaster, leaped suddenly on the wheel of the King's carriage and stabbed him twice to the heart.

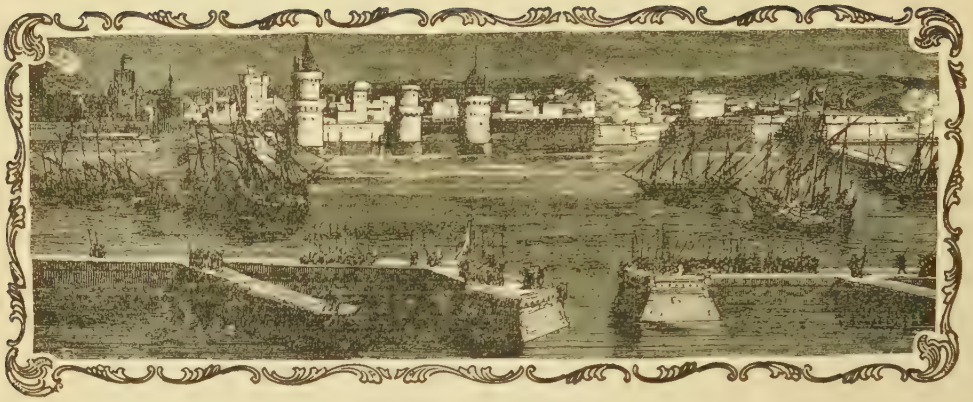
Even when put to the torture, Ravaillac denied that he had any accomplices. He had struck, he said, solely on his own account, because the King was the friend of heretics. But Spain reaped all the profit of the deed.

HENRY IV. AT HOME

Henry's armament against her came to naught, and his wife, the friend of Spain, succeeded to his authority.

Henry IV. was the hero of his people. We have no space for all the stories they treasure of his wit, his courage, and his generosity. We are spared, too, from telling the evil side of his life, his follies among women, and his ingratitude toward friends. We cannot place Henry on the very highest plane of heroism among those who have won the greatest success purely by deserving it,—by excellence in the noblest qualities of our human nature. In this loftiest rank, to stand by the side of our own Washington, France offers us only two names, Joan of Arc and Louis IX. But among that second class, who have been perhaps even more successful in a material sense, who have done evil that good might come, have matched treachery against treachery, and beaten the world at its own worldly game—among such names Henry IV. must rank in the very front. Perhaps no man but he could have performed his task, and brought order out of hopeless chaos, brought back peace, honor and prosperity to exhausted France.

HENRY IV. HAILED AS KING BY THE GUARDS OF HENRY III.



THE SIEGE OF LA ROCHELLE

Chapter XCII

RICHELIEU ESTABLISHES THE ABSOLUTE POWER OF THE BOURBON KINGS.

HENRY IV. was the first King of France belonging to that younger branch of the Capetians, known as the house of Bourbon. For exactly two centuries the Bourbons reigned undisputed over their kingdom; and in all that time only five monarchs ascended the throne. After Henry came the long reigns of Louis XIII., XIV., XV., and XVI., then the Revolution.

To understand this period of the Bourbons, during which the sovereigns became absolute in France, we must glance for a moment over the various powers existing in the state. Far back in barbarous days all authority had belonged to the warriors—that is, to the mass of the people themselves. Their chiefs, like Hermann and Clovis, were freely elected and held their rank only by personal ability in leadership.

When, however, the Franks scattered over France and became heads of a vast and populous domain, there was no practical way by which the widely separated warriors could express their authority, and it was gradually usurped by a few of their chiefs. The people lost all influence, and at last, through misery and war, sank into ignorant and abject slavery.

Then slowly, at first through the efforts of the trading class, the city burghers, the people began to re-assert themselves, to gather wealth, and with it education and intelligence. We have seen the cities growing more and more

THE COURT OF RICHELIEU

powerful, until in the later Valois period Paris was stronger than any single noble. We shall now see this strength of the people still further increasing with their intellect—first in the cities, then among the country peasants, until at last, in the great Revolution of 1789, they burst all bounds and re-established themselves as the only source of authority, the only true foundation upon which a government can be constructed.

In 1610, however, this great truth was by no means accepted. There were three, if not four, powers which considered themselves vastly more important than the ignorant and down-trodden people. These were the King, the Nobility, the Clergy, and the Law. Least prominent of these at the time was the Law. Weak because only the weak obeyed it, it became a mere tool in the hands of the strong. Its main representative was the Parliament of Paris, which was in no respect a parliament in the modern sense—that is, an assembly of law-makers,—but was only a body of judges to interpret the law, without being allowed either to alter or enforce it. As a rule, they were easily brought into subjection to whoever or whatever was temporarily in control of them.

Far more majestic than the Law was the Church. Indeed, you will recall that in the ninth and tenth centuries the priests were the true rulers of France. Gradually, however, their power decayed. Some of the cardinals and bishops were much better politicians than churchmen. Not realizing that their influence depended at bottom on the true reverence in which men held them, they gradually lost reverence and influence together. After the downfall of the "Catholic League" we hear little of the Church as an independent power.

The Nobility had also been given its chance at ruling, in the eleventh and succeeding centuries, but lost dominion through the narrow selfishness of its members. Had they chosen to unite, they would have been invulnerable; but they wasted their strength battling against one another; and each was ready to sacrifice the good of his order for his own private profit. So the old families of nobles wasted away, and their ranks had to be again and again replenished from the lower classes.

There remained only the power of the kingship. This, as we have seen, became strong in the hands of each strong man; in the hands of a fool, surrounded only by the tools of his folly, it became a mere cipher, and the land plunged into anarchy. Now, however, during more than a century, four able men, one after the other, held, if not the name, at least the authority of the kingship. To the gallant Henry IV. succeeded the far-seeing, inflexible minister, Richelieu, then the crafty Mazarin, then the "superb monarch," Louis XIV., who stands, for all the world, as the pinnacle of absolute power, sumptuously elegant, royally magnificent.

During each of the brief intervals which separate these four remarkable

men, the nobles make effort to regain their importance. But each time they are defeated, showing themselves ever feebler, until they, too, sink into mere shadows like the clergy, and there is no real power left which shall stand between an arrogant, incompetent king and his exasperated people.

The first of these spasmodic reactions against the growing power of royalty occurred on the death of Henry IV. His son, Louis XIII. (1610–1643), was only nine years old. So the real authority lay for a time with the queen, Mary di Medici. She immediately abandoned her husband's vigorous policy, and placed France under the wing of mighty Spain. The great minister, Sully, was driven out of office, and the young king was wedded to a Spanish princess, Anne, called Anne of Austria, both Austria and Spain being still under the same royal house, the Hapsburgs.

Mary ruled wholly through her Italian friends and favorites, who openly sold everything for money and made justice a mockery. The Florentine, Concini, her chief friend, took Sully's place, and made himself a general and Marshal of France, though he had never seen a battle. When the French nobles revolted against all this, clamoring for a share in the spoils, Mary satisfied them with pensions and large sums of ready cash. When these were spent, they naturally revolted again, and so got more pay and yet more, until all the treasure of Henry IV. was spent, and the state reeled under the burden. The Huguenot nobles of the south also rose, and began planning a sort of Protestant republic within France, with its capital at La Rochelle.

The Queen and her frightened Italians called a new man into their councils (1616), a young French bishop, afterward a Cardinal, Richelieu. "He knows more," said Concini, "than all their graybeards." At this time Richelieu was a slight and delicate man, scarce thirty years old. He was of noble race, and had been a soldier before his family influence secured him a bishopric. His energy and courage revived at once the falling fortunes of the Italians. The chiefs of the rebellious nobles were arrested, their bewildered followers defeated, and the Queen was triumphant.

But now a new hand appeared in the game: the young King, being as much under control of favorites as his mother, was persuaded by them to assert his royal authority. Concini was arrested and killed. Richelieu is said to have known of the scheme, but refrained from interference. He was ordered from Paris, however, with the weeping Queen-mother; and now the King's favorites ruled in their turn.

This only increased the waste and weakness, and finally King Louis made peace with his mother, and she returned to Paris. Richelieu, her chief counsellor, became the King's chief counsellor as well, for he was the one strong man, whose help proved serviceable. He was made chief minister in

RICHELIEU AT THE SIEGE OF LA ROCHELLE

1624; and from that time till his death in 1642, he was the real ruler of the kingdom.

Let us dismiss Louis XIII. with a word: he was a weak and not over-brilliant or energetic man, but honorable and well meaning; and this great thing he did: though Richelieu soon grew offensively arrogant and was personally distasteful to the King, yet Louis kept him in office all his life, because Richelieu did what no other man could do,—made France peaceful and prosperous at home, and mighty and honored abroad.

It is related of Henry IV. that once his favorite mistress tried to persuade him to dismiss his minister, Sully. But, though Henry loved the lady, and was even planning to make her Queen of France, he answered: "I could sooner get ten queens as fair even as you than one minister such as Sully."

In the same spirit Louis upheld Richelieu, though it is said the minister at times lectured his royal master as if he were a schoolboy, and though all the court plotted against the haughty Cardinal. The whole twenty years of his supremacy embraced one long succession of conspiracies. The King's brother twice entered into schemes against both Richelieu and Louis. He was driven from France. The young Queen Anne tried her hand against the Cardinal, and, perhaps, the King. She was publicly reprimanded before the assembled council of the kingdom.

Then came the turn of the Queen-mother, who had brought Richelieu to power. In 1630, Louis, being very ill, Mary and many of her courtiers knelt to him and secured a promise that Richelieu should be dismissed. The King, with returning health, hesitated; and Mary forced matters by a furious scene, in which she outrageously insulted the minister before his master's face, and demanded the promised dismissal.

The King turned away in silence. Richelieu retired from the palace court. His frightened sycophants deserted him in a body and flocked to the Queen-mother. The minister remained alone, apparently beaten. But Louis, perhaps after long struggle with himself, sent for the one great man he knew, and bade him resume his authority. "Continue," he said, "to serve me as you have done, and I will continue to uphold you despite all your enemies."

That day on which the courtiers deserted Richelieu was long remembered among them as the "Day of Dupes." Mary was banished, and fled from France. Her chief supporters were imprisoned or executed. Other conspiracies against the Cardinal followed—plots of nobles, of kingly favorites, of assassins, but none again so dangerous as the "Day of Dupes."

What was it that Richelieu did for France to deserve this unshakable support from Louis? The Cardinal himself has left us his answer in his dying will, which bequeathed his fortune to the King. "When your Majesty," he

says, "determined to give me at the same time membership in your councils and a large share of your confidence, I can truly say that the Huguenots divided the state with you, that the nobles acted as though they were not your subjects, and the more powerful governors of the provinces as though they were sovereigns of their charges. I may say, moreover, that foreign allies scorned us . . . . I promised your Majesty to employ all my ability, and all the authority it should please you to delegate to me, in ruining the Huguenot party, in lowering the pride of the nobles, and in restoring your name to the position it should occupy among foreign nations."

All he had promised to attempt, this far-seeing, never yielding man of iron achieved. He extinguished the Huguenots as a political power. He defeated their armies, and then laid siege to their stronghold, the seaport city of La Rochelle. Its massive walls and forts were practically impregnable to the artillery of the time. Its open harbor gave free entrance to supplies. The fleets of Protestant England were at its service. For over a century it had stood defiant and implacable, a centre of revolt against the King. Men sneered when Richelieu ranged his armies before it. The ambitious Cardinal had overstepped himself, they said. He should have kept to his own trade of diplomacy.

But Richelieu had only returned to his first love. His critics forgot that he had been a soldier before he was a churchman. He resolved to starve out the city, and, to accomplish this, began building a gigantic mole completely across the mouth of its harbor. The besieged laughed when the first loads of stone were dumped into the ocean; but the tremendous barrier slowly stretched out a remorseless arm from either side. Storm and tide carried it away repeatedly, but at last ocean herself surrendered before this indomitable man. The mole was completed, the harbor blocked.

Twice the English ships tried to force their way through the narrow opening that remained. Twice they were beaten back, King Louis and Richelieu fighting side by side among the French troops upon the barrier. In simple physical courage, it would be hard to say which one of them was the braver. At last the English fleet sailed away in despair, and the real grim siege began.

The brave Rochellois had sworn to slay the first man who suggested surrender. They turned their non-combatants out of the city, but Richelieu drove them back to starve under the walls. For fifteen months Rochelle held out, and when it surrendered, more than half of its people had died. Of the survivors less than a hundred and fifty were still capable of bearing arms. It was a city of death.

In another year Richelieu, still acting as his own general, had completely crushed the Huguenot strength through all southern France. Then, having con-

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THE BATTLE OF ROCROI

quered, he granted them generous terms. The fortifications of Rochelle and other Protestant cities were destroyed, but the Edict of Nantes remained the law. This was a noteworthy step in civilizaiton. A Catholic Cardinal allowed Protestants to worship in their own way—not because they could compel the right with their swords, but solely from his own sense of justice and wisdom. Every means of persuasion was indeed employed to win the Huguenots back to the ancient faith; and by degrees most of the gentry adopted it.

Richelieu's second great object, the breaking of the power of the nobles, he accomplished with an iron hand. All the strong castles, the last remnants of feudalism, were destroyed by royal order. Great lords who had indulged in their popular pastime of rebellion, or even in the ignoring of lesser laws, were not pardoned and given honors and estates; they were hanged, a mode of treatment to which the order was totally unaccustomed. It made the survivors hate the Cardinal, but it taught them discretion, and the open revolts of former days sank to secret and treacherous plots against the life of their formidable foe.

In his efforts abroad Richelieu was equally successful. This was the period of the tragic Thirty Years' War in Germany. Its earlier part had just come to an end with the complete triumph of the Hapsburg Emperors. Richelieu, returning to the policy of Henry IV., saw the necessity of breaking the Austro-Spanish power. It was he who launched the Swedes of Gustavus Adolphus against the Emperor. In the mean time, he himself attacked the Spaniards in Italy, and by a brilliant campaign, and still more brilliant diplomacy, shattered their prestige, and restored French influence in Italy to a height it had not known since the defeat of Francis I. at Pavia.

The peace of Cherasco (1631), which closed this Italian struggle, was brought to the French and Austro-Spanish armies just as they were drawn up for battle. The cannonading had begun, when "Signor Mazarini," an Italian gentleman in the service of the Pope, came galloping up and dashed between the closing lines of foes, waving his papers and crying "Peace!" The dramatic scene made the fortune of the messenger. Richelieu became acquainted with him, recognized his ability, secured his services, and finally made him his successor in France, as Cardinal Mazarin.

Meanwhile, the Swedes, having almost crushed the Hapsburg power in Germany, lost their great leader Gustavus (1632); and Richelieu now had France enter the war there in earnest, to snatch the rewards, which the exhausted combatants were no longer in position to deny her. He seized on Lorraine. French victories won for him part of Flanders and Alsace, then Spanish possessions, while in the southwest, he gained Rousillon, the only Spanish province north of the Pyrenees.

At home the great minister devoted himself to the encouragement of liter-

ature and art. He had court receptions of his own, rivalling in splendor those of the King. He founded the first regular French newspaper, the *Gazette*, and used its pages repeatedly to do, what no previous ruler had condescended to,—explain to the public his actions and his reasons. He created the French Royal Academy, an official organization, to consist always of forty of the most prominent writers in France. The "Forty Immortals," as they are called, have had much to do with the literary development of their country.

Richelieu also encouraged the drama, and under him wrote Pierre Corneille, the first great tragic dramatist of France. Yet here, as always, the Cardinal was a tyrant. He had literary aspirations of his own; and, furious that the public preferred Corneille's work to his, he persecuted the great author and sought to belittle his work.

The world of writers sneered at Richelieu, while they feared him. The common people too, ground down with taxes for his wars, gave thanks and lit bonfires at his death. Louis XIII., informed of his minister's end, said coldly: "So dies a great statesman." The Cardinal had won the respect and fear of all men, but the affection of none.

Richelieu's last advice to the King was to confer the ministerial place and authority upon his secretary, Cardinal Mazarin. Louis did so, and then, as if his own life had been indeed bound up with that of his all-powerful servant, the King died in 1643, within less than six months of his minister's death.

"After the lion comes the fox," said the French wits, when the Italian Mazarin succeeded Richelieu. The new minister hastened to make friends with everybody, with the Queen, Anne of Austria, who seems to have devoted herself to him with real affection; with the exiled and imprisoned nobles, who were all pardoned; and with the people, who were promised a reduction of taxes. A general millennium seemed to have dawned.

The wars of Richelieu had developed two celebrated French generals—the young Prince of Condé, a descendant of the Bourbon princes of that name, and Marshal Turenne. These generals gained five great victories over the Hapsburg armies on the German frontier. Condé beat them at Rocroi in 1643, when the renowned Spanish infantry was literally wiped out. He and Turenne defeated them at Nordlingen in 1645, and Condé won Dunkirk from them in 1646. Then Turenne gained the great battle of Zusmarshausen, and Condé that of Lens, both in 1648, the year when the Peace of Westphalia finally ended the fearful Thirty Years' War. The Hapsburg strength was broken, and France had become the chief state in Europe.

But alas! the son of Louis XIII., who succeeded him as Louis XIV. (1643–1715), came to the throne a child, five years old; and the nobles soon resumed their old struggle for power. The situation became almost an exact duplicate

THE ARREST OF BROUSSEL

of that under Mary di Medici. The foreign queen, careless of the interests of France; the Italian minister of inferior rank, grasping after wealth and honors; the wasted treasure, which had been accumulated by the former minister and king; the nobles, clamorous for their share of spoils; all these things repeated themselves. Only now the nobles were far weaker than before, and Mazarin far shrewder and abler than the equally greedy Concini.

Yet Mazarin soon became the most unpopular man in France. Anne of Austria steadily upheld him—perhaps she had secretly become his wife—and twice she and the little King had to flee with him from Paris. The complicated struggles of the period are called the War of the *Fronde*, though, indeed, they scarcely deserve to be known as wars at all. They were more like street riots. The name *Fronde* itself was given to the nobles' party in derision. The word meant a sling, something like our modern boys' pebble or bean shooter, such as was used by the street gamins of Paris in their youthful battles with one another; and the civil war was said to be no more serious than the boys' pebble-shooter strife.

It began with the arrest of a Paris magistrate, Broussel, for refusing to obey Mazarin. The Parisians flew to arms and compelled the release of their champion. "Let us recognize," cries a secretly issued pamphlet of the time, "that the great are great only because we carry them on our shoulders." It is the first feeble uplifting of our modern belief in the equality of men.

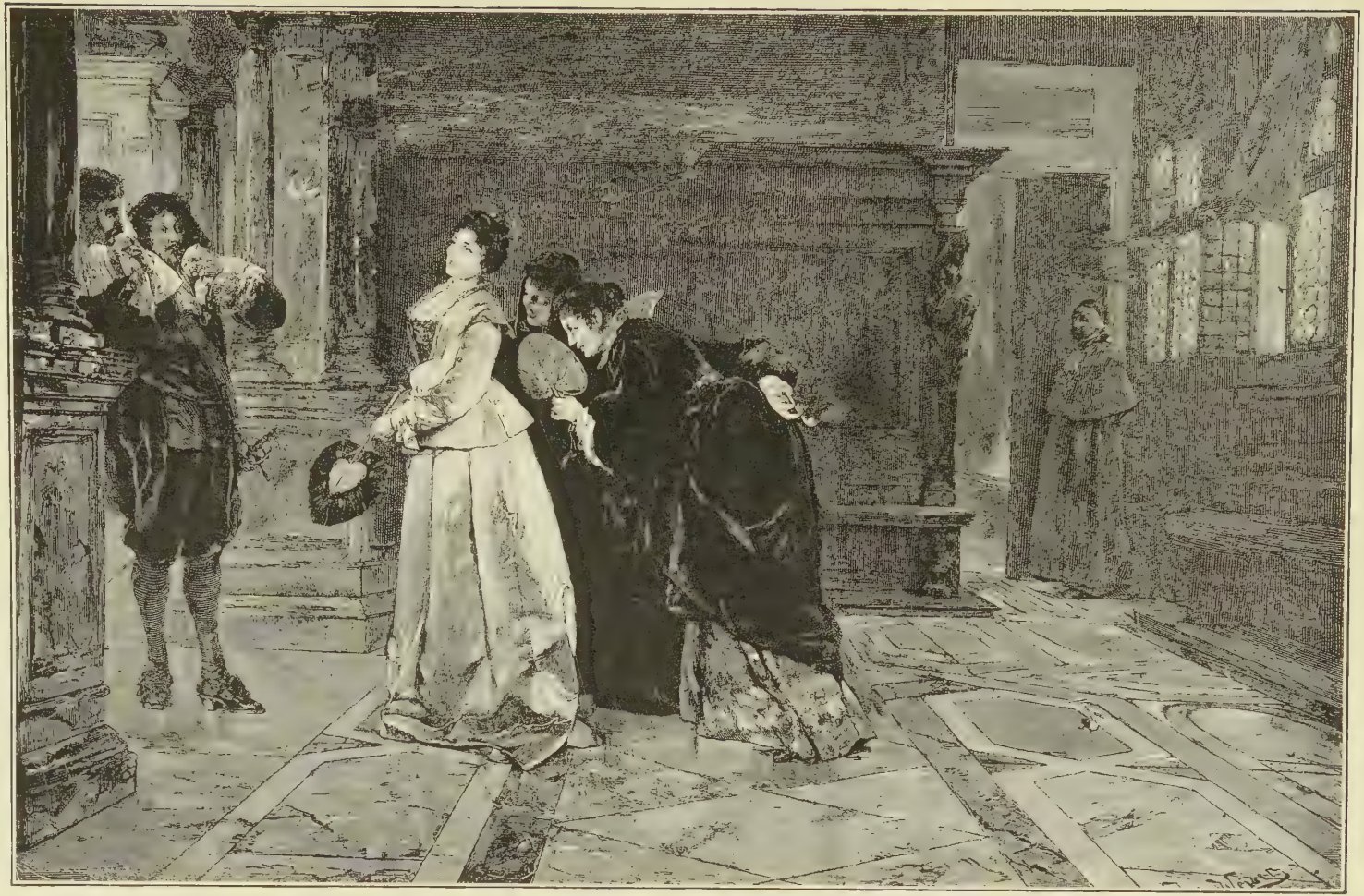
The two generals, Condé and Turenne, both plunged eagerly into this quarrel, as did most of the nobility, changing sides with easy indifference as their personal interests suggested. The confused struggle lasted from 1648 to 1653. The common people soon wearied of it and abandoned its prosecution to the nobles. Condé became their champion and brought Spanish troops into France. Turenne, taking the court side, defeated Condé under the walls of Paris and again at Dunkirk, proving himself the abler general of the two. Spain withdrew from the contest, and Condé made his peace with the court. Thus Mazarin finally triumphed, having gained first one leader to his side and then another, and taken subtle advantage of every blunder of his antagonists.

He became as omnipotent in France as Richelieu had ever been. His seven nieces were courted as eagerly as queens. Two of them married Italian princes, the others, five of the greatest of the French lords. The Cardinal himself accumulated a fortune that made him the richest subject in the world. He had followed Richelieu's policy abroad, and he also copied him by patronizing the fine arts and, when he died, by recommending to King Louis his most valued assistant as his successor.

Mazarin, however, by no means stands in the same rank with Richelieu. Most of the later Cardinal's successes had been only the natural outcome and

fruition of his predecessor's plans. Mazarin's blunders and failures were all his own. He died in 1661, lamenting only that he must surrender the excitement of life, his beautiful paintings, and his books. He left France the strongest state in Europe, and the kingly power absolute in France.

THE DEATH OF MAZARIN



THE NIECES OF MAZARIN

THE TROOPS OF LOUIS XIV. INVADING GERMANY

Chapter XCIII

THE AUGUSTAN AGE OF LOUIS XIV.

COUNTING the reign of Louis XIV. as beginning when his father's ended, in 1643, it is the longest in French history, covering seventy-two years. But the real rule of the King dates only from Mazarin's death in 1661.

When, on the morning following this event, the various heads of departments appealed to the young monarch of twenty-three: "Your Majesty, to whom shall we now go for instructions?" Louis answered most unexpectedly: "To me." From that day until his death he remained his own chief minister. He had endured under Mazarin more than enough of having a subject mightier than himself.

Never has Europe known a monarch who wielded more absolute power. "I am the state," he said; and it is true that all the various divisions which we have seen in the state were now become as nothing under the King's feet. What was the character of the man who held this awful responsibility? He was a shy and slow and rather heavy young fellow, the despair of his teachers as a boy, and so poorly educated that he declared he had almost committed suicide through despondency at his own deficiencies. That such a lad became a great monarch was due solely to his intense determination—vanity some have called it, but determination seems the juster word. He was inflexibly resolved to make all men acknowledge him as the greatest of sovereigns. He recognized his duty to his people, and sought to make them prosper; but he wanted the full applause of the world for all he did.

No common laborer could have toiled harder than did Louis at his work of government. He surrounded himself with able assistants, and tried hard to see with their eyes, to understand with their brains. Both the success and failure of his reign sprang from his own character of intense determination and intense application, stimulated by the desire for applause, but limited by a very moderate capability.

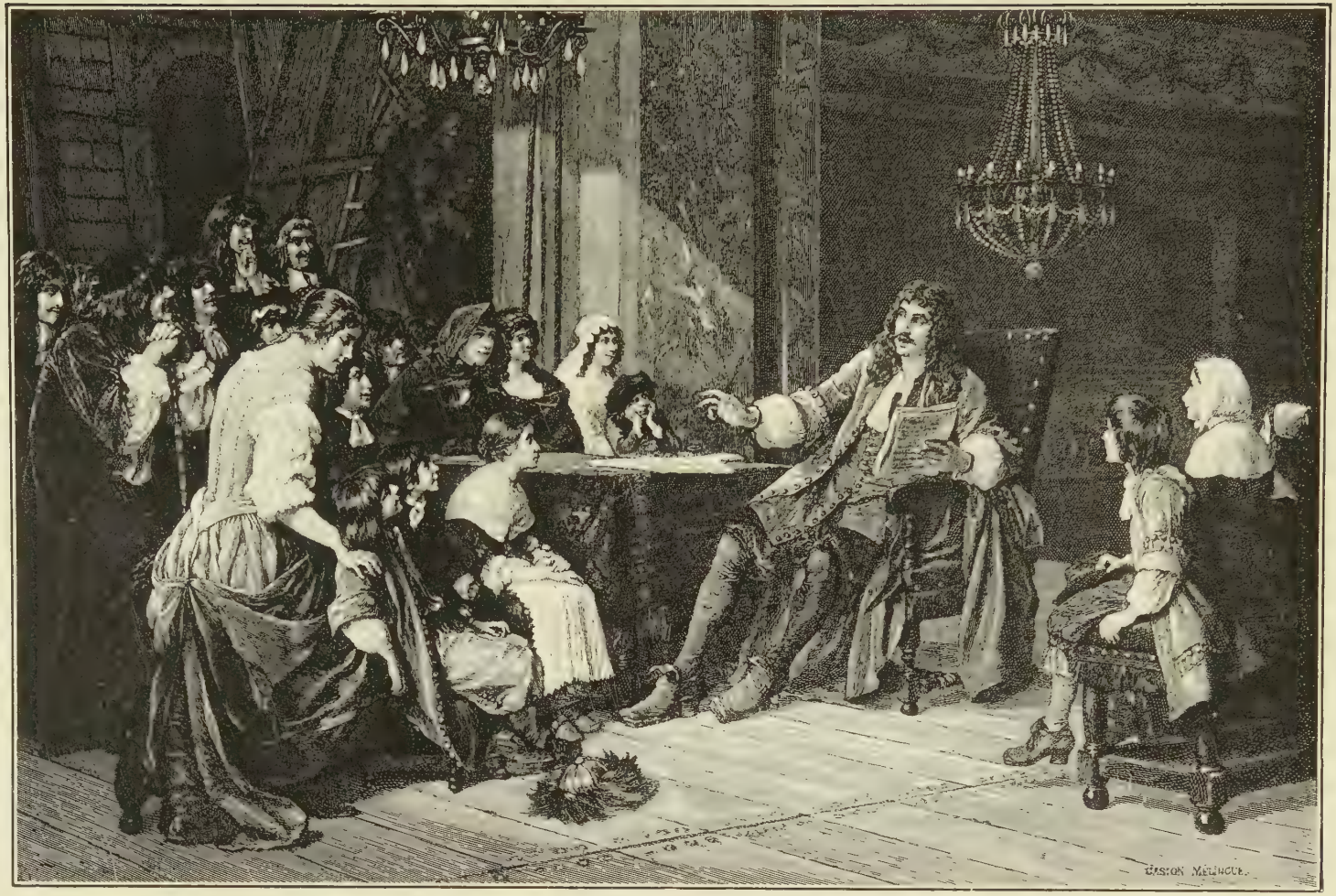
In its general outline, this period strongly resembles that of Francis I., a century and a half before. Louis, like Francis, inherited power when young and ambitious, and started with the enthusiasm of youth to do warlike deeds, and stir up unnecessary wars. Possessing a country made rich and prosperous by his predecessors, he was at first showily successful; but gradually all Europe united against him, and France became exhausted and sank into poverty and utter misery. His later years, though hardly to be called failures, did not realize the hopes and promise of his youth, and he died in gloom and disappointment.

We can see a yet further similarity between him and Francis in the support which each gave to literature, art, and architecture. The age of Louis XIV. is the great literary period of France, its Augustan age, with Louis playing the part of a somewhat indiscriminate Augustus. He had a long list of authors, to whom he gave generous pensions. Those who fared best were the historians, on whom depended the monarch's reputation with posterity. But far down and inconspicuous on the list we find Racine, who shares with Corneille the fame of being France's grandest tragedian; and we find also Molière, most wonderful among comedy authors, actors, and theatre managers, the French Shakespeare,—whom we could wish Louis had better appreciated.

Yet the "Grand Monarch" did his best. He listened to the reading of Molière's plays; and we even find him inviting the author to dine with him alone, that all the supercilious court might see the value set upon this ex-valet and play-actor, whose body the churchmen refused to bury in consecrated ground. Other great literary names adorn Louis's reign, too numerous to mention; indeed, the whole court began to take a literary tone.

This court was far different, far more gorgeous than in any previous era. Louis wished to have all his nobles around him. He discouraged them from staying home on their estates. They might grow too powerful and rebellious there. So those who insisted on absenting themselves from his circle, were watched with jealous suspicion.

To keep the faithful ones amused there was one continuous round of feasts and fêtes, picnics, and hunting parties. Often one of those neglected estates was squandered upon a single entertainment. Not since the height of Roman splendor had Europe known such magnificence of display, such brilliancy of



MOLIÈRE AND HIS TROOP OF PLAYERS

wit. It has been said that the courtiers of this period had no *home* life, and the charge seems sadly true. They had no time for real happiness.

With all this resplendent world centering round one man, and a vain man at that, you can imagine what flattery was heaped upon him. His court declared him the "sun" of the universe, and Louis, accepting their homage, took for his emblem a rising sun.

All these royal extravagances made the country's money flow like water. And we have not yet spoken of Louis's two most extravagant tastes—for war and for building. These, he felt, were the two things best calculated to display his splendor to the outside world. Bridges and good roads multiplied all through France, and huge fortresses rose on her every frontier, the work of Louis's famous military engineer, Vauban. You can imagine, too, what enormous palaces were required to house Louis's multitudinous court, with its endless retinue of servants. The magnificent edifices and park at Versailles form the King's best-known effort in this direction.

Yet, despite all its gilded splendor, this era plainly shows the disadvantages of concentrating all power in the hands of one man. However well-meaning, Louis could not help but lose all true sense of the proportions of life. He spent much on the roads and bridges for his people, but still more on the fortresses for glory, and most of all on himself and his pleasure houses. Nor could he see any disproportion in this! Was he not the centre of the universe for which the rest existed?

Colbert, a man of unquestioned financial genius, managed the King's money affairs, and succeeded at first in making France prosperous. At the same time he drew from the land such abundant revenues as its kings had never before known. Yet even Colbert could not keep pace with the boundless extravagance of the court, and he failed at last, and died in despair. Everything fell back into disorder, and then came ruin.

During Louis's early days these evil consequences lay hidden; only the surface splendor was visible, and all Europe was dazzled. The petty German princes struggled to imitate the "Grand Monarch" with his authors, his court, his forts and his palaces; and most of all, they sought to copy his absolutism in government. For a time, at least, Germany became a mere tail to the French kite, feebly soaring after, where Louis led.

For war, the young monarch had his two great generals, Turenne and Condé; and he speedily let the world know his bellicose intentions. The French and Spanish ambassadors in London had a childish squabble about precedence, and Louis took the matter up in earnest. He threatened war, and compelled the decaying Spanish kingdom to consent that the Frenchman should stand first. In Rome, too, finding his ambassador not treated with sufficient

respect, Louis insisted that the Pope should not only publicly apologize, but should erect a monument in Rome recording his punishment and its cause.

Louis had been married by Mazarin to a Spanish princess. He now found an excuse in her name, for claiming the Spanish possessions in Flanders (1667). Invading them with Turenne, he seized city after city, almost without opposition. At the same time Condé took possession of Franche Comté.

Spain was too feeble to resist; but all Europe was seriously alarmed, and the first coalition, of England, Sweden, and Holland, was formed against France. Turenne and Condé would have had their master push on, for none of the menacing powers were ready for war; but Louis yielded and made a peace, by which he kept what he had won in Flanders, but restored Franche Comté.

Holland was the land which feared Louis most; for it lay just beyond Spanish Flanders, the next morsel for the voracious Frenchman to devour. So it was Holland that was most vigorous in its opposition, and Louis learned to hate the land with a bitter personal enmity. The strength of Spain had been broken in the effort to conquer sturdy little Holland; now France was to batter herself against the same unyielding wall.

Louis laid all his plans to this end. The English King, Charles II., needed money, and became a regular pensioner of France, obedient to its monarch's will. Sweden was dissuaded from the Dutch alliance by the same method; and Louis rushed fiercely upon his isolated foe (1672).

Holland seemed helpless before the giant assault. The whole southern half of the land was occupied by the French armies, and only the city of Amsterdam held out. In their despair the Dutch burghers talked of embarking with their goods upon their fleet, and sailing away to some other continent. But William of Orange, the future King William III. of England, now took control of their counsels. Under his dauntless leadership, they cut their dykes and let the ocean overflow their land. One foe drove out the other; the French fled before the seas.

A second European coalition against France was hastily formed by William, who thus saved his own country, but brought evil upon two of his allies, Spain and Germany. These two powers, exhausted by the Thirty Years' War, proved no match for France. Condé again snatched Franche Comté from Spain. Turenne ravaged the Palatinate, the German Rhineland, Louis having given deliberate orders that all that part of Germany should be made a desert, so as to be unable to support an army against him. Moreover, the French admiral, Du Quesne, thrice defeated the Dutch fleets in the Mediterranean, completely crushing them and making France mistress of that important sea.

There were other lesser victories and some defeats; but Turenne was slain

THE SACKING OF THE PALATINATE

in battle, Condé retired from active life, and finally the enraged English people seemed on the point of forcing their King to join the alliance against France. Then Louis consented to a peace, the peace of Nymwegen (1678), which marks the zenith of his power. Franche Comté and most of Flanders were permanently attached to France, and the French parliament ostentatiously conferred upon their King the title of Louis the Great.

Ten years of nominal peace followed, during which the French Monarch continued to seize one German city after another. His excuses for these robberies were of the flimsiest, but the German Empire was too feeble to defend itself. In 1681 he snatched the great city of Strasburg, on the Rhine, and turned it into a tremendous fortress, the bulwark of his kingdom to the east, and the defense of France against Germany for nearly two centuries.

We have seen Louis quarrelling with the Pope. His troubles in that quarter became more and more violent, and the King, wishing to show that he only upheld his rights and was not really a bad Catholic, began persecuting his Protestant subjects. Thus he reopened the old religious troubles which had before proved the bane of France. Louis's queen was dead. He had always been more or less under the influence of mistresses, and now he was completely devoted, and probably secretly married, to Madame de Maintenon, the widow of the well-known author, Scarron.

Madame de Maintenon was a strict Catholic, and encouraged the King in his new policy of persecution. Finally, in 1685, he formally revoked the Edict of Nantes, which had granted the Huguenots freedom of worship. Protestantism was abolished in the kingdom, and at the same time the Protestants were forbidden to emigrate. Property was confiscated, ministers were executed. The Huguenots were no longer strong enough for armed resistance; but by degrees the more resolute of them managed to flee from France, despite Louis's orders and the efforts of his spies. They settled in Germany, some in the southern part of our own country, and some in other lands. It is estimated that France lost upward of half a million of her most valuable subjects—an earnest, able, moral, industrious people, whom she could ill spare. In the wars that followed, whole regiments of Huguenots were enlisted against France from her own exiles.

In 1688, William of Orange became King of England, and from that moment England became the centre of a determined resistance to the aggressions of the Bourbon monarchs. Louis supported the exiled English king, James II., against William, and lent James an army to invade Ireland. James was defeated at the Boyne, and the Frenchmen returned home, carrying with them large numbers of the Irish people, who loyally insisted on clinging to the fortunes of James, and became among the most gallant soldiers of France, thereby partly recompensing her for the loss of the Huguenots.

There was a second European war against France, extending from 1688 to 1697. The French marshal, Luxemburg, won several brilliant victories on the Rhine frontier, and the Palatinate was devastated even more cruelly than before; but the Austrian general, Prince Eugene, now appeared, and had rather the best of the French in Italy. At sea Admiral Tourville was defeated by the British off La Hogue, but was twice victorious over them, at Beachy Head (1690) and at Lagos (1693). The peace of 1697 left all parties with their possessions just about as they had been before this blind expenditure of wealth and blood.

The long strain began to tell upon France. Her prosperity was disappearing; Louis was grown old; the glamour of his fame was failing; his wealth was gone; his best generals were dead, or, like the Huguenot admiral, Du Quesne, driven from his service. And now came Louis's greatest opportunity, his chance to realize one of his dearest life-dreams, and his final effort to retain the grandeur that was fast slipping away from him.

The last direct heir to the Spanish throne died in 1700. The Austrian Emperors, the younger branch of the Hapsburgs, claimed to succeed their relations in Spain. Louis XIV. advanced the claim of his Spanish wife. She was long dead, but her rights, he declared, had descended to his grandson, Philip. The dying Spanish King made a will in favor of this Philip; but to give the crown to him was practically to place it in Louis's hands, and Europe was not likely to permit such a dangerous increase of his power.

Louis seems to have hesitated before accepting the baneful gift, but finally despatched his grandson into Spain, with, according to legend, the farewell words: "Go, my son! There are no longer any Pyrenees." Spain welcomed Philip readily, but Austria protested. All Europe joined the protest, and the War of the Spanish Succession was begun (1701–1713). England, Holland, Austria, Germany, and Portugal were arrayed against France and feeble Spain.

This was the war of the great victories of the English general, Marlborough, and the Austrian, Prince Eugene. Louis was at last exhausted and overmatched. At first he was successful. Bavaria joined him; his Marshal Villars outgeneraled the Austrians, and in 1703 threatened to capture Vienna. But a Protestant revolt in France called Villars home, and Marlborough and Eugene, attacking his incompetent successors, won the first of their triumphs at Blenheim in 1704. This battle drove the French back to the Rhine, and conquered Bavaria for the allies.

In 1706 Marlborough defeated the French at Ramillies, despite the heroism of the Irish regiments fighting for France. This battle established Marlborough in Flanders; and at the same time Eugene forced the French out of Italy

THE CHARGE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE AT RAMILLIES

by his victory at Turin. In Spain the Austrian claimant to the throne drove Philip from Madrid. Marshal Villars, however, partially restored the balance by defeating the Germans along the Rhine.

In 1708, Marlborough and Eugene advanced together to the French frontier in Flanders and won the battle of Oudenarde. They entered France, and some of their troops even raided as far as Versailles. Louis, broken and humbled, sued for peace. But one of the conditions stipulated by the allies, was that he should join them with his armies in driving his grandson Philip out of Spain. This Louis refused to do. "If I must make war," he said, "I will fight my enemies rather than my own child."

In his despair he did what he had never before condescended to do, appealed to his people for help, explaining his position and bidding his subjects be judges between him and his enemies. The appeal was successful. The allies had thought France exhausted and helpless at their feet, but to their amazement an army of over a hundred thousand men rose as if by magic to replace those that had been destroyed. The King's royal plate and jewels went to the mint, along with those of many a lesser man, to furnish supplies. Villars was placed in command, and met Marlborough and Eugene at Malplaquet in 1709. They defeated him; but they lost twenty thousand men, while his loss was not half so great, and he was promptly ready to renew the struggle. "Another such defeat," he wrote Louis, "will save France."

The allies wearied of the endless contest, especially England, whose wealth was supporting all the other nations. The war languished. Finally England withdrew from the coalition, and the Peace of Utrecht followed (1713). France retained her European territories undiminished, and Philip was acknowledged King of Spain, though with the loss of Gibraltar and all the Spanish possessions in Italy and Flanders.

The French accepted with joy a peace which at least brought them no dishonor. They would probably have accepted any other as gladly, for the land was exhausted, the peasantry dying off by thousands, of privation. In about ten years the population of France had sunk from fifteen to twelve millions. Her debt had increased to half a billion dollars, and she was borrowing money at four hundred per cent.

Louis himself, utterly worn out, was now permitted to die in such quiet as his buzzing, bickering court afforded. He had been left singularly alone in his old age. His son and two of his grandsons were dead. His only surviving grandson was in Spain; his eldest great-grandson also died, and the King's heir was his second great-grandson, a little child. Intrigues of every sort surrounded the throne. The successive deaths of so many princes of the royal house naturally roused suspicions of murder. All men were uneasy and insecure, and

they waited with impatience for Louis to depart, that they might seize some share of power in the regency to follow.

The "Grand Monarch" seemed forgotten before his death. Even Madame De Maintenon half abandoned him. Yet his exit was as calm and haughty and dignified as his life had been. "Why weep," he said to an attendant by his bedside. "Did you think me immortal?" Then he bade a polite and kindly farewell to all around him, blessed the little Dauphin, earnestly besought his counsellors to keep the land at peace, and passed quietly away.

ANNOUNCING THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES

LOUIS XIV. AND HIS MINISTERS

LOUIS XV. AT THE DEATH-BED OF LOUIS XIV.

Chapter XCIV

THE DECAY OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY UNDER LOUIS XV.

DEATH had spared Louis XIV. too long. He had outlived his fame and his era. Absolutism had been tried and had failed; and Frenchmen, having been reduced all to the same level of nothingness beneath Louis, began to recognize their own brotherhood and to talk of the equality of man. They were restless under the aged despot's heavy hand, blamed him for all the country had suffered, and hailed his death with joy. Throughout France there were cheers and merry-makings, such as we associate with births and weddings, rather than with death.

His great-grandson, Louis XV. (1715–1774), was nicknamed the Well-Beloved; and with perennial enthusiasm the people looked to him to end all their sufferings. They knew, however, that their hopes must be deferred for a little while, since at his accession the Well-Beloved was, as his predecessor had been, a child of only five years.

The Duke of Orleans, a Prince of the Bourbons descended from Louis XIII., was made Regent; and no one expected any good of him. He was an able man, but thoroughly self-centred, licentious, and debauched. He had been openly accused by the populace of scheming to poison the entire race of Louis XIV., and thus clear his own path to the throne. Now only the feeble little Louis XV. and Philip of Spain remained between Orleans and this goal. Philip had formally renounced all claim to the French throne, when he acquired Spain. So, if little Louis died, Orleans would be King of France. The child

did not die, and that seems a sufficient answer to the charges against Orleans. He was too wise a man to lead the uneasy and dangerous existence of a great criminal.

Philip of Spain, however, believed all the rumors against his relative, and hated him. He even announced that, in case Louis XV. perished, he would reassert his own abandoned claim to France sooner than see Orleans profit by these wholesale deaths. So here were France and Spain already quarrelling with each other, the Pyrenees re-erected, and Louis XIV.'s dream of fusing the two lands into one great Bourbon monarchy, had perished with his other schemes.

In 1717, France actually formed an alliance with her enemies, England and Holland, to guard against Philip's pretensions to the throne. A war followed, in which Spain was completely humbled, though rather by England than by France.

This was the period of the "Mississippi Bubble" (1716–1720), the most gigantic stock-jobbing operation the world has yet known. We have seen that Louis XIV. had left the finances of France in utter disorder. John Law, a Scotch gambler, undertook to set them straight. His idea was the same as has been repeatedly advanced since by ignorant financiers, that the government should issue mere paper money, promising to exchange it for real gold and silver on demand. The paper was so much more convenient than the heavy metals that Law thought people would prefer it, and, as they would not know how much of it was given out, the government could go on increasing its paper money indefinitely, pay off all its debts, and be as extravagant as it pleased.

With this, Law united another plan, better known, though really less important. He formed a commercial company under government protection, to develop the resources of France's American territory, the Mississippi Valley.

At first, he was so successful that the Regent took an enthusiastic interest in his schemes. The country went crazy over the Mississippi project. Reports were circulated of the discovery of marvellous mines there, bursting with gold and silver. The shares of the company, which had been issued to sell at $100 each, were sold for ten, twenty, and at last even forty times their value. All the hoarded wealth of France was brought out, with which to speculate. Nobles sold their jewels and family plate to buy stock. Metal money was so inconvenient in such large sums that the paper of the government was accepted blindly, and passed swiftly from hand to hand. Nearly a billion dollars of it was soon in circulation, while all France contained less than a quarter of that amount in actual coin.

Law was terrified by his own success. He tried vainly to check the government's reckless issues of paper. He knew that his Mississippi shares could not possibly be worth the enormous sums people paid for them. The shrewder

THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE—THE STREET OF THE SPECULATORS

speculators also became alarmed. They began to sell their shares of stock, and hoard in gold the enormous wealth they had acquired. This resulted in a demand on the government for metal in exchange for its paper, and soon the government had no metal to give.

Then the crash came. Those who had the government paper could buy nothing with it. Those who held the Mississippi stock could scarce give it away. It was worthless. The government itself refused to accept its own paper for taxes. A few lucky speculators had made vast fortunes; but thousands of families, especially among the wealthier classes, were ruined. Suicides were numerous. Law barely escaped being torn to pieces, and fled in abject poverty from France.

The Duke of Orleans, detested by all those victims who attributed their ruin to the government, died in 1723; but it was not until 1726 that the boy king, Louis, took any direct part in state affairs. His first act looked promising. He dismissed the evil counsellors of the regency and appointed as his prime minister his own tutor, Bishop, and afterwards Cardinal, Fleury (1726–1743).

Fleury was an honorable and able man, very cautious—too cautions, said his enemies—and growing old. He avoided war so far as he could, and allowed the country a chance to prosper by giving it peace. Public sentiment in France forced him into a struggle with Austria in 1733; and the two aged rivals of Louis XIV.'s later days, Prince Eugene and Marshal Villars, found themselves once more in the field. Villars, after two brilliant campaigns in Italy, died of age and exhaustion, and peace soon followed.

During these years of prosperity France, by her avoidance of war, regained much of her ancient strength and prestige; and when Frederick of Prussia and Maria Theresa began their remarkable struggles, France was once more regarded as the foremost state of Europe.

As such she took a leading part in the general scramble after Maria Theresa's dominions. Fleury died in the midst of it (1743), and Louis XV., in imitation of his great-grandfather, announced that henceforward he would be his own minister. In reality, he was at that hour in the hands of an energetic and patriotic woman, his mistress, the Duchess of Chateauroux.

Under her urgence, Louis took a vigorous personal part in the widespread war, from which as yet France had gained little credit. England, Holland, and all the minor states had by this time ranged themselves on the side of Austria, while France had for allies Prussia and Spain. Louis put his trust in a half German general, Marshal Saxe, and with him advanced his armies into the old battle-ground of Flanders, now an Austrian possession. They won several victories, especially the celebrated battle of Fontenoy, and captured several cities,

both in Flanders and in Italy. Frederick of Prussia got what he wanted, and abandoned the French alliance. France, thus left alone, once more maintained herself single-handed against Europe. The heroic times of the preceding century seemed come again. Louis and his general pushed on from victory to victory, always offering peace. It was the one brilliant period of his reign.

Once during the war Louis fell dangerously ill at Metz. He thought he was dying, so dismissed the Duchess of Chateauroux, who was tending him with real devotion, and prepared to make a goodly and sanctimonious end. He had as yet done nothing personally to relieve his people, but they attributed to him the benefits of Cardinal Fleury's rule, and he was still the "Well-Beloved." All France prayed for him, and burst into almost hysterical joy when he recovered. "What have I done," cried Louis in amaze, "that these people should love me so?" His first act was to send for his discarded mistress to come back again; but she died soon after.

With her perished the King's ardor for war. A general treaty of peace was finally made in 1748. By it France, which had won so many victories and expended so much blood and wealth, gained nothing. Louis had always boasted that he would "make peace like a King, not like a tradesman." He seemed only anxious indeed to get back to his pleasures, and agreed to whatever terms his adversaries suggested.

He had never been much of a man at best—lazy, ignorant, vastly afraid of appearing ridiculous, cold, and proud. But now he entered upon the second period of his life, that of open indulgence in every licentious debauchery. He became a mere animal, a beast, as utterly unfit to rule as a madman, with France for the mere instrument of his foul pleasures. His name has become a synonym for all that is contemptibly vile. He fell into the hands of a new mistress, the wife of an army-contractor, and ennobled her with the title of Madame de Pompadour. Until her death, in 1764, she was the real ruler of France, and ruled it to its ruin.

It was she who had urged the weak peace of 1748; and when the terrible Seven Years' War between Prussia and Austria broke out, she insisted that France should interfere and support Maria Theresa, her only reason being that the Austrian Empress, eager for the alliance, had condescended to be gracious to the Pompadour, and had treated her as if she were a real queen. Her incompetent favorites were made the generals of France, and led their armies to defeat and disgrace. You may recall how they fled from the Prussians at Rossbach. When peace was made in 1763, France's naval power had been destroyed, and she surrendered to England all the best of her enormous colonial possessions in India and America. The War had settled decisively that England and not France should be the great colonial empire.

MOZART INTRODUCED TO MADAME POMPADOUR

Yet in her frivolous, incompetent way, Madame Pompadour meant well. She would have liked to improve the condition of the poor people, had it not been too troublesome. She wanted to patronize art, but failed to recognize its true expression, so that her period has been nicknamed "the age of bad taste." She did, indeed, receive and make quite a fuss over the grandest of musicians, Mozart; but alas, it was only because he came to her, not as a man, but as an infant prodigy, barely six years old, to bow and scrape like a little courtier and perform upon a piano which he could hardly reach.

Can you imagine the court that surrounded Louis and this mistress? It has been aptly said that, through each of the Bourbon reigns, the courtiers acquired the vices of their King, without his virtues. From Henry IV. they caught his licentiousness, without his glory; from Louis XIII. his weakness, without humility; from Louis XIV. haughty pride, without perseverance; from the Duke of Orleans atheism and idleness, without ability; and now from Louis XV. utter debauchery, without the single trifling good point we can find in him. He was ashamed of himself; they were not. He tried to hide from the nation he had abused and disgraced. He refused audience to all except his intimates, and even built a private road from Versailles to St. Denis, passing around outside of Paris, that he need not face the reproachful eyes of his capital. His name, "the Well-Beloved," had become a scorn and a sarcasm.

Louis understood very clearly that the fearful discontent and suffering in France must lead to destruction of some nature, yet he took no steps to relieve it. "Our world will last our time," he said cynically to his intimates, "after us let the deluge come if it will." "After us, the deluge." The words have acquired an evil notoriety hardly equalled by any other quotation in history.

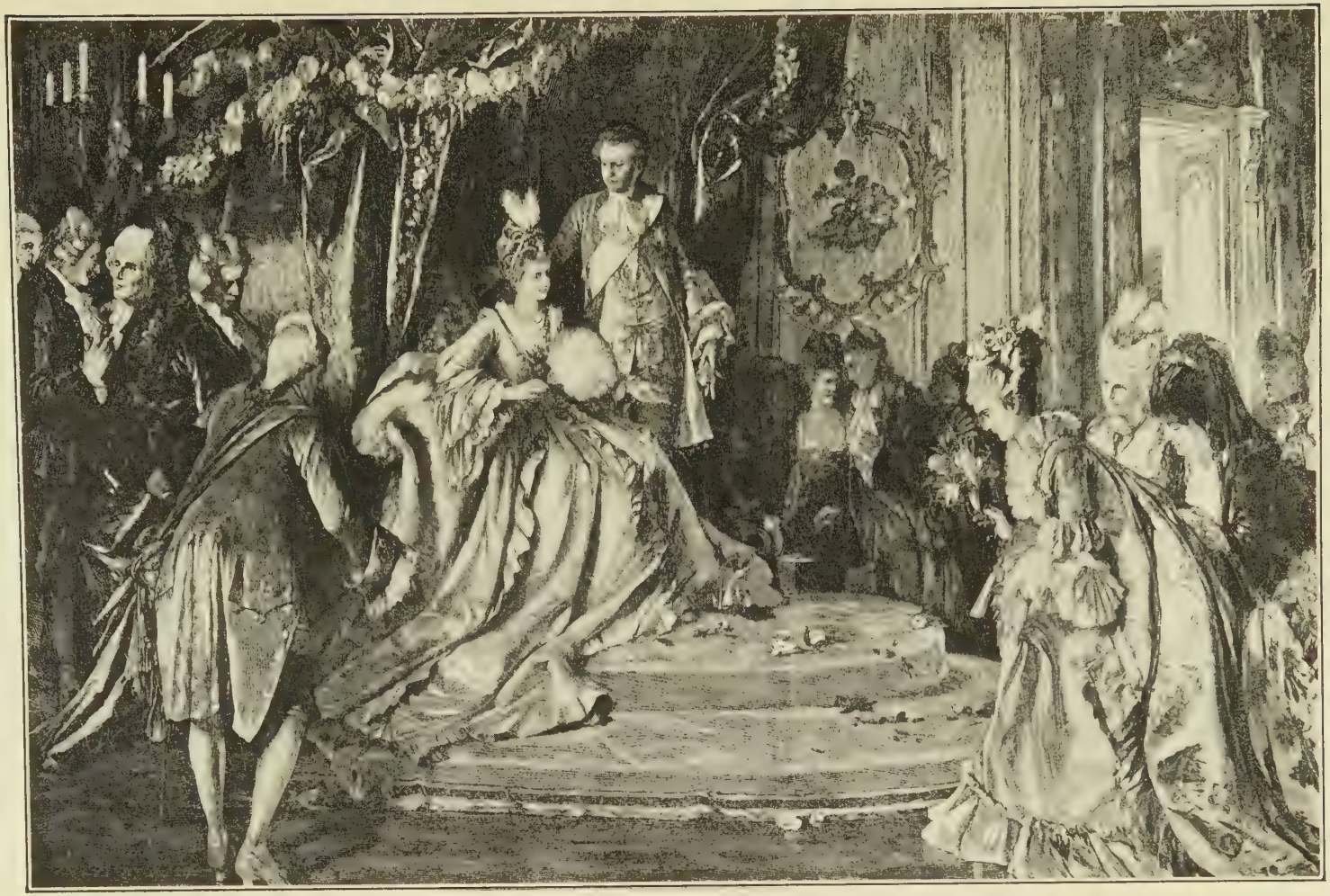
One of the King's last acts was to wed his heir, his young grandson, Louis, to a bright, frivolous, little Austrian Princess, Marie Antoinette. This new grand-daughter quite charmed the old roué, and for a moment the court reformed just a little bit under her influence. She was the centre of all the gayety, while her rather heavy young husband gloomed in the background.

This spasm of virtue soon passed; the King sought yet lower deeps of debauchery and evil. To this period belongs the horrible "famine contract," as it was called. We cannot give all its details; but the King made a law forbidding the export of grain. Then, as the grain lay wasting on his subjects' hands, he and his partners bought it for almost nothing. Other laws produced an artificial famine, and the royal conspirators doled out food to the starving people at enormous prices. This hideous trafficking in starvation and death was repeated again and again. At length one of the members of the trust was troubled in conscience, and half-confessed what was being done. He was promptly imprisoned, but too late! The nation knew of this new and dastardly misuse of

the royal authority, this last and most shameful betrayal of the people by their master.

In 1774, Louis once more fell ill, this time of malignant smallpox. The only fear of the nation now was that he would recover. He did not. He died, and his body was hurried into a coffin too small for it, and driven off at a gallop to the royal burial place in St. Denis, the people hooting and scoffing at the remains as they bumped along the road.

THE BATTLE OF MALPLAQUET



MARIE ANTOINETTE AND HER HUSBAND HOLDING COURT UNDER LOUIS XV.

Louis XVI. and his Family in Prison

Chapter XCV

LOUIS XVI. AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

EVEN in the court of Louis XV. there had been a small party opposed to his evil ways. This was headed by his son, the Dauphin, an honest, well-meaning man, who lived in retirement with his wife and their three little sons, each of whom was to become in turn King of France. They were Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., the last of whom survived until 1836, within the memory of men still living.

The Dauphin died before his father, and so the throne descended to the eldest of the three boys, Louis XVI., the heavy and rather stupid lad, who had married the pretty Austrian Princess, Marie Antoinette. Brought up under his father's guidance, Louis XVI. really desired and meant to labor for the good of his people. To understand, therefore, the terrific explosion which led to his dethronement and execution, we must look a little more closely at the France which was now seething beneath the feet of its Bourbon kings and their heedless court.

The people were divided into three classes—the three Estates, as they were called: the nobility, the clergy, and the common folk. The two highest Estates had many "privileges" of one sort or another, which released them from almost all taxation. It was an old saying that the priests paid their taxes in prayer, the nobles in blood—that is, by defending the country—and the com-

mon people in money. But the nobles had long ceased to give much blood for France, except in theory; and the prayers of the court clergy were such as no man would consider of special value.

Neither of these two Estates, however, ever dreamed of justifying their existence by work, and so the whole burden of supporting the country fell upon the laboring class. Poor *Jacques*, crouching humbly at the bottom of the ladder, must pay for all. He must supply the blood and the money too; as for prayer, that had ceased to be reckoned as of much account. Let us be careful, however, lest we do injustice by too sweeping an assertion. Some noble families there were, who, despite the commands of Louis XIV., remained upon their lands and sought to improve the condition of their people. The clergy, too, were sharply divided into two classes, the rich bishops and abbés of the court, and the poor country priests, who had no hand in collecting the enormous revenues of the church, and were almost as close upon starvation as their parishioners. These poorer clergy were often men of the purest and highest type, and they almost alone kept alive the light of Christianity. When the upheaval came, they took their stand with the people and against their oppressors.

For over a century the exorbitant taxes upon the country peasant had been persistently increased, until of his scanty earnings about one-third went to the King, one-third to the Church, and he must exist on the remainder as best he could. Nor was it only by money exactions that the hand of government pressed him down. There were other and even more unendurable cruelties put upon him by evil officials who despised him, by tyrannous nobles against whose caprices he had no redress.

Most irritating of these impositions, perhaps, was the *corvée*, a law compelling the peasantry to give a certain amount of their time to repairing the public roads. Well administered, this law might have proved no serious inconvenience; but it was grossly abused. The peasant was compelled to abandon his own work for the King's whenever called, though his crops might be rotting on the ground. Moreover, the officials were by no means careful to keep him toiling solely on the roads; they were apt to set him at any other government work, or even at some private business of their own. It was the oppressive manner in which this *corvée* was exacted that more than anything else embittered the humble people against their masters.

These down-trodden peasants, however, were scarce the men to launch a revolution, unless, indeed, it were another Jacquerie, a frenzied outburst of despair and destruction. For the deliberate planning of a new government they had neither the wit, nor energy, nor strength. All they could do was to submit in helpless ignorance, until cleverer men showed them a way to break their chains.

UPRISING OF THE FRENCH PEASANTRY IN 1789

Then, indeed, they followed blindly, with the reckless fury and desperation of ravenous beasts.

For the beginning of the French Revolution, therefore, we must look to yet a fourth class, one lacking official recognition among the Estates. This was the body of better-grade tradespeople, the city dwellers, who had no land to seize upon, and who by their shrewdness managed to escape taxation almost as well as the upper Estates. They formed what may be called an intermediate grade, from which the ranks of the nobles and government officials were constantly replenished. From them came most of the intelligence of France,—the lawyers, the scholars, and the business men.

Their influence had greatly increased since the time of Louis XIV. In his day there had been only the one court, the centre of all life and wealth in France, dominated by his thoughts, his will. But in the idle regency of the Duke of Orleans, this court had split into dozens of little circles, or *salons*, as they were called, held at the mansion of some wealthy lord or brilliant woman. Each of these salons had a tone and an individuality of its own. Each, desirous of outshining the others, encouraged art and literature, and took pride in its own brilliancy and wit.

The secret and shameful life of Louis XV. left the salons to grow even more important. They became the main features of French society. Middle class folk, who would have been nothing in Louis XIV.'s court, were central figures in the salons, whose members having begun by discussing philosophy, soon advanced to speculation on principles of government, the rights of kings, the equality of man, and other ideas diametrically opposed to the tyranny under which they lived.

This class also had its heavy grievances against royalty, chief of which, perhaps, was the use of the *lettres de cachet.* These were letters issued by the King, ordering a man's secret arrest without trial or explanation, and his imprisonment during the King's pleasure, in the dreaded state-prison, the Bastille. These *lettres de cachet* had been terrible enough when used by a great and just minister like Richelieu. In Louis XV.'s hands they became nightmares of horror. He used to issue them with blanks for the name of the victim, and sell them to his favorites, who in turn sold them to any villain who would pay high enough for the chance to rid himself in secret of a foe. Imagine the agony these letters caused, dropping like a thunderbolt upon innocent men, who had perhaps committed no offense whatever, and were utterly unconnected with the court! The unfortunate simply disappeared from the world. If he had influential friends to seek him, he might after a time be released. Otherwise he would rot in the Bastille. It is said that in the fifteen years just before the Revolution these *lettres de cachet* found fourteen thousand victims.

It is to this middle class that we naturally look for leaders, mouthpieces to give voice to the sufferings of those beneath. There were three men who so guided and directed the thought of France during this period, that they are often said to have created the French Revolution. They were the three writers —Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Rousseau.

Montesquieu wrote a thoughtful work, "The Spirit of Laws," analyzing the meaning and purpose and justice of government in general. Voltaire, the greatest and most famous of the trio, wrote with wild vehemence against sham and injustice wherever he recognized it, whether in king or courtesan. *Lettres de cachet* were issued against him fifteen times. The influence of his friends and the fame of his genius released him again and again from the Bastille; but finally he had to flee from France and live in banishment.

Still more dangerous to the government was the third writer, Jean Jacques Rousseau. Voltaire spoke to kings and lords; Rousseau wrote for the common people. While Voltaire moved one man, Rousseau swayed hundreds. He was incoherent and unjust. He called for the abolition of all society, and declared that man must seek happiness in a return to his independent savage state. He was too absurd a man, the government thought, to be considered seriously! But his half-true errors were just the kind to influence ignorant men.

All Europe saw whither France was drifting. Revolution was in the air. Young Louis XVI., hearing of his accession to the throne, cast himself on his knees with his young wife, and cried: "God help us, we are too young to reign!"

Voltaire dared to come back from his exile (1778), and was received by the Parisians with kingly honors. The whole Royal Academy came out to greet him. When he went for an airing in the streets, his carriage could hardly make its way through the huzzaing crowds. But both he and Rousseau died. Montesquieu was already dead. The irresistible movement swept on without them.

After a century of financial mismanagement, the government tottered on the verge of bankruptcy. No one would lend it money, or trust its word. No more taxes could possibly be squeezed out of the wretched Third Estate. Louis XVI. appointed a capable minister, Turgot, who saw that the only possible way to safety was to draw taxes from the two upper Estates. The moment, however, he thus attacked their "privileges," both nobles and clergy raised such a tumult that the weak King could not withstand them. He knew that the minister was right. "Only Turgot and I care for the good of France," he sighed. But he could not endure the din in his ears made by the entire court, and he dismissed Turgot for peace's sake.

So the heedless court drifted on. Our own American Revolution was in

THE BEGINNING OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION—MIRABEAU DEFIES THE KING'S ORDER

progress, and the mass of Frenchmen watched it with delighted interest. Was it not the direct expression of the very principles of freedom that their philosophers and writers were teaching? Public sentiment finally forced the King to lend us a helping hand, though he did it unwillingly, not at all sure that he was wise in encouraging revolution, no matter how far away from his own household.

The war was successful, but it only brought France an increased debt, and swept her nearer the inevitable end. In 1787, the government summoned all its leading supporters, the "Notables" of the kingdom, to a conference, to invent a way of continuing to exist. Taxation of the upper Estates was again hinted at; and again the Notables protested, and would do nothing more. So at last a desperate expedient was resolved upon. A meeting of the *States-General* was announced for 1789.

The States-General was an assembly supposed to represent the entire nation. It had not met for nearly two centuries, the Bourbon kings having made themselves absolute and having ruled without it. In the old days it had consisted of about nine hundred representatives, three hundred from each of the three Estates. Each Estate had voted separately on any law proposed, and if two of the three were opposed to it, it failed.

At once the question agitated France, Was this old rule of voting to be adhered to? It was the Third Estate which now supported the country. If its representatives were to be hopelessly out-voted by the other two, the States-General would be as useless as the recent gathering of "Notables" had been. Even the King saw that. So he decreed that instead of three hundred, the people should elect six hundred representatives to the Third Estate. The common folk were delighted with this concession, great things were hoped for from the assembly, and the delegates were chosen and instructed with anxious care.

Shrewder men saw that this increased representation was only a subterfuge, if the Estates were still to vote separately. What mattered it how many men were in the Third Estate, if their united voice was still to be but one against the other two? So when the widely discussed assembly met, the delegates of the Third Estate were in no pleasant frame of mind. Every one waited anxiously for the King to settle the important question. Were the Estates to act separately or together?

There were five weeks of tedious and useless evasion by Louis. Then he made a polite speech of welcome to the assembly, and at its close bade the three orders separate as of old to their different halls. There was no word of any change in voting. The Third Estate sat in their seats dejected and disappointed; they did not move. The King's master of ceremonies returned in surprise and repeated the royal order, that they should retire to their hall. Had they obeyed, the world's history might have been different.

One man rose to the occasion and seized it, thereby creating modern France and modern constitutional Europe. This was Honoré de Mirabeau, a son of the nobility, who had been abused and disowned by his father and his class. He had become a writer and a champion of the people. Already he had proved himself a moderate man, having by his speeches restrained the peasantry of southern France from an open and hopeless revolt. Now he came as their delegate to the convention; and he saw that revolt here might have a better ending. He sprang to his feet and made a fiery speech, ending with: "Tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and only bayonets can drive us out." The Revolution had begun.

After that matters progressed swiftly. The Third Estate declared itself the "National Assembly," and invited the delegates of the other Estates to join it. The poorer clergy did so at once, and after a while were followed by some of the nobles, headed by the King's cousin, Philip, Duke of Orleans, an evil man, who hoped by humoring the people to become Regent, or possibly King.

Under Mirabeau's leadership the National Assembly declared that henceforth France should be a constitutional monarchy, and they set themselves to draw up a constitution. They intended merely to limit the power of their sovereign; but the unfortunate nature of Louis XVI., and even more that of his queen, soon made compromise impossible.

The haughty Marie Antoinette, the spoiled darling of two reigns, was furious against this rabble who dared oppose their King. She wanted to crush them by force. Louis would have done anything for peace, but he loved his wife and craved her approval. Besides, he was ever harassed by the dread weak men feel, of appearing weak. So the court dawdled without any definite policy. One moment Louis praised the National Assembly, the next he threatened it. The air was heavy with uncertainty and deceit. An explosion became inevitable.

The King began to mass soldiers around Paris. Should the people wait to have their leaders arrested, and themselves shot down? The Assembly demanded the withrawal of the troops. The people cried for arms to defend themselves. In a sudden uprising, they burst open the royal armory and seized swords and muskets, and even cannon. The King was alarmed, and withdrew such troops as had already entered the city.

The people seized the opportunity. The Bastille, the execrated prison to which they might be hurried off without warning, frowned among them almost unguarded. There does not seem to have been any pre-arranged plan, but "To the Bastille!" was shouted upon all sides. Men and women rushed thither with their newly snatched-up weapons. Two hundred Swiss soldiers defended it under the governor, De Launay. There was a regular pitched battle, and an

THE MOB LIBERATING THE PRISONERS FROM THE BASTILLE

assault, in which many were slain. It was the first bloodshed of the Revolution, and Frenchmen commemorate Bastille Day, July 14, as we do the Fourth of July, our Independence Day.

After several hours of determined resistance, De Launay surrendered on the promise of safety. But these were not cultured gentlefolk, who had attacked him. They were the ignorant masses, whom he and his kind had trampled into brutes. Now they had gone mad, as brutes do, and had possession of the arms hitherto turned against them. The gates of the Bastille were thrown open, and the mob surged in. With their dead behind them, what did they care for their leaders' promises? The strong castle was laid in ruins; the governor and many of his men were slain, and their severed heads were carried through the streets on pikes. Paris tasted its first draught of blood.

"Then it is a revolt?" exclaimed Louis XVI. in astonishment. "Nay, sire, it is a revolution," answered the messenger.

Even this oft-related answer fell short of the truth. It is well to note that from this time forward there were really two revolutions—one of thoughtful, reasonable men, who desired reform, and one of savage and irrational beasts, who sought only destruction and revenge. Sometimes the two parties worked together, sometimes in fiercest opposition.

The King, in his bewilderment over the Bastille attack, did everything the people wished. But they no longer trusted him. His concessions only frightened his nobles, many of whom, feeling their cause was lost, fled from France, and the plots of these "Emigrants" became one of the chief dangers of the years that followed.

Lafayette, our hero of the American Revolution, was now made commander of the royal forces, most of whose members were heart and soul with the insurgents. Lafayette, though trusted by both parties, could control neither. He could only act as an intermediary to save them from direct conflict. As the colors of his new "National Guard," he chose red and blue, the colors of the city of Paris, and placed between them white, the color of the royal flag. Thus he originated the famous "tri-color"—the red, white, and blue—emblem of French liberty.

Marie Antoinette brought about the next explosion. She was still eager to use force. If her husband's troops could no longer be trusted, let him ask help of her Austrian kinsmen. She encouraged the royalist sentiments of the nobles who still clung to the court; and there was a foolish and spectacular feast at Versailles, at which the queen made a speech, and the young officers swore devotion to her, tore the tricolors from their uniforms, and trampled them under foot.

Paris heard of this feast; and Paris at the time was short of bread. The

lack of food was not King Louis's fault, but remembering the famine contracts of his predecessor, we can scarcely blame the people that they held him guilty. And here were feasters trampling on the nation's emblem, while the nation starved. More work for the Paris mob! A great horde, largely composed of women, marched out to Versailles.

Both King and Queen were near to death that day. The palace guard were beaten down, yet Louis hesitated, would not order them "to fire upon women." Lafayette, rushing madly through the halls of the palace to defend the King, heard a lackey call after him: "Monsieur, his Majesty permits you to enter his presence." It was the last cry of the old France, utterly incapable of comprehending the new.

Marie Antoinette faced the mob with superb courage. Their muskets were lowered before her in unwilling admiration. Lafayette coming between, knelt and kissed the Queen's hand; and the mob cheered them both. She was saved for the time; but with the King and their little son, the Dauphin Louis, she was forced to go to Paris with the rabble.

Half-cheering, half-hooting, the women of the streets paraded the delicate Queen along the road. "We have got the bread baker!" they cried, "and his wife, and their little apprentice!"

Both Louis and the National Assembly tried to gloss over this "Day of the Women" (October 6, 1789), but whatever words of courtesy and compliment they might use, Louis was no longer a king; he was a prisoner in Paris. Mirabeau, the great leader of the assembly, died. Louis made a desperate attempt to flee with his family from France, disguised as a travelling merchant. He was recognized by the citizens of Varennes, arrested, and brought back to strict confinement.

Yet the moderate party of the Assembly triumphed for a moment, Louis was once more released, and was declared head of a constitutional monarchy. A new legislature was regularly elected. But when Louis vetoed some extreme measures, the mob again threatened him. This was in the summer of 1792, and events now hurried rapidly. Lafayette, being too loyal, was deserted by his soldiers, and had to flee to the Austrian troops, who imprisoned him as a traitor to the King he had striven so hard to save.

Prussia declared war against France in Louis's defense; and the Paris rabble, suspecting, as was indeed true, that the King had himself encouraged Prussia's attitude, made the last of its many assaults upon the royal palace. Three hundred of the King's Swiss guards were cut to pieces, and their dead bodies hacked and hewed by the delirious mob. Louis and his family were placed in prison. Suspected traitors, "aristocrats," to the number of nearly a thousand, had been confined in the Paris jails. The mob took possession of the

THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS XVI. CHECKED AT VARENNES

prisons under the order of Danton, the Minister of Justice, and murdered all the prisoners with a mere pretence of trial. These were the notorious "September massacres."

Austria, in the name of its daughter, Marie Antoinette, had joined Prussia in attacking France. As the foes advanced, the French patriots, madly in love with their new "Liberty," rose as one man to oppose them. A young artillery officer, Roget de L'Isle, had written a patriotic song, the "Marseillaise." He sang it to a gathering of friends, and they, thrilled by its stirring strains, spread the music everywhere through France. It became the national hymn, and the people, chanting it in every village, gathered against the enemies of France and Liberty.

A new assembly, the "National Convention," was summoned, and its first act was to declare the land a republic (September 21, 1792). Then the King was tried as a traitor. He was summoned before the Convention, not as King, but as "Louis Capet," and was condemned to death, and executed (January 21, 1793). The ancient French monarchy, which had lasted nearly a thousand years, fell with a crash; and men looked in wonderment and fear at the headless kingdom, and the dead body of the headless King.

PATRIOTS MARCHING TO THE MARSEILLAISE

THE REIGN OF TERROR

Chapter XCVI

THE FIRST FRENCH REPUBLIC AND THE RISE OF NAPOLEON

THE French Revolution was far too vast an event to be pictured within the bounds of a single chapter. We have done no more than outline its chief features. You must fill in the details for yourself: the shrieking fear and streaming blood; the clamorous starvation and silent heroism; noble speeches by members of the Assembly, and revolting deeds by their supporters; bodies strung from lamp-posts by the Paris mob, and all France a feebler but yet more barbarous reflection of its capital; chateaux aflame, highborn lords tortured to death, and gentle ladies fleeing for their lives:—amid such evil portents was the first French Republic born.

The men who had led the National Assembly of 1789 had most of them disappeared in 1792. A far wilder and more ignoble set were coming into control,—demagogues, trucklers to the rabble. The Convention which announced the republic was divided between two parties, the moderates, or Girondists, and the extremists, or Jacobins; and there was constant strife between them.

The dreaded Prussians had already invaded France. At first they were everywhere successful; but the new spirit rousing in the French people was not to be defeated, and on the day before the announcement of the Republic, General Kellerman, with a body of raw recruits, checked the Prussian advance at Valmy. In the fall of the same year the Austrians were defeated at Jemmapes, and the

COUNT HENRI RALLYING THE PEASANTS OF THE VENDÉE

troops of the French Republic found themselves masters of all Flanders, the modern Belgium.

So the new government began with a flourish of military glory. It had conquered a territory which Louis XIV., in the height of his power, had been unable to win. The Convention passed laws at a tremendous rate. Everything ancient was to be abandoned, and the French world constructed entirely anew. Some of the steps taken were able, some evil, some hopelessly absurd. The Christian worship was declared abolished. Death was voted to be the end of all things. The Age of Reason was declared begun, and a courtesan was hailed as its goddess.

Even our ancient friend the calendar was assailed, and time was redivided. The revolutionists still counted by months, but weeks were obliterated, and instead of our blessed seventh day of rest, they had a ten-day period, with its holiday at the end. The months were redistributed and renamed; all time was to be counted as beginning September 21, 1792, the year one, of the Republic. The republicans even ventured to look beyond France, and proclaimed that their country would "Grant aid and fraternity to all peoples who may wish to recover their liberty." Through this fall and winter of 1793 every Frenchman seemed to feel that a millennium was at hand.

These dreams came to a rude awakening after the execution of King Louis. Such deeds seem always to recoil upon their perpetrators. All Europe united in war against the reckless Republic. England, Holland, Spain, and the German Empire added their forces to those of Prussia and Austria. Dumouriez, the victor of Jemmapes and the chief general of France, was defeated by the allies and driven from Belgium. He declared himself opposed to the government of the Convention, and even made an abortive attempt to lead his soldiers against Paris.

His men refused to follow him; but other portions of France made a more determined protest against the mad legislation proceeding from the capital. In Brittany, the Chouans, as they were called, had for some time defied the Republic. Now the peasants of the Vendée, the region around Nantes, declared themselves loyal to the ancient order of things, the monarchy. Their chief leaders were the peasant Cadoudal and the young Count Henri of Larochejaquelin. Under these two, the heroic peasantry defeated one republican army after another. "If I retreat," cried Count Henri, "kill me! But if I advance, follow me; and if I fall, avenge me!"

At the same time the strife in the Convention itself grew so bitter that the extremists, the Jacobins, backed by the Paris mob, declared their antagonists, the Girondists, to be traitors, and ordered the arrest of the entire party. Some were seized; others fled, and roused many of the cities of southern France to

rebel against the Jacobite tyranny. Marseilles, Lyons, Bordeaux, and Caen all rose in arms. The allies invaded the north, the Spaniards crossed the Pyrenees. In August (1793) the naval fortress of Toulon, with the entire Mediterranean fleet, was voluntarily surrendered to the English. The fortunes of Republican France had reached their lowest ebb.

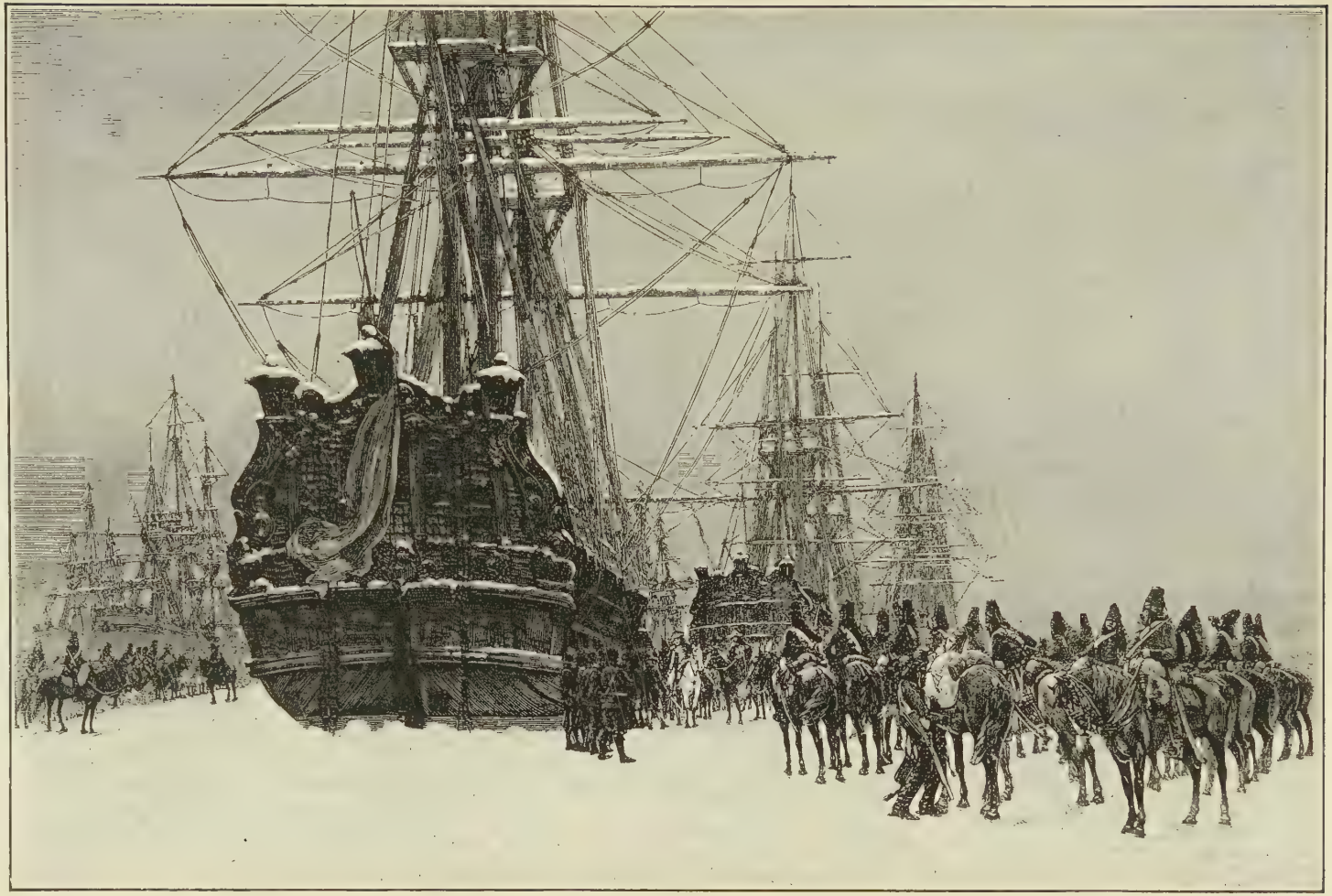
The Jacobins of Paris had in their ranks monsters of cruelty; but they had also some master genuises of energy. Never, perhaps, has any party put forth such stupendous efforts. The spirit of their new-found freedom made them giants. They faced their enemies on every side, and the fall of 1793 saw them everywhere victorious. Carnot, their minister of war, raised fourteen different armies. He ordered the generals to waste no time in military manœuvres, but simply to march on, wherever they say the enemy, and charge them with fixed bayonets.

The enthusiasm of the raw French troops proved equal to the task thus imposed on them. They were not now led by royalist officers, whom they hated; but by chiefs risen from among themselves. Valor might make any man of them a general. Jourdan, Pichegru, and Hoche, the most successful of their leaders, won victory after victory, until early in 1795 Pichegru conquered Holland and annexed it to the French Republic, his soldiers performing the remarkable feat of riding out on the ice and capturing the Dutch fleet, where it lay, frozen fast. Thereupon the next neighbors of France, Prussia and Spain, both sued for peace, making voluntary surrenders of territory to escape the wrath of the new-born Colossus.

Meanwhile, the internal rebellion was also crushed. Kleber, sent against the Vendeans, won four battles in eleven days. The cities of the south were defeated, Lyons being captured after a siege of over two months and given up to pillage. Its principal buildings and churches were destroyed, and the Jacobin army opened an indiscriminate cannon fire on the defenceless citizens, killing a couple of thousand or more. The other rebellious cities surrendered in a panic. Toulon was recaptured from the English (December, 1793), having been skilfully made untenable to the foe by a young artillery officer, whose name France now heard for the first time. It was Napoleon Bonaparte.

But these days of Jacobin triumph were days of horror in the capital. The awful "Reign of Terror" had begun. After the proscription of the Girondists (June, 1793), no man's life was safe. The successful party were determined that no tenderness of heart should rob them of their victory. The official system of execution adopted was the guillotine, a machine that at a single stroke severed the head from the body. Every day this insatiate monster was fed with victims of both sexes.

Men became brutalized with much slaughter. They lost all conception of



GENERAL PICHEGRU CAPTURING THE DUTCH FLEET

the mystery and sacredness of human life. The suspicion and fears of the Jacobins seemed ever on the increase, and toward the last the mere fact of being an "aristocrat" was often sufficient to bring condemnation. The victims were executed in batches, twenty or thirty a day. The Paris mob attended the performance, as the old Romans did the massacres in the arena. They came early to secure good seats, the women knitted "between acts," the spectators criticised the manner of each "aristocrat" in meeting death, and shouted to the executioner to hold up the gory heads for them to admire.

Three terrible men led the Jacobin counsels: Danton, the "Minister of Justice," who had directed the first "September Massacres"; Marat, the real leader of the mob, editor of an incredibly ferocious paper, called "The People's Friend"; and Maximilian Robespierre, a lawyer, an enthusiastic dreamer, whose incoherent fury against the upper classes had excited only the laughter of the earlier Assembly.

Marat was assassinated. Charlotte Corday, a young girl, an ardent republican, a follower of the Girondists, felt that this monster was destroying France, and left her home in Caen with the deliberate purpose of killing him. She won entrance to him by pretending to have more Girondist victims to offer him, and found the monster writing in his bath, to which a disgusting illness confined him. Charlotte stabbed him to the heart, and, making no attempt to flee, went gladly to the guillotine for her desperate deed. When the executioner held up her severed head, it is said that he slapped it, and that the cheeks flushed under the insult and the eyes opened in suffering.

Marat's death only made his companions more bloody-minded. Among the victims of the guillotine were the unhappy queen, Marie Antoinette; the King's sister, Madame Elizabeth; the contemptible Duke of Orleans, who had tried to truckle to the mob, abandoned his royal rank and called himself plain "Philip Equality." He had even been elected a member of the Convention which was now ruling France so madly, and had been among those to vote for the King's death. No wonder the Jacobins distrusted him!

Victims far more to be regretted than he were Bailly, the President of the first National Assembly; Condorcet, the celebrated scientist, President of the Legislature of 1791–92, who died in prison; the great chemist, Lavoisier; four generals of the Republic, who had failed of victory; and Madame Roland, whose salon had been the centre of the earlier teachings of equality. "O Liberty!" she sighed as she stood upon the scaffold, "Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!"

At last, in the spring of 1794, the Jacobins began to disagree among themselves, and broke into three parties. Danton thought they had killed "aristocrats" enough; Robespierre wished to go yet a little further; and there were

hideous extremists who still foamed and clamored for rivers of blood to flow. They had their will; for Robespierre's faction triumphed over both the others, fed the extremists themselves to the guillotine, and then sent Danton and his moderates over the same familiar road.

Thus Robespierre was left alone and terrible, towering above the desolation he had helped to make. He began to plan dreamy fancies of an ideal France. He restored the worship of a "Supreme Being." But his enemies whispered that by this Supreme Being he meant not God, but himself; that he planned to be sole ruler over France. Paris was still at his back, but the remnant of the Convention feared him. They ordered his arrest. The mob rescued him in triumph from the guards. The Convention, knowing that it was now his life or theirs, sent a strong detachment of soldiers, who re-arrested him; and he was executed with nearly thirty of his followers, July 28, 1794.

The fickle rabble, when they saw him borne to the guillotine, turned against him and shouted with delight. A group of women danced around the wagon in which he rode. "Down to hell," they cried, "to face the ghosts of all our loved ones you have sent there!" He had been wounded, and was wellnigh dead, his face being bound up with a bloody rag. The executioner tore this off; Robespierre gave one last shriek of pain, of fear, or of fury, and so perished.

With him ended the Reign of Terror. It had lasted fourteen months. More than ten thousand prisoners who awaited death were set free. About three thousand had been slain in Paris; but this represents only a small fraction of the victims throughout France. Their total numbers will never be known. Historians estimate that hundreds of thousands of French people were slain by the Jacobins. In the Vendee the prisoners were gathered in multitudes and shot down by cannon; then muskets were brought into play; and finally sabres were used on the mutilated survivors. "Republican marriages" were made by binding a man and a woman together and throwing them thus helpless into the river to drown. Or scores of bound couples were packed as tight as possible into some old hulk of a ship, which was then sunk beneath the water. Men had become devils.

So strong was the reaction after the Reign of Terror, that royalists even began to hope that the Bourbon kings would be restored to power. Immediately after Louis XVI.'s death, the other European countries and the exiled nobles had recognized his little son as King Louis XVII. This had exasperated the republicans, and they placed the child in the care of a shoemaker, Simon, to be brought up as a common workman.

Perhaps Simon had orders, or perhaps he only acted from natural savagery, but he so beat and bullied and starved his miserable apprentice, that the boy seemed but half-witted, and died in 1795, only ten years old, the last noted

LOUIS XVII. IN THE HANDS OF SIMON

victim of the brutality of the Revolution. Abroad the brother of Louis XVI. was thereupon recognized as king, being Louis the Eighteenth and last.

In the fall of 1795, a new constitution was formulated, and a new Convention, the fourth of these assemblies, was elected. So strong had the royalists become that they roused Paris against this Convention; and a mob of soldiers and citizens, of men and women, forty thousand strong, gathered to attack it. The Convention ordered the capturer of Toulon, General Napoleon Bonaparte, to defend them. Instead of arguing with the citizens, Bonaparte placed artillery so as to sweep the streets, and as the Parisians approached, his cannoneers fired too kill. It was not at all the treatment the rabble had been accustomed to. The grape-shot mowed down their ranks, and they broke and fled. Their power was gone, the brute part of the Revolution at an end (October 5, 1795). The new general had shown the way to silence it.

Under this Convention of 1795 the Republic, having secured peace at home, continued its military successes abroad. Bonaparte was now its leading general, though he was but twenty-six years old, and had not yet led an army against a single foreign foe. General Jourdan and other veterans were inclined to sneer at him when he came among them.

In 1796 Generals Jourdan and Moreau fought in Germany, but were not successful. Bonaparte was given command of the army of Italy to fight against the Austrians there, and conducted one of the most wonderful campaigns in history. He inspired his troops to superhuman exertions. "Soldiers of France," he said to them in his first proclamation, "you are badly fed and almost naked. Your country owes you much, yet can do little for you. Your patience and courage do you honor, but can give you neither glory nor profit. I have come to lead you into the most fertile plains in the world. There you will find large cities, rich provinces, honor, glory, and wealth. Soldiers of France, will you fail in courage?"

Passing round the Alps by an unexpected route, he defeated one Austrian or Italian army after another in masterly fashion. His highest personal fame was gained, however, not by his skill, but by his fiery courage at Lodi. He himself led his grenadiers in a dash across a bridge in the face of a murderous fire. Men fell all around him. A chance bullet might have changed the destiny of France; but the "Little Corporal," as his enthusiastic soldiers called him, escaped without a scratch.

Most of northern Italy was conquered. Many of its inhabitants joined the French, and Napoleon gave them freedom and made of the land the "Cisalpine Republic." Its troops fought by the side of his in the great three days' battle of Arcole, and finally the Austrians were driven headlong out of Italy. The wealth and treasures of art which had been theirs, Napoleon confiscated.

Riches of every kind came pouring into France, such as its common people had never before known.

Meanwhile, General Hoche had been appointed to command the French armies in Germany. He defeated both Germans and Austrians with marvellous skill, but died in the midst of his successes, aged only twenty-nine. Next to Napoleon, he was the ablest of the generals of the Republic.

Napoleon pressed on into Austria, met its Emperor Francis II., and compelled him to sign the peace of Campo Formio, which acknowledged the Cisalpine Republic and advanced France's German boundary to the Rhine throughout its length. Then the conqueror returned to Paris to receive the almost delirious devotion of his compatriots, to whom he had brought so much honor and wealth.

By this time the government of the Republic had been entrusted to a "Directory" of five men. These, fearing the immense popularity and ambition of General Bonaparte, readily fell in with a project he suggested for the conquest of Egypt. The plan had in their eyes the great virtue of taking him away from France. Napoleon seems to have meant to strike a blow at the vast commercial strength of England. Doubtless he also had in view the enhancing of his own magnificence in the eyes of Frenchmen.

The whole expedition was spectacular from the start. With his troops Napoleon took a company of savants, or learned men, to delve into the mysteries of Egpyt. Catacombs were explored, pyramids examined, the mummies of the ancient Pharaohs exhumed, and as you have read in Egypt's story, the Frenchmen found the invaluable "Rosetta Stone," from which we have been enabled to decipher the hieroglyphics, and read much of the history of the past.

From a military standpoint the invasion was less successful. Napoleon did his part as victoriously as ever. He brought his troops safely to their destination, and won two battles against the far-famed Mameluke cavalry, the rulers of the land. In one of these contests, the celebrated Battle of the Pyramids, the Mamelukes fought with the ferocity of despair, dragging their wounded bodies along the ground to strike one more sword blow, until almost all their number were slain. Napoleon had animated his men by another of his brilliant speeches, in which, pointing to the Pyramids, he said: "Soldiers, forty centuries look down on you."

The land was conquered; but a crushing disaster met the French upon the waters. The fleet delayed in following the directions of Bonaparte. It was attacked in a weak position by the great English admiral, Nelson, and annihilated in the Battle of the Nile. The French troops were shut out from France.

Napoleon established a government for Egypt. He invaded and partly conquered Syria; but his men were dying round him of disease, and he saw that

NAPOLEON BEFORE THE MUMMY OF PHARAOH

the hour of his destiny had arrived at home. Accordingly, he left his troops to General Kleber, his second in command, and slipped quietly away from Egypt in a single ship of war, evaded the English fleet, and landed almost alone in France in the fall of 1799.

Here the government of the "Directory" had fallen into contempt. They had mismanaged matters both at home and abroad. Their insolence had roused against France a third European coalition, the most powerful thus far of all. The French troops had been beaten and driven out of Italy. All Napoleon's conquests had been lost. At home every one felt unsafe; the royalists had been almost successful in a plot to bring back the King; the mob was rising again; the days of the Terror seemed coming back. No party by itself was strong enough to rebel; but all united in appealing to the celebrated General Bonaparte to act as a Dictator, crush the Directory, and lead the nation once more to wealth and glory.

So on November 9, 1799, Bonaparte entered the legislative halls, and ordered out the various government bodies that sat there. Some of the delegates were ready to obey; others answered with defiant words, and a file of the general's soldiers drove them from the building. All the people were upon their hero's side, and he promptly proclaimed a new constitution, which placed the entire power in his hands. The title he assumed was simply that of First Consul, and there were two more Consuls and other figureheads; but really Napoleon was as absolutely in control as Louis XIV. had ever been.

Nominally the Republic did not end until the First Consul took the title of Emperor, five years later. Practically, it disappeared on that day in 1799, when his soldiers swept the discredited legislators from their halls.

NAPOLEON WELCOMED AS FIRST CONSUL

THE RETURN FROM ELBA

Chapter XCVII

NAPOLEON'S EMPIRE

LET us pause to look for a moment at this remarkable man, who had now for five years held the eyes of Europe fixed upon himself through one astounding achievement after another. Napoleon Bonaparte is really scarce to be counted as a Frenchman at all. He was born in Corsica, at a time when that island had only just passed under French control, and its inhabitants were still vehemently Corsican in spirit. He was educated in the French government military school at Brienne, and became an army officer; but the other cadets regarded him as an outsider, and his position among them was made very unpleasant.

He finally sacrificed his rank to take part in some Corsican revolutionary movements. It was only after being obliged to flee from Corsica, that he returned to France, and was readmitted to the army, which had in the interim become republican. He won the friendship of Robespierre through his success at Toulon, and was a member of the bloody dictator's party until it fell. Then, a young man of twenty-five, he launched upon his independent and dazzling career.

Just after his signal success in crushing the Paris mob, a lad came to him, begging the restoration of the sword of his father, the Viscount Beauharnais, a nobleman who had fought on the people's side and had been at one time President of the National Convention, but was among the unsuccessful generals of the Republic executed during the Terror. General Bonaparte restored the

THE SOLDIERS OF NAPOLEON DRIVING OUT THE ASSEMBLY

sword, and was thus introduced into the salon of the boy's mother, the beautiful and clever widow, Josephine Beauharnais. She was some years older than Napoleon, but a mutual attraction drew them together, and they were wedded just before he set out on his famous Italian campaign.

Josephine's wit, tact, and social station greatly helped her husband's rise, and after his successful assumption of power in 1799, she shared his period of splendor. Her salon became like the court of a queen. Her son, Eugene, grew into one of Napoleon's most valued generals.

In 1799, the initial act of the newly elected First Consul was to address a dignified, personal letter to the sovereigns of France's two greatest enemies, England and Austria. He offered them peace. They refused, and he prepared to continue the war. A small French army was still defending itself in Italy against the Austrians. Napoleon, by an unexpected movement, crossed over the Alps, through the terrific pass of St. Bernard (1800). No general had attempted such a feat since Hannibal's time. The Austrian commander refused to believe that the French army was in Italy, and between him and his line of supplies. When convinced at last, he made a furious and reckless attack upon Napoleon at Marengo. Three battles were fought there really on the same day. In the first two the numbers and desperation of the Austrians were successful, and they hewed a passage for themselves by which they could march home through the French lines. But at last French reinforcements arrived, and in a final charge they crushed the Austrians and re-established the power of France over Italy.

At the same time, General Moreau, who had been sent by Napoleon into Germany, won the great battle of Hohenlinden and pushed forward almost to Vienna. The Austrians hastened to agree to the peace they had before refused, and the next year England, successful on the seas, but with all her continental allies defeated, also consented to make peace.

France touched the highest point of glory she had yet attained. Not only were her own frontiers widely extended, but her eastern border was lined with a series of little republics of her own creation. Holland was known as the Batavian Republic, Switzerland as the Helvetian, while Italy was made up almost entirely of similar little French-made states.

At home Napoleon proved himself as able an administrator and law-giver as he was a general. The prosperity of France was amazing. Splendid roads and buildings sprang everywhere into existence. The exiles of former strife were invited home. "I know no Royalists, nor Moderates, nor Jacobins," said Napoleon, "only Frenchmen." Literature, art, and science were wisely encouraged. Whatever we may think of Napoleon's later career and downfall, there is no question that during the fourteen years of his reign he made a permanent

impression, that is plainly visible to-day, upon French life and art and character.

His grateful countrymen could think no reward too great for the man who had brought peace and prosperity out of the turmoil of fear and starvation. When in 1804, therefore, a royalist plot was discovered against his life, there was great indignation. Three generals of France were more or less implicated in the affair: Cadoudal, the former chief of the Vendeans; Pichegru, the conqueror of Holland; and Moreau, the victor of Hohenlinden. Cadoudal was executed, Pichegru died in prison, and Moreau was exiled to the United States, where he lived for several years on the bank of the Delaware, to be slain afterward fighting against Napoleon.

Another man, charged with being the inspiration of the whole conspiracy, was a member of the exiled royal family, the Bourbon prince, Duc D'Enghien. To capture him, Napoleon violated all international law, and sent troops into Germany, who seized D'Enghien, brought him into France, and shot him. This arbitrary exercise of power caused great dissatisfaction in other countries. Their governments felt that Napoleon was not to be trusted in the family of nations. Probably he hoped to frighten the remaining exiled royalists and put a stop to their plots, but his action roused the world once more against him. It was a mistake, the first serious one of his career.

At the same time, the Consul appealed to the people, declaring that, for protection against such plots, he wanted to be made hereditary Emperor of France. A national vote was taken, and the approval given to the Consul's wishes was almost unanimous. The gorgeous ceremonies with which the ruler assumed his new title took place in December, 1804.

The Pope came in person from Rome to conduct the coronation. At the last moment, instead of submitting to be thus crowned, even by a Pope, Napoleon took the diadem from the papal hand and himself placed it upon his own head. Then in like manner he crowned his wife Empress; and the two went forth together to display themselves to the inhabitants of this new realm, which the whirligig of time had tumbled into existence—the French Empire.

It was after this ceremony that Napoleon dropped the use of his family name, Bonaparte, and, following the fashion of monarchs, signed himself and insisted on being addressed by his first name only. Even here, however, we must not accuse Frenchmen of deliberately voting away their own independence. A juggling of names confused them. We find coins and papers of this period endorsed by "Napoleon, Emperor of the French Republic." The vote was but to change the title of a president who already held imperial authority.

Foreign nations saw more clearly the dangerous importance of Napoleon's advancing power, and difficulties gathered once more around France. England

THE INTRODUCTION OF NAPOLEON TO JOSEPHINE

had already renewed the war against her. Frenchmen will tell you that this was because the English were jealous of their prosperity and reviving commerce. Perhaps these had something to do with it; perhaps the obvious ambition and rising arrogance of the Emperor had more. At any rate, the struggle between the two nations was renewed, and Napoleon gathered an immense army of invasion at Boulogne. He planned, as so many French rulers have planned, to cross the channel and carry the war into England's own undevastated land. But once more the mighty British navy saved the country. The French fleet, which Napoleon was gathering to protect his passage, was driven back by the English off Cape Finisterre; and at the same time another European coalition was formed against France.

This menace of his enemies was not unwelcome to her great chief. His huge army at Boulogne, useless now against England, need not be ignominiously disbanded in defeat. With wonderful promptness he hurled it against Germany and Austria. A brilliant campaign ended in the surrender of their allied armies at Ulm; and the conqueror for the first time entered the Austrian capital at Vienna. An enormous Russian force hurried to Austria's help, and Napoleon defeated their united armies at Austerlitz (December 2, 1805) in the "Battle of the Three Emperors."

The entire campaign had been conducted in the dreariest, rainiest weather Europe had ever known; but on the evening of Austerlitz, as the last of Napoleon's foes turned and fled before him, the sun suddenly broke through the clouds. It was as if storm and disaster had been driven forever from his career. He himself accepted it as an omen of his destiny, and as such "the sun of Austerlitz" is famous in history.

Continental Europe was prostrate at the conqueror's feet. England alone remained defiant. The greatest of British admirals, Nelson, had met the combined French and Spanish fleets off Trafalgar, and annihilated them. England was thus as supreme upon the seas as France upon the land. She was the one foe Napoleon could not personally reach.

It was after Austerlitz that he set himself to reconstruct Germany, as he had already reconstructed Italy—on French lines. The ancient German Empire was declared at an end, and the Confederation of the Rhine was formed, composed of all the German states, except Austria and Prussia. At the head of this new Confederation stood the "Emperor of the French." Napoleon wished to be regarded as the successor of Charlemagne—the chief of a reunited Teutonic race, the Franks, the Dutch, the Swiss, and the Germans. Later, he sought to include the Spanish Goths as well. In Italy he had himself crowned, as Charlemagne had been, with the iron crown of the Lombards.

The little republics that he had erected along France's border he soon pulled

down again. They had no place now in the larger dreams of his ambition for universal empire. Some of them were made dependent kingdoms for his brothers and his marshals; others were incorporated into France, which finally reached from Rome to the Baltic Sea.

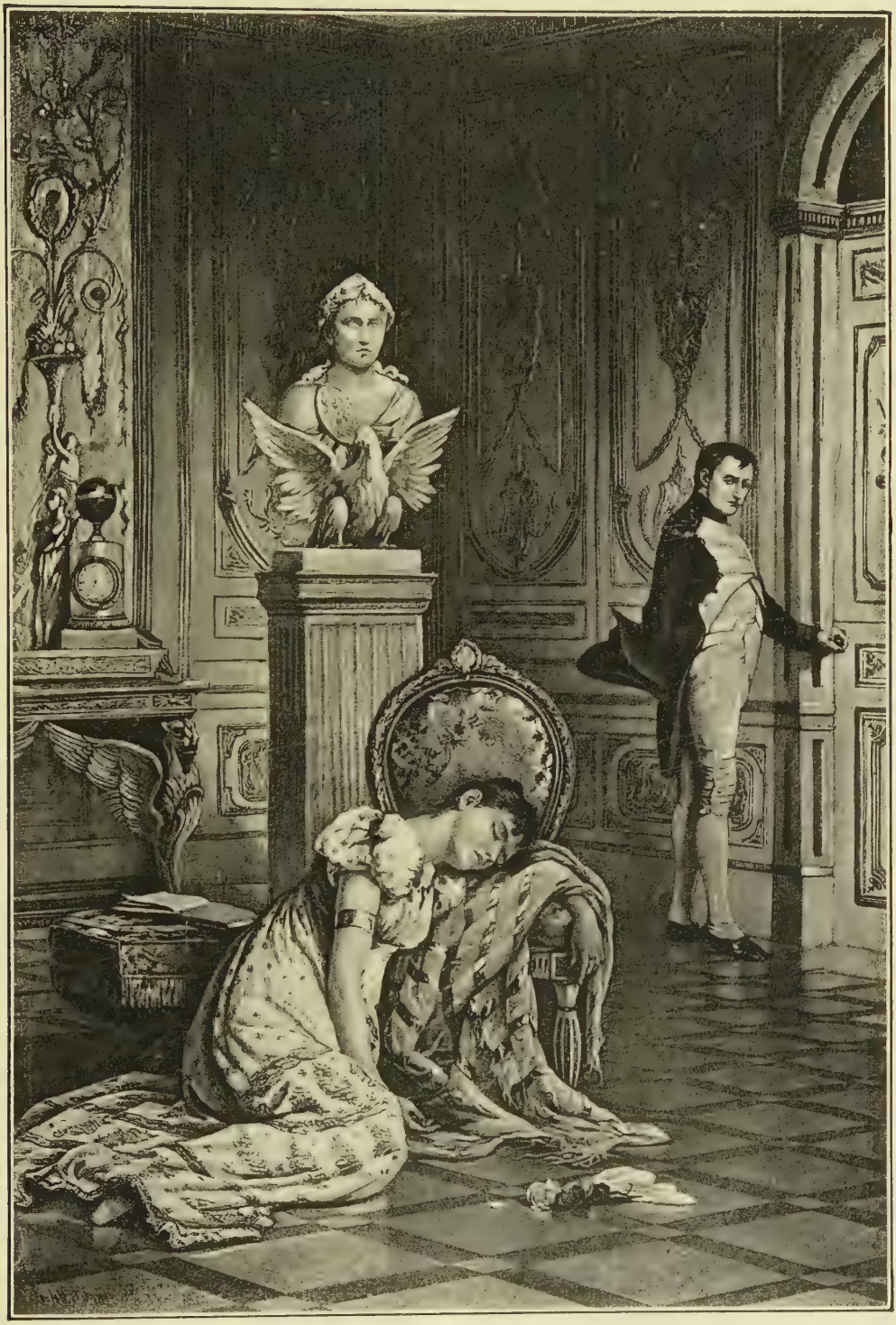
It was at this point that Prussia suddenly defied the conqueror single-handed. She had remained neutral through all the European coalitions against Napoleon, and it will always be a matter of astonishment that she selected this most inopportune hour for attack. To overwhelm her antiquated troops was child's play for the veterans of Austerlitz. Two battles, Jena and Auerstadt, humbled Prussia to the very dust (1806).

Russia came to her help; and there, on the borderland of the empire of snow, Napoleon fought the most difficult and doubtful campaign he had yet experienced; but brought it finally to a successful issue with a great victory at Friedland (1807).

For the next few years we may regard the map of Europe as divided into only three portions, and we must recognize, as Napoleon himself recognized, that he was face to face with a new and far more difficult problem of conquest. Wherever his troops could freely reach, wherever the struggle was but that of man against man, he had been successful. All western Europe was practically the French Empire, though hampered by kings more or less dependent and feebly rebellious, around its outskirts. Russia held eastern Europe, protected by her frozen climate; and England held her islands, defended by the ocean. It was Nature herself, the elements, that now set bounds upon the conqueror's ambition—bounds that he refused to admit. Therein lay his failure.

Spain, too, though at one time conquered and fairly submissive, proved a death-trap to devour the forces of the French Empire and its German allies. The full account of the heroic struggles of the Spanish peasantry must be left for their own story. Napoleon himself was obliged to go to Spain in 1807 and 1808 to quell them. His absence tempted Austria into one more rebellion, followed by one more defeat and humiliation; and thus, in 1809, the French Empire attained seemingly the loftiest height of its grandeur and prosperity.

But its chief was no longer the man he had been. His daring had become recklessness. He had acquired a superstitious faith in the unconquerable "star of his destiny." He believed defeat impossible, and scorned the most obvious suggestions of common sense. The French armies had swept through Europe as the upholders of liberty, and as such they had been welcomed. Napoleon made them remain as the instruments of tyranny, and they became hated. The Emperor had won his success as the man of the people, raised by them to strike down monarchs. Now he sought to ally himself with monarchs, and perpetuate his power through their friendship.



NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL TO JOSEPHINE

His devoted wife Josephine had borne him no children, and on this plea he now divorced himself from her, and sought alliance with Maria Louisa, daughter of the Austrian Emperor. Austria was in no condition to refuse the distasteful alliance, and so the haughty Hapsburg Princess was wedded to the upstart usurper. The marriage was as little liked in France as in Austria, where the people felt that their hero had abandoned them in abandoning Josephine. She still had her little court, and was treated and addressed as Empress; but alas! her husband was with the Austrian.

The next year, 1811, Napoleon's avowed desire was fulfilled. By his new wife he had a little son to perpetuate his imperial line; and in conformance with the ancient imperial usage, the babe was promptly crowned King of Rome.

We approach the tremendous and tragic close of the conqueror's wonderful career. Those who look for punishments and portents, have called his divorce from Josephine his divorce from good fortune. The folly of the successful gambler possessed him. His superstitious belief in his "unconquerable star" increased. He attempted the impossible—and brought about his own destruction. He resolved to crush England, despite her shelter in the seas, and formed the stupendous idea of destroying his foe by forbidding all commerce between her and the rest of Europe.

This, of course, bore as hard upon the half-subjugated nations around him as upon England, and they secretly evaded his orders. Even French merchants kept up a sort of smuggling trade with the enemy. Napoleon's own brother, who had been made King of Holland, resigned the throne rather than force his subjects to ruin themselves by abandoning their English traffic. As for the Russian Czar, in his far-off land of snow and ice, he flatly refused obedience to the Emperor's command.

Thereupon, extending his insatiate hands in ever wider grasp, Napoleon declared war against Russia, and in 1812 invaded the domain of the Czar with an army of half a million men, gathered from all western Europe. The story of that awful campaign will be told in Russia's history. Her capital was conquered; but the Russians themselves burned it over the heads of the victors, and left them to starve and freeze amid the ruins. The terrible Russian winter set in unusually early, and the invaders perished by tens of thousands. They retreated in despair. The French Marshel Ney, "the bravest of the brave," held a remnant of the rearguard together; but in that hideous nightmare flight across the Russian steppes, the mighty army was practically annihilated, and the heroic strength of France was broken. Napoleon fled to Paris, alone and in disguise.

You will remember how the Prussians rose in eager revolt behind him, how the Russians, and then the Astrians, joined them, how Napoleon wrung yet an-

other army from exhausted France, but it was an army of boys and old men. Despite his transcendent genius, the hitherto invincible conqueror was defeated at Leipzig in the "Battle of the Nations," and once more was forced to flee back into France.

Even then he refused the easy terms of peace offered him by the allies, and persisted in struggling against them, till he could struggle no more. They captured Paris (1814), and the French Senate, which Napoleon himself had created merely to register his laws, sent notice to him that it had deposed him from his rank as Emperor. No other plan seemed possible, to save France; and Napoleon, waiting with the remnant of his troops at Fontainebleau, accepted the decree, surrendered himself to the allies, and was given rule of the little island of Elba, lying in the Mediterranean, just off the southern coast of France.

The Bourbon King, Louis XVIII., was summoned by the allies to the throne, which for nineteen years, ever since the death of his little nephew, Louis XVII., he had held in name. The various European kings planned to restore France to the position that was hers in Louis XVI.'s time; but before they could get the ancient system into running order, Napoleon burst once more upon them, like a sudden thunderbolt.

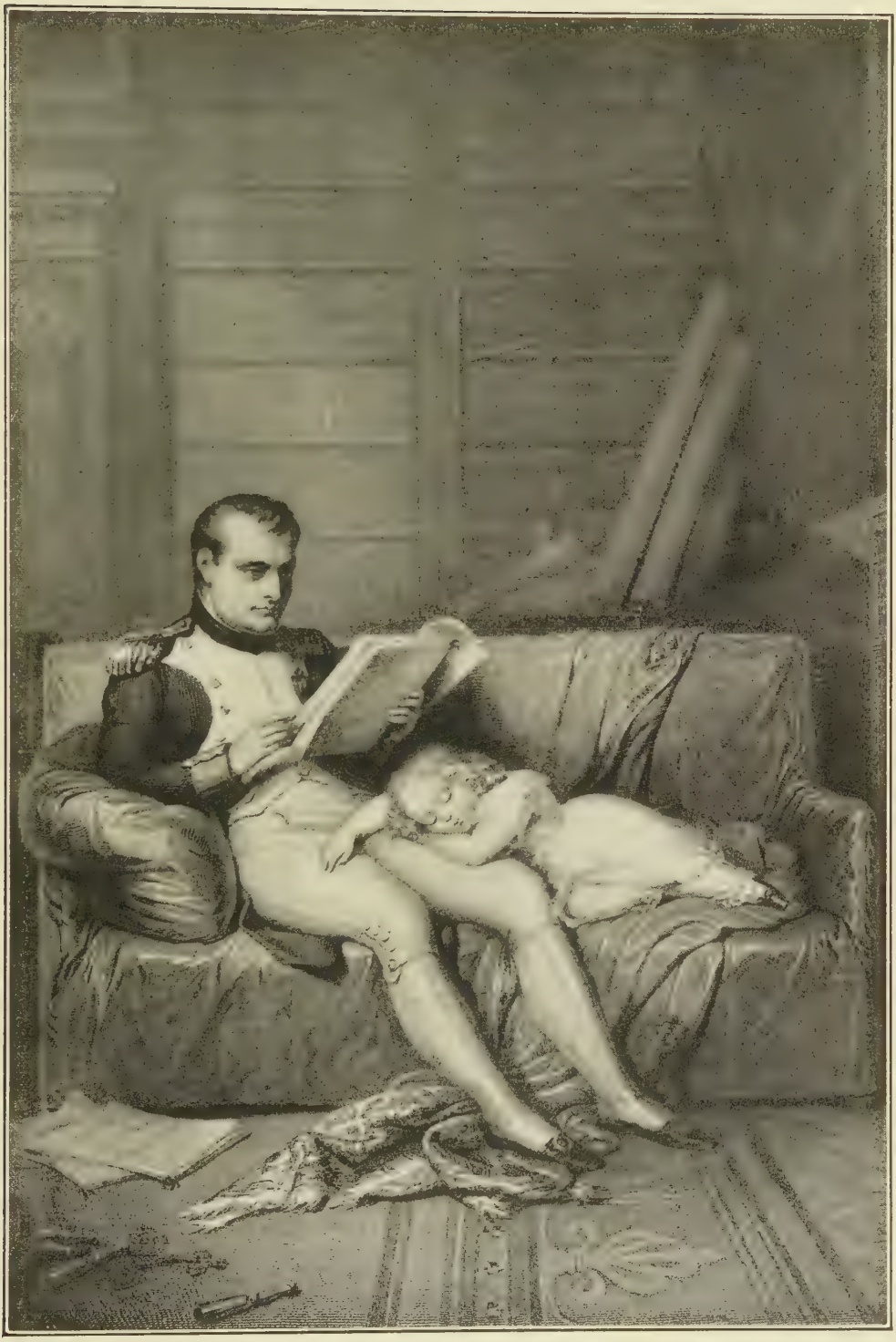
Who can withhold admiration of this man's superhuman energy and genius?

The French soldiers, prisoners in many lands, had been restored to their country; the French citizens were bitterly dissatisfied at the enforced restoration of the ancient tyranny; and the allies were quarrelling among themselves. Napoleon, seeing all this, landed, unexpected, in southern France, and summoned the people to rally once more around him and drive out their foreign dictators.

His magnetic power in speechmaking had not deserted him; his former soldiers rushed tumultuously to his standard; and, with an army that grew at every step in obedience to the wand of the master magician, he advanced upon Paris.

There all was confusion and panic. King Louis wrung his feeble hands in bewilderment. He had kept in office some of Napoleon's able generals, and now Ney, the most celebrated of them all, was ordered to lead the King's army against his former Emperor. Ney obeyed, saying he would "bring the Corsican back in an iron cage." But when he saw his comrades marshalled around Napoleon, when the great leader himself summoned his lieutenant to rejoin him, old memories were too strong; and Ney, most eager of all, united his deliriously cheering troops with those of Napoleon, who entered Paris and regained his empire without a blow. Louis XVIII. fled once more to Germany.

The brief period of Napoleon's restoration to power is called "the Hundred Days." It lasted from March to June, 1815. The states of Europe declared instant war against him. The armies of Prussia and England took the field at



NAPOLEON AND HIS SON

once; and Napoleon determined to crush them before their Austrian and Russian allies could join them. Hence came the celebrated campaign of Waterloo.

The English under Wellington, and the Prussians under Blucher, lay along the north-eastern frontier of France, where Belgium now is. Napoleon succeeded in driving his army between them, and attacked each separately. The English were held in check by Ney at Quatre Bras, while the Prussians were defeated by Napoleon at Ligny. They were not completely destroyed; but, leaving a small force to hold them in check, Napoleon hurled all his strength against the English at Waterloo. If he could drive them back into the sea, the remaining Prussians would be an easy prey. On this one battle hung the fate of Napoleon,—of France,—of the world.

The struggle was heroic, a death-grapple of giants; seventy thousand Frenchmen against an equal number of English. All day long they fought. Napoleon, by repeated attacks on the English wings, compelled Wellington to send reinforcements there and thus weaken the centre of his line. Then the Emperor concentrated his best troops for an attack on the enfeebled centre. Just as the charge was ready to begin, Prussian troops appeared on the field, having by a wonderful march evaded the French division sent to hold them in check. The troops aimed against Wellington's centre had to be turned against the new arrivals.

Another body, the flower of the French cavalry, charged the English centre; but a sunken road, or ditch, lay invisible between them, and into this all the foremost files of the galloping cavalry fell, until their numbers made a bridge of living bodies, over which their surviving comrades rode. The weakened force could not break the solid squares of English infantry. More Prussians reached the field. There was one last, hopeless charge of the French "Old Guard," Napoleon's finest regiments. But the veteran column melted like snow under the English artillery fire, and then it was that Wellington declared the victory won, the whole English line advanced with the Prussians, and the remnant of the French were swept from the field in disorderly flight amid cries of "Treason!" and "Sauve qui peut!" (Save himself who can!)

Both Napoleon and Ney sought death upon this field that saw the final ruin of their hopes. Both were reserved for sadder destinies. Ney had five horses shot under him, yet escaped without a wound. Napoleon strove to force his way through the crowd of fugitives and advance against the British lines, but his officers surrounded him and forced him from the field toward Paris.

Thither the armies of the allies followed, and once more he abdicated. King Louis returned. Ney was captured and shot as a traitor. Napoleon, finding escape impossible, surrendered to the English and was imprisoned on the island

of St. Helena, far off in the southern Atlantic Ocean, beyond possibility of rescue or escape. There he died in 1821.

It is not our province to sit as judges on the character of this remarkable conqueror. Unquestionably, he possessed a genius, which in its way has never been surpassed. He revolutionized the life of France and of Europe. On the other hand, it seems equally clear that his moral nature was but feebly developed. All his ambition, all his colossal struggles were for himself alone. His apologists may with some justice claim that the good results of his tremendous career have exceeded the bad. Yet the praise is not to him, but to the Eternal Providence that gave final shape to his rough-hewn plans.

NAPOLEON AT FONTAINEBLEAU, 1814

THE CHASM OF DEATH AT WATERLOO

NAPOLEON III. AT SOLFERINO

Chapter XCVIII

FRANCE AS A CONSTITUTIONAL KINGDOM—NAPOLEON III

FOR over half a century after the downfall of Napoleon, France was in constant turmoil. The new ideas of government by the people were in combat with the old theory of the divine right of kings. In other countries the cause of constitutional government made slow but fairly steady progress. In excitable France everything ran to extremes. Now one party was supreme, now another; and the cause of liberty advanced by sudden leaps, only to fall back again, like the inrush and retreat of great ocean waves, borne onward, however, by an ever-rising tide.

When the allies first established Louis XVIII. upon his throne, it was their purpose to restore, so far as possible, the ancient order of things. They saw, indeed, that it would be necessary to confer some sort of constitutional rights upon the people; but these were to be granted solely by the generosity of the King, and were revocable at his pleasure. The ease with which Napoleon overthrew this farcical government, convinced both Louis and the allies that a little more must be granted to the people; and in the restoration of 1815, they were grudgingly given a trifle of real authority in their state. At the same time they were severely punished for their support of Napoleon. A large sum of money was extorted from France, her boundaries were considerably reduced, and foreign troops were quartered among her citizens to enforce submission.

That France did not receive even harder conditions was due to the skill of her great statesman, Prince Talleyrand. This remarkable man had been the

chief adviser of Napoleon. He occupied a similar place under Louis XVIII.; and in after years he became prime minister to another royal dynasty in France, remarking cheerfully as he took the oath of allegiance, "It is the third." Talleyrand said of language, "It is a means given us to conceal our thoughts"; and whatever we may think of the moral character of the sarcastic diplomat, we must acknowledge the great services which he rendered to France. He seemed the one thing permanent in the midst of change.

Of the Bourbons it has been said, as of that other ancient royal family, the Hapsburgs of Austria, that they could learn nothing, and forget nothing. Frenchmen had now been accustomed for a generation to regard themselves as free and equal. They had learned to think, talk, and act. But Louis XVIII., being once more restored to his throne, persisted in ruling his subjects as his ancestors had done. He treated them as children with neither rights nor minds nor power of their own, and admitted frankly that his only aim in governing them was to retain his kingship.

In doing this he found the advice of Talleyrand of invaluable assistance. Yet the King was placed in a most trying position. The exiled nobles, who had returned to France in a body, and who expected Louis to be *their* king, demanded the restoration of their former estates. To take thus one-half the land of the country from those who had been in peaceful possession of it for a quarter of a century, was impossible. It would have precipitated another revolution, and the King refused. Thus he was set in opposition to all his lifelong friends. He tried to rule by the support of the middle classes, the moneyed men, who having property in their hands, desired only to keep it there, and sought peace at any price. It was these who kept Louis upon his throne.

Yet all his natural sympathies were with his disappointed nobles, who were ever seeking to hurry him into violent action. Besides, at the least tendency exhibited by Louis toward the liberal measures which his middle-class friends desired, the allied powers, with Austria at their head, hastened to interfere and reproach him for deserting their cause. The aged King had been happier in exile than on his throne.

The more virulent of the returned royalists established in his name a tribunal in southern France, before which were dragged all those suspected of approving the excesses of the Revolution. The evidence was often of the flimsiest, the punishments unjustified and most cruel. There were almost as many executions as had disgraced the rule of Robespierre. White being the Bourbon color, people have called this period the "Reign of the White Terror."

At last, Louis gave up in despair his attempts at liberalism, and allowed his government to drift into a course of repression as harsh and bitter as even

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THE BARRICADING OF PARIS IN 1830

Austria could demand. His death in 1824 saved him from having to face another revolution.

He was succeeded by his brother, Charles X. (1824–1830), the last of the sons of that noble Louis the Dauphin who had opposed the profligacy of the court of Louis XV. Charles was an old man. He had only one surviving son, and one little grandson, Henry, Count of Chambord, to whom ultimately descended all the claims of the Bourbon family upon the French throne.

King Charles X. was a Bourbon of the most pronounced type, fiercely opposed to popular government of any sort, and bitterly resolved to recover all power possible for himself. The murmuring of the nation grew more threatening under his encroachments. In 1827 he was forced to disband the National Guard, lest they should revolt. In 1830, he was driven to adopt the favorite artifice of French rulers. Appealing to the national love of Glory, he attempted to divert discontent at home, by offering his people military successes abroad. A French army attacked the piratical African city of Algiers and conquered it.

Under cover of the temporary enthusiasm roused by this success, King Charles tried to throttle the last remaining breath of popular government. He suddenly dismissed the Assembly, restricted the right of voting, and suppressed all the liberal newspapers. He had mistaken the temper of the people. A revolt broke out in Paris. The citizens entrenched themselves behind barricades, as in the old days of 1789. The government soldiers attacked them half-heartedly. There were three days of fighting in the streets. Six thousand Frenchmen were killed or wounded. Then one by one the regiments of troops went over to the people. Charles X. abdicated in favor of his little grandson, Count Henry, and fled from the country.

This revolution of July, 1830, was sudden, unpremeditated, unarranged. The victors had no government prepared to take the place of the fugitive king, and there was much confusion. Many were in favor of a republic with the aged Marquis Lafayette, our Revolutionary friend and hero, at its head. Some proposed accepting the little Count Henry of Chambord as king with a regency to govern him, while others suggested for the throne, Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans.

Lafayette, with his unfailing moderation and patriotism, persuaded his people to adopt the third course. If they formed a republic, he said, the allied powers would declare war against it. If they continued a Bourbon on the throne, affairs must eventually revert to the old wrangling and disorder. Whereas, if they chose the Duke of Orleans, they would have a king without any claim to divine right, elected solely by the will of the people, pledged to popular government, and one who would bear, not the white flag of the

Bourbons, but the beloved red, white, and blue tricolor of revolutionary France.

It was the last patriotic act of the aged statesman, soon to sink into his grave; and the French, recognizing his wisdom, drew up a hasty constitution, had the Duke of Orleans sign it, and proclaimed him King Louis Philippe (1830–1848).

Who was this man thus suddenly borne upward upon the crest of Fortune's wave? Do you remember the loathsome Duke of Orleans of 1789, the cousin of Louis XVI., who joined the revolutionists, abandoned his title, called himself Philip Equality, sat in the convention and voted for the death of the King, yet ultimately fell a victim to the suspicion of his Jacobin allies? This Louis Philippe was his son. The lad had clung to the Republic, despite his father's execution, and fought gallantly in its battles. In the end, however, he had been forced to flee the country and had supported himself in many lands. He taught school in Switzerland, and even visited the United States and dwelt for some time in Brooklyn. He returned to Paris with the Bourbons in 1814, but was naturally regarded by them with suspicion and dislike. Now he was a king.

He cared nothing for the nobles, nor they for him. Indeed, his nickname was the "Citizen King," the "King of the Middle Classes." He was a clever man, who had known labor and poverty; and he governed the kingdom with a merchant's thrift, seeking to make it prosperous, and at the same time to build up large private fortunes for himself and each of his children. He succeeded in both his objects. Unfortunately, however, he failed to see that something higher than a mere mercantile policy is demanded for the guidance of a nation. All over Europe the oppressed people were making feeble efforts to secure constitutional government. France had shown them the way, and naturally they turned to her for help.

King Louis would have nothing to do with them. The quixotic act of defying all the established governments of Europe, seemed to his narrow vision merely absurd. So he stood calmly by, while one little revolt was crushed after another; and the masses of France, watching their neighbors driven back into servitude, learned to hate and to despise their merchant King.

The very limited suffrage in France kept political power in the hands of the moneyed class, and these still upheld Louis. Consequently there was no chance of overthrowing him by votes. The land became honeycombed with bribery and corruption. The contempt and hatred of the masses for the King steadily grew more intense. Eight different attempts were made upon his life. He was forced to adopt severe restrictive measures, yet the tumults of the "mob" increased. The soldiers sympathized with their fellow-citizens. The

THE YOUNG COUNT OF PARIS OFFERED TO THE ASSEMBLY AS KING, 1848

King, old and obstinate, grew as absolute and reactionary in tendency as the Bourbons themselves. The gulf widened between him and his people.

Such a state of affairs could not last. In 1848 the "Liberals" held a series of banquets which grew more and more revolutionary in tone. The government forbade the holding of one of these in Paris, and the people began to barricade the streets. Several rioters were shot, and Paris leaped to arms. Many of the soldiers refused to uphold the King. He promptly professed himself ready to do anything his people wished. As proof of this, he dismissed his prime minister, and commissioned the liberal and popular historian, M. Thiers, to manage the government. But by this time the people had decided that what they desired was not a change of ministers, but of sovereigns. So the King signed his abdication, declared his little grandson, the Count of Paris, his successor, and quietly retired from the kingdom.

Thus far all had been fairly peaceful; but unfortunately the sudden victory of the Liberals was as unexpected to them as that of 1830. They were unprepared with a new government. They had to stop and talk. There was no question now of another king. The mother of the little Count of Paris presented him to the Assembly, and perhaps that aristocratic body would have accepted him; but a threatening mob broke in on their deliberations and stood listening. This was the year of revolution throughout almost all Europe, and the other monarchs were too busy at home to interfere with France. Therefore, after this one moment's hesitation, she declared herself a republic.

But what kind of republic? Political theorizing had gone far in the last few years, and many of the poorer classes had become *communists*, that is, they desired that each little community should be a separate state, or going still further wanted all property shared equally within the commune. The communists demanded that their ideas should be applied to the new republic, and even urged that the red flag of the commune, the flag of anarchy, should be substituted for the republican tricolor as the national emblem.

The historian Lamartine, a hero, patriot, and gentleman, had been placed temporarily at the head of affairs; and he opposed the anarchists at the peril of his life. In a speech which is regarded as one of the masterpieces of French eloquence, and during which muskets were repeatedly levelled at him, he told the mob that the tricolor had been borne by victorious French troops to every capital in Europe, whereas the red flag had never been seen beyond the city of Paris, and the only blood upon it was that of Frenchmen.

The people followed his lead, the tricolor was retained; but the communists retreated behind the barricades, and soon there was open war between them and the moderate republicans. The latter appointed General Cavaignac dictator, and there were four days of fierce street fighting, ending in the defeat of the

communists. Ten thousand Frenchmen were on the official list of slain; but fully as many more probably perished and had their bodies flung by enemies into the Seine. More than ten thousand of the communists died afterward in France's prisons, or were banished for life to the hideous penal settlements in her colonies.

Then the moderates formed a constitution and held an election. Lamartine hoped to be chosen president. Cavaignac, with the army at his back, felt assured of election; but the provinces of France, tired of Parisian revolts and Parisian dictation, would have nothing to do with either of the capital's candidates. They voted almost as one man for a third nominee, and he was elected by an overwhelming majority. He was Prince Louis Napoleon.

So here was another leader, thrown forward on the crest of another sudden wave, to see if he could outdo his predecessors in balancing himself upon its foam. Louis Napoleon was a nephew of the great Napoleon, son of the latter's brother, who had been King of Holland.

After the death of Napoleon I. such claims as he may have possessed to the French throne, or rather such fascination as his name held for the French people, had passed to his little son by his Austrian wife, the "King of Rome" as Frenchmen called the lad, or the "Duke of Reichstadt" as he was named in the Austrian court, whither his mother had fled with him. Indeed, the boy had been half accepted as Emperor for a few days by the French, just after his father's deposition; and so he goes down into history as Napoleon II. But poor Napoleon II. died in early manhood at the Austrian court, and the leadership of the Bonaparte family devolved on the Louis Napoleon who was now thrust forward before the volatile Frenchmen.

His had been an exciting and adventurous career. Like King Louis Philippe, he had received the severe but excellent training of adversity. Banished from France, he had early declared himself a champion of liberty, and had fought for the freedom of Italy in the revolts of its secret societies. Twice he had endeavored to subvert the rule of Louis Philippe by uprisings in France. These efforts, badly managed and easily suppressed, had only brought ridicule upon his name. In his second attempt he was arrested at Boulogne, after being nearly drowned, and was held for some years a prisoner in France. He finally escaped, and the moment Louis Philippe was expelled the country, Louis Napoleon re-entered it. He declared himself in favor of universal suffrage, and four different country departments at once elected him their representative in the Assembly. Then came his election as President.

Both before and after his election, the successful candidate had repeatedly assured the world that he had no intention of following the footsteps of his celebrated uncle, and seizing on absolute power. Yet his friends as well as

THE ARREST OF LOUIS NAPOLEON AT BOULOGNE

his enemies ignored his words, and looked upon his election as but a step in his progress toward the throne of an Emperor.

Louis Napoleon possessed some of the political genius of his ancestor. He knew how to take advantage of the spirit of his people. Almost his first act on becoming President was to make sure his popularity among the Catholic peasantry, who had elected him, by sending an army to protect the Pope in Rome. In doing this the troops crushed the little Roman republic which Garibaldi had established; and Napoleon, directly opposing the principles of republicanism which he had proclaimed, lost what little favor he had among the extreme Parisians.

He encountered also a more serious danger. In his youth he seems to have taken some sort of secret society oath for the liberation of Italy; and now that he turned against his vows—though indeed the Roman republic was impossible from the start—his fellow-conspirators determined to punish him, and made more than one attempt upon his life. But his course had firmly attached to his side both the country people and the great Catholic Church.

He quarrelled repeatedly with the Assembly, of which he had previously been a member; and its orators spoke openly of arresting and deposing him. This gave him the pretext he needed, and on December 2, 1851, occurred his celebrated "coup d'état" (stroke of state). Almost the entire Assembly found themselves suddenly arrested. Their leaders were secretly expelled from the country, and at the same time placards appeared everywhere, declaring that the Assembly had proved traitors in their desire to arrest the President, and that he would appeal to the country to say whether it would uphold him and prolong his presidency for ten years. The vote was to be a *plébiscite*, that is a simple yes or no, and every man was to have a voice in the answer.

The announcement caused some rioting in Paris. Barricades were thrown up, and a few hundred people were shot down by the troops, most of the victims being innocent spectators who were foolishly loitering in the streets. Then the President himself rode in safety over the barricades. Next came the vote. What possibility was there that the masses, thus granted once more their demand for universal suffrage, would use it against the man who gave it to them? The vote to uphold Napoleon was almost unanimous; and seeing this, he shortly afterward called for another *plébiscite*, to say whether his rule should be made permanent and hereditary, and he should take the title of Emperor. Again the answer was yes; and the Second Empire began.

The President assumed the title of Napoleon III. The power in his hands was as absolute as was ever that of Napoleon I. The government was a despotism, but a despotism dependent for its continuance upon popular favor.

The new Emperor had no intention of quarrelling with the rest of Europe.

He declared that whereas his uncle had been the Emperor of War, he would be the Peace Emperor. Yet some vent was necessary for the enthusiasm of his army, and so he joined England in the successful Crimean war of 1853, by which Russia's power was checked. Then, in 1859, he saw that the opportunity had come to make good the promise of his youth and help in the liberation of Italy. He united with the King of Sardinia in his war against Austria, and by winning the great battles of Magenta and Solferino, broke the strength of Austria in Italy. At the same time, he added to France the district of Nice and the province of Savoy, surrendered to him by the Italians.

The period immediately after this war marks the height of Napoleon III.'s power. Had he not followed in the footsteps of his mighty uncle? Had he not brought back military glory to France? Had he not given her victory, and increased her territory? His people fondly called him the "Arbiter of Europe," and perhaps the title was not wholly undeserved, for his name possessed a potent influence in many states.

In 1853 he had still further added to his popularity by following the dictate of his heart rather than of policy, and marrying a lady not of royal though of noble family. Thus he once more proclaimed himself a man of the common people. Moreover, his bride, a Spanish lady, Eugénie de Montijo, was well fitted to grace the rank of Empress. Beautiful, brilliant, and patrician, she gathered round her a gorgeous and glittering court, that pleased the vanity of the French.

It was not until 1866 that the fortunes of Napoleon III. began to fade before the star of a man mightier than he. The rapid and brilliant successes which Bismarck brought to Prussia by the German wars and treaties of 1866–67 were in effect a severe diplomatic defeat to France. She gained nothing, Prussia everything.

At length Napoleon III. demanded positively that, as an offset to her neighbor's increase of territory and strength, France should be allowed to extend her frontier in Belgium and Luxemburg. Bismarck as positively refused. His army was in the field ready for war; the French were not. The Emperor found himself completely out-manœuvred and outwitted, and was compelled to withdraw his demand. His popularity with his subjects vanished. His lost prestige could be regained only by defeating Prussia. His countrymen told him this in unmistakable terms; and therein lay the true cause of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

Of that contest you have already learned in the story of Germany. The pretext upon which it was begun was that a German prince had been nominated to the vacant throne of Spain. This was thought to endanger the interests of France, so her prime minister protested, and the German prince withdrew his candidacy. The French authorities, not contented with this substantial

PRESIDENT NAPOLEON AFTER HIS COUP D'ETAT

victory, pushed the matter still further. They said their country had been insulted, and they demanded apologies, retractions, further assurances and explanations. Failing to get these, they declared war. In the eyes of all the world France stood in the uncivilized and unchristian attitude of having forced a murderous contest upon an unwilling foe.

The man, however, who had really brought the quarrel to an immediate issue was the Prussian statesman Bismarck. Convinced that the angry temper of the French people against his country was sure to result in war sooner or later, he wisely preferred to bring it about while his own government was all prepared, and while he knew from his spies that the French were not. He had, therefore, deliberately irritated both the statesmen and the public of France, until these, in a furious rage, rushed into their belligerent and unjustifiable attitude.

Among the most hesitant of Frenchmen, when it came to the actual point of open war against well-armed Prussia, was the Emperor himself. Napoleon III. had grown old and worn, and he was much weakened by disease; once in 1869 they thought him dying. Yet his former shrewdness had not wholly deserted him. For hours his wife and his ministers surrounded his bedside urging him to declare the war; but only after long hesitation and pondering did he yield to their persistent entreaties.

The Empress Eugénie proclaimed the result in triumph to the assembled courtiers. "It is my war," she cried; "I take it upon myself." All Paris cheered her to the echo.

Scarce a voice was raised in protest. One man did stand up in the Assembly, the aged statesman, M. Thiers. He had long been in opposition to the tyrannical methods of the Empire and he now pointed out the folly and weakness of the government, its unprepared condition, the danger into which it was blindly rushing. But he was howled down. The wisdom of the nation was buried under its wrath and pride.

Never have the evils of a despotic government been more plainly shown than in the unprepared state of the French when the crisis burst upon them. Napoleon III. had all authority in his own hands. Of course, he could not personally oversee everything. So matters were entrusted, perhaps too laxly, to subordinates, responsible to no one but the Emperor. These men deceived their master, and spent for themselves the money intended for military arms and stores. Hence there was deception and confusion everywhere, and treason in high places.

Perhaps Napoleon hoped to make up by enthusiasm for the lack of substantial force. He himself hurried to the front; a few troops crossed into Germany and won a small success at Saarbruck. It was heralded through France as a

great victory. Then came the German advance, steady and solid, sweeping the Frenchmen before it. The defensive forces consisted of two armies. One, under Marshal MacMahon, was first beaten back at Weissenburg and then crushed at Worth. The other, under Marshal Bazaine, was defeated at Gravelotte and shut up in the fortress city of Metz.

A third army was hastily formed and marched, under the Emperor himself, to help the troops in Metz. This army, too, the last hope of Napoleon, was outnumbered, outgeneraled, defeated, and the despairing Emperor surrendered his forces and himself at Sedan. His Empire fell with him. The people of Paris declared him the cause of all their misfortunes, deposed him, and proclaimed the land once more a republic.

The Emperor, taken as a prisoner to Germany, retired to England after the war, and remained an exile until his death in 1873. His only son, his heir, entered the English military service, and was slain by the Zulus in South Africa (1879). The Empress Eugénie still lives in retirement, an aged and broken woman, forgotten of the world in which she once played so spectacular a part.

FRENCH TROOPS OF 1870

WEISSENBURG—THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR

THE LAST STAND OF BOURBAKI'S RECRUITS

Chapter XCIX

THE THIRD REPUBLIC AND ITS STRUGGLE AGAINST GERMANY

THE republic proclaimed in Paris, September 4, 1870, amid the gloom and terror caused by Napoleon's surrender, is the present government of the country. At first it had neither constitution nor president. Indeed, it had no legal authorities whatsoever.

The feeble Assembly which had helped Napoleon III. to govern, felt itself out of place amid the tumult that followed upon his downfall. One of its few members who really represented the people, was Jules Favre. It was at his demand and under the menace of a gathering mob, that the Assembly declared France a Republic. Then most of its members hastened to disappear into the oblivion from which they had come.

The Parisians were left to form a government of their own. Favre and a few other leaders declared themselves temporarily the "Government for the National Defence," and began arranging for the election in October of a regular Assembly, to be truly representative of the nation. This election was prevented by the advance of the German armies; and the self-constituted "Government for the National Defence" continued to rule France until the war was over.

In energy and resource its members proved themselves not inferior to the Jacobins of 1792. Their lack of legal authority to enforce any command, made their work infinitely difficult; and their patience, honesty, and devotion

to France deserve all our praise. Chief among them were M. (*Monsieur*) Favre, a lawyer of ability and proven patriotism, and Leon Gambetta, a fervid, hot-headed young orator scarce thirty-two. They offered the renowned statesman and former prime minister, M. Thiers, a place among them, but he declined the dangerous honor.

The first effort of the Republicans was to restore peace. They asserted that, with them, Germany had no cause for quarrel, that the senseless dispute had vanished with the Empire which originated it. They were willing to compensate Germany for the expense she had been under, would pay her a heavy indemnity, but, as Favre put it, "Not a foot of our territory! Not a stone of our fortresses!" If the war were forced upon them, they would fight to the utmost.

Bismarck was by no means willing to recognize this new government. He would have much preferred dealing with the Empire, whose chief was in his hands. When Favre came to negotiate, Bismarck treated him with neglect and harshness. A great outcry had already risen in victorious Germany for the restoration of her ancient borders, the return of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, which had been wrested from her in Louis XIV.'s time, two centuries before. Bismarck made this demand the first condition of peace. All France upheld Favre in his indignant refusal.

So the war continued, under conditions directly reversed from its beginning. Defeated France sought only peace. It was triumphant Germany that now demanded concessions and surrenders of territory. There were two ways by which the country might be saved,—by finding allies among the other nations, or through the uprising of the whole united people to destroy the Germans. Both methods were attempted. M. Thiers, upon his own authority and that of the provisional government, made the round of the capitals of Europe in quest of alliances upon any terms. But none of the Powers cared to treat with an ambassador of such doubtful legality, or to involve themselves in a cause which seemed already lost.

Meanwhile the utmost efforts were put forth to rouse the French people of the provinces. These had enthusiastically accepted the new Republic. Indeed, many of the provincial cities had themselves proclaimed its existence, without waiting for news from the capital. Yet now they held back doubtfully. They were jealous of the pretensions of the Paris government. They dreaded the excesses of the Paris mob.

The position of military affairs was briefly this. Several French fortresses along the eastern frontier still held out, notably Strasburg; but these were compelled to surrender one by one. The only considerable French army of regular troops that remained, was under Marshal Bazaine shut up in Metz. It

GAMBETTA AT TOURS SUMMONING THE PROVINCES TO RESISTANCE

consisted of nearly two hundred thousand men, and about three hundred thousand Germans surrounded it; while a second German army, almost equal to the first, marched toward Paris.

General Trochu was made military commander of the capital, and it was hastily prepared to resist either an assault or a siege. Around the city stretched a gigantic wall which King Louis Philippe had planned and Napoleon III. had built. It was now nearly completed, thirty feet in height, and protected at every angle by huge forts and heavy guns. The defenses were strengthened as much as possible, and provisions were gathered from all quarters. Fugitives from the surrounding villages flocked into the city, swelling its total population to nearly two and a half millions of excited and determined people.

From among these nearly four hundred thousand men were enrolled as soldiers, but of course the great majority were untrained and unreliable, noisily patriotic, but little better than a mob clamoring through the streets. General Trochu had only eighty thousand regular troops on whom he felt he could rely.

It was on September 18 that the Prussians first appeared before the desperate city. They made no attempt at an assault, but extending their lines around the walls and forts, settled down to the most stupendous siege of modern times. They were less numerous than the French troops, but they were a thoroughly disciplined army and were everywhere successful in the little preliminary skirmishes by which they established themselves.

At first the Parisians found their greatest trial was the being shut out from all news of the outside world. They organized a balloon service, and pressed carrier pigeons into use. Early in October, the fiery Gambetta escaped from the city in one of these balloons, and establishing himself at Tours soon perfected an efficient organization extending over all the country. His glowing speeches thrilled his countrymen to action, and outside of Paris he became the land's Dictator.

There was no longer any question of apathy among the provinces. If Paris would really fight, they would not be behind her in heroism. France responded as one man to Gambetta's appeals. At one time he had probably a million and a half of volunteers under arms. But alas, armed men are not armies! These raw recruits, undrilled, lacking proper weapons, half starved, and as time went on, half naked, proved no match for the German troops. There were armies of the North, armies of the South, and of the West, attacking the invaders furiously all over France. But the brave peasants sacrificed their lives in vain. They met only repeated defeats. Not one genuine French victory brightens the record of this disastrous and one-sided war.

Most notable perhaps of these feeble yet glorious armies, was one gathered

on the Loire and placed under the command of General de Palladines. A plan was formed for him to advance toward Paris from the south, while the Parisians were to make a sortie to meet him; and at the same time Marshal Bazaine was to break out of Metz, and threaten the German rear.

Bazaine, however, instead of liberating his enormous army, surrendered it bodily (October 29). Two hundred thousand troops, who at Gravelotte had proved themselves worthy of better things, were yielded, without further effort, to a foe not greatly outnumbering them. The case is without a parallel in history! After the war Bazaine was tried as a traitor. He pleaded that his provisions were exhausted, that a battle would have meant only useless sacrifice of life, and above all that he was a servant of the Emperor, that no legal government had superseded Napoleon, and hence he knew not what or whom to fight for. "There was still France" was the noble answer of the Duke D'Aumale; and the court judges condemned Bazaine to death. His sentence was, however, reduced to imprisonment, and he afterward escaped.

His surrender of Metz prostrated the last hopes of Frenchmen. It brought a long succession of evil consequences in its train. All during the siege of Paris, one of the most serious difficulties of the provisional government was the controlling of the lower classes of the populace. The majority of these were "Red Republicans" or anarchists; and their leaders, hoping to seize upon power for themselves, took advantage of every fresh disaster to rouse the ignorant multitude to tumult.

The news of Bazaine's surrender stirred the Red Republicans to indiscriminate fury. A mob assailed the Government for the National Defense, and threatened its leaders with instant death. Favre and the others sat calmly in their seats awaiting the inevitable. Some one showed General Trochu a way of escape, but he declined it, saying, "Friend, a soldier dies at his post of duty." Word of the perilous position of the government finally reached the regular troops; and they hastened to their chief's defense and suppressed the tumult.

Its consequences they could not suppress. Negotiations for peace with Germany had been once more under way; but at news of the rioting in Paris, Bismarck broke them off, on the old plea that here was yet another government, and he knew not with which to deal. Doubtless he felt that, if the jarring factions meant to destroy each other, he could make better terms with the exhausted remnant.

Another evil which sprang from the disaster at Metz, was that it left free the huge German army there, and these troops hastened to reinforce their brethren before Paris, who were in urgent need of help. The French army of the Loire under General de Palladines had performed its part in the general

THE FRENCH TROOPS FROM PARIS FIGHTING THEIR WAY INTO CHAMPIGNY

plan, by attacking the invaders from the south. At the same time the Parisians sallied out upon them repeatedly, in force. There was severe fighting all through November.

The arrival of the second German army upon the scene made the struggle hopeless, yet it was persistently maintained. A body of fifty thousand troops under General Ducrot fought their way out from Paris as far as Champigny on the further shore of the river Marne. They had three days of sickening carnage, during which more Frenchmen fell than the armies of Napoleon III. had lost at Worth or Gravelotte. The besiegers also lost heavily. But the army of the Loire was defeated and scattered; so Ducrot and his men fell back upon Paris to await the end.

The defenses of the metropolis were strong,—impregnable her newspapers had once boasted; and the most difficult problem of the sorely harassed government became the feeding of the vast multitude within the walls. These soon stooped to mule meat, next to fancy foods from their zoological gardens, antelope steak and elephant trunk, and then to dogs and cats, and even vermin. The suffering became intense. "Poor little babies," says one who was among them, "died like flies." The German engineers pushed their lines of entrenchments ever nearer to the doomed city. Shells began to fall upon its houses; and a regular bombardment opened, which could result only in the capital's complete destruction.

Desperate sallies were made again and again all through January, but never with more than momentary success. At last the Government for the National Defense gave up in despair. There seemed no longer any hope for Paris, or for France. Favre was again commissioned to confer with Bismarck, and to secure the best terms he could for the surrender of the city. The siege came to an end January 29, 1871.

One of the arrangements of the capitulation was that there should be a truce long enough to permit the election of a free French Assembly, which could with some show of legal authority negotiate a final peace, whose terms would thus become binding upon all France. The truce did not, however, include the last and only remaining one of those pathetic "armies of the provinces" which the genius of Gambetta had raised. This force under General Bourbaki and the Italian hero Garibaldi was struggling against the Germans in eastern France, trying to get around their armies and invade Germany itself.

The effort failed. The weather was intensely cold, and Bourbaki's half-naked troops suffered all the tortures of freezing and starvation. They were half surrounded, their leader shot himself, and finally the perishing remnant of the men were compelled to retreat into Switzerland. There, as they had in-

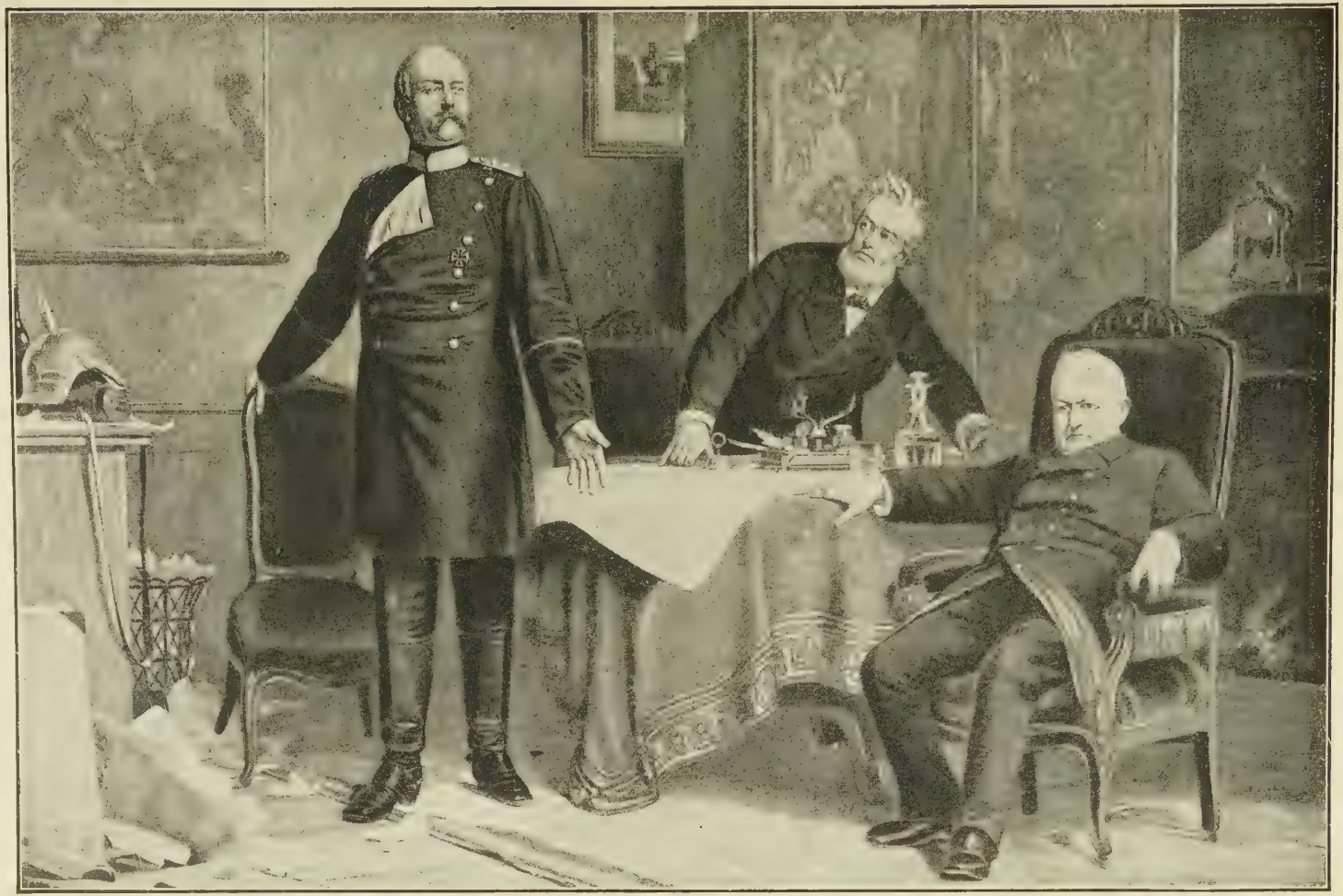
vaded a neutral country, they were disarmed—probably much to their own relief—and the active operations of the war came to an end (February 1, 1871).

Meanwhile the Assembly for which the capitulation of Paris had provided, was elected. It met in February, chose Thiers as its President, and deputed him to settle terms of peace with Bismarck. Favre assisted him. It was a terrible trial to both of these patriots thus to aid in tearing apart their beloved country, and Thiers, a man of over seventy, broke down more than once in the course of the long negotiations.

Considering how complete had been Germany's victory, the final terms seem to an outsider not over severe, though of course bitterly humiliating to the proud Frenchmen. Alsace, which had been French for two hundred years, whose people spoke French and were devoted to the country, was given up to Germany. So was about one-fifth of Lorraine; and an enormous money payment, about a billion dollars, was to be made to the victors as quickly as possible. Until the money was delivered, the French fortresses were to remain in the hands of German troops.

The treaty was laid before the Assembly and finally accepted, March 1, 1871. On that same day thirty-thousand German troops were paraded through the streets of Paris, as a visible sign of her surrender and captivity. Then they withdrew, and the war was at an end.

A Sortie from Paris



BISMARCK, THIERS, AND FAVRE ARRANGING THE PEACE TERMS

FRENCH TROOPS SHOOTING THE CAPTURED COMMUNISTS

Chapter C

MODERN FRANCE

NO sooner had the German troops departed from humiliated Paris, than a new and even worse calamity descended upon that unhappy city. During the siege the Government for the National Defense had found constant trouble with the lowest class of citizens. We have seen how these "Red Republicans" stood ready to take advantage of every disaster to attempt an uprising. Their purpose was to establish a "commune," which means a government of the city by its own local officers, elected by the community. This is the system employed in all our American cities; but in France local officials are usually appointed by the national government. The Paris communists, however, did not confine their desires to this change of system. They wanted their own city commune to rule the rest of France; and they had vague ideas of redistributing property, plundering the rich, and other schemes even more anarchistic.

Many of the Paris militia had been recruited from the lowest orders. The withdrawal of the German troops left these men with arms in their hands. Some of them were earnest fanatics, some mere vagabonds unwilling to abandon lazy parading, for honest hard labor. Both classes uniting, declared for a "commune," and threw off all allegiance to the newly elected Assembly. The rebels seized the military stores of the capital, and arrested and shot two of their generals who attempted to restore order.

Paris was in wild uproar. Such troops as remained faithful to the Assem-

bly were hastily withdrawn from the city, which was left completely at the mercy of the communists. They barricaded the streets, and compelled all citizens to join them on pain of death. Prisoners were shot.

Next the fanatics began destroying all the objects of art and beautiful buildings in the city, their reason being that these had been gathered or erected by their hated tyrants, the "kings." Every scoundrel in Paris joined eagerly in the work, and took advantage of its opportunity for plunder. The great column erected by Napoleon I. and surmounted by his statue was pulled down; President Thiers's house was sacked; destruction ran riot everywhere.

Thiers and his government hurried troops against the rebels, and the soldiers, enraged at the injury done their beloved city, showed no mercy to its ravagers. The frenzied struggle lasted over two months. Fresh troops, released from their German prisons, came constantly forward to help crush the communists. These, despairing at last, became like utter maniacs, and sought to wipe out of existence the city they could not retain. They set it on fire and fought amid the flames. They shot down the churchmen, who had stayed among them preaching charity.

When at last the insurgents were driven from the barricades most of them fled, like the murderers and cowards they were. The conflagration was checked, and the remnant of the communists thrown into prison. Several thousand were executed, and, it is to be feared, many of the innocent among the guilty. Probably in all, thirty thousand Frenchmen perished because of this bloody uprising (March–May, 1871).

Its suppression gave the Assembly and President Thiers time to turn their attention to the political situation. This was bewildering enough. Never was republic launched under such doubtful conditions, or by such hesitant and lukewarm officials.

All Frenchmen were alike loyal to France; but the republican ideal of government is by no means so highly respected in Europe as among ourselves. The National Assembly had, as we have seen, been elected simply to arrange the peace with Germany. Now the chiefs of the Republic, Gambetta, Favre, and their friends, had been mainly instrumental in prolonging the war. Gambetta, indeed, protested against the peace to the very last. Yet it was peace that the vast majority of exhausted and despairing Frenchmen wanted. Peace at any price! Hence many of the fire-breathing leaders of the Republic were passed over in the elections, and men more cautious and conservative were chosen for the Assembly in their stead. When that body met, it soon discovered that a majority of its members did not favor a republic at all, but actually desired to restore some sort of monarchy.

Their first business, however, was to arrange the peace; and the Republic

THE COMMUNISTS DESTROYING THE STATUE OF NAPOLEON

being actually in existence, they named the conservative M. Thiers for its President, one reason for their choice being that he was himself a pronounced Monarchist. So here was the poor Republic being both launched and officered by men who had no faith in it, men who wished it dead.

The horrors of the Commune served naturally to strengthen the monarchial tendency of the Assembly. President Thiers, however, having accepted the leadership of a republic, considered himself bound in honor to uphold that form of government; and gradually he became convinced that moderate republican institutions were really best suited to the needs of France, and were desired by most of her citizens.

Public sentiment was also shown plainly in the individual elections, caused by vacancies in the Assembly. There was a steady increase of votes for Republican candidates. It became evident that while a majority of France had wanted peace most of all, they wanted the Republic also. Hence Gambetta and his followers insisted that the Assembly must disband itself, that having ratified the peace, it had done all its electors authorized.

The Monarchists, however, had no intention of abandoning their temporary advantage. They insisted that they represented the people in everything and could legally create whatever form of government they thought best. The whole machinery of law and order was in their hands, and the Republicans perforce submitted. Impossible and absurd as the situation must appear to American eyes, the only thing that prevented the Monarchists from declaring France a kingdom, was their disagreement as to who should be its king.

A few wished to restore the Bonapartes; the majority favored the Orleanists, that is, the descendants of King Louis Philippe, represented by his grandson the Count of Paris; while still another faction proposed to undo all that had been done in the past forty years, and bring back the ancient Bourbons in the person of the Count of Chambord, the grandson of Charles X.

The three parties seemed very near to uniting. The Bonapartists were at first few and unimportant. The Bourbon Count of Chambord was the last of his race. He was an old man, and his cousins, the Orleanists, were his natural heirs. Accordingly they offered to abandon their immediate claims in his favor. Had Chambord but said the word, he might have been the constitutional king of France.

One cannot but admire the grim Bourbon obstinacy with which he turned his back upon the opportunity. He would accept the throne, he declared, only if it were restored to him as being his by divine right; there should be no constitution, except such as he might choose out of his generosity to confer upon his subjects; and the tricolor of the nation must be abandoned for the ancient white flag of the Bourbons.

Such an absurd return to mediævalism was of course impossible in the closing years of the nineteenth century. The Orleanists flatly refused to elect Chambord on such terms; and even the Count's own followers entreated him to abandon the impossible past, for a practical present. But the old man was obdurate; and so the "Legitimists," as his supporters called themselves, saw no course open except to await his death, and then unite with the Orleanists.

The apparent object of all the Monarchists, therefore, became to tide over the time until this happy or unhappy event; and they joined in voting Thiers, now a determined Republican, out of the presidency (May, 1873), and electing in his place one of their own number, Marshal MacMahon, the most distinguished soldier of France.

On M. Thiers his grateful countrymen have since conferred the rather oddly sounding title, "The Liberator of the Territory." This refers to what they count his greatest achievement. During his administration, and largely owing to his energetic efforts, the huge indemnity to Germany was entirely paid off, in a period shorter than any one had dared to hope. The last German soldier was withdrawn from France in September, 1873. Returning prosperity dawned upon the stricken land.

Meanwhile, the Monarchist Assembly refused to give the Republic any formal constitution. Indeed, it has none to this day. In order to have some sort of method whereby to carry on the government, they passed individual laws, regulating now one point of procedure, and now another. This uncertain state of affairs grew so unbearable that finally, after prolonged and exciting debates, the Assembly on January 30, 1875, voted by a majority of one to perpetuate the Republic. Then they arranged for a government by a President and two houses, a Senate and an Assembly, and at last voted themselves out of their unwelcome existence.

The government thus unwillingly framed is in the main the system still in force in France. Her Senators are elected for nine years, by a somewhat complicated procedure; her Assemblymen are chosen for four, by direct vote of the people; and her President for seven; but he is elected not by the people, but by the combined vote of Senate and Assembly. His position resembles that of the English King, in that he does not interfere directly in affairs himself, but appoints a prime-minister or *Premier* to act for him. This Premier is the responsible head of the government; and when the Assembly refuses to support him he resigns, and the President selects his successor. Thus there is permanency in the midst of change.

Marshal MacMahon continued at the head of the nation till 1879. By that time, the Republican majority in both Senate and Assembly had grown strong and confident; and his position as a monarchial president became so manifestly

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S RECEPTION AT MARSEILLES

impossible, that he resigned. The Republicans elected their leader, M. Grévy, to succeed him. There is a story that away back in 1830, when King Charles X. posted on the walls of Paris the regulations which led to his downfall, an excited student tore down a copy of the hated paper. A captain of the royal troops drove him away with a kick. The student, enraged, procured a musket and led a party of the successful rioters. In after years, that captain became President MacMahon, and the student was the man who forced him out of office, —M. Grévy.

We approach the France of to-day. M. Thiers, leader of the moderate Republicans, died in 1877; M. Gambetta, chief of the radical or extreme Republicans, in 1882; the Count of Chambord, in 1883. He had lived long enough to bury the cause of monarchy with him in his grave. M. Grévy was elected to a second term as president; but having grown very old, resigned in 1887. He was followed by M. Sadi-Carnot, who was assassinated by an anarchist in 1894.

During the presidency of M. Carnot, all the discontented and monarchial elements surviving in the country seemed to group themselves around one man, General Boulanger. His friends spoke openly of his overthrowing the government and establishing a military dictatorship, to be followed by whatever each party wanted;—for Boulanger flattered all. The officials in authority, however, acted with firmness, Boulanger was banished, and shortly after, influenced perhaps by an unhappy love affair, committed suicide (1889).

The permanence of the present French Republic seems now fairly assured. It has persisted for over a generation, though there has never yet been a time when it stood unmenaced and at peace. During the rule of both M. Grévy and M. Carnot, the government was widely accused of corruption. The vilest of charges were heaped against its chiefs. The successor of Carnot, M. Casimir-Perier, resigned in six months, sooner than endure the insults hurled at him by partisan antipathy. The next president, M. Faure, died in 1899, exhausted and, his friends declared, broken-hearted by the acrimonies of political life. Under his rule occurred the notorious Dreyfus *exposé*, which revealed a horrifying state of corruption among high officials of the French army, and has perhaps permanently destroyed the faith of the people in that branch of their government.

M. Faure was succeeded by M. Emile Loubet, the present head of the Republic; and he, in the first months of his rule, was openly insulted and even assaulted by a monarchial mob, under leaders who seek to pose before the world as gentlemen. The kingly candidate of these Monarchists to-day is Louis Philippe's great-grandson, Robert, Duke of Orleans, a son of the Count of Paris, the latter having died in 1894. The Imperialists have for their chief

Prince Victor Napoleon, a grandson of the first Napoleon's brother, Jerome. Both of these parties still hope for some turning back of the wheel of time, which shall lift them again to power.

Outside of her annoyance by monarchists and anarchists, and the more serious question of official corruption, France seems prosperous. Her great "world's fair" of 1900 showed her vast natural resources and the energy and intelligence of her people. It is upon these that she relies for maintaining her industrial prominence in the future.

Of late, her statesmen have ventured largely into the extension of her rule over barbaric countries. The protectorate which she established over Algeria in Charles X.'s time, has now been extended also to Tripoli and Tunis. In 1896 she completed the conquest of the great island of Madagascar. She has large possessions in southeastern Asia, owns French Guiana in South America, and various islands in the West Indies.

In 1898 she seemed on the point of quarrelling with England over the limits of their African territories. Major Marchand, a Frenchman, led an expedition across the heart of central Africa, and reaching Fashoda on the River Nile, planted there his country's flag. The Nile territory had been Egyptian, and as such England claimed it. There was considerable blustering talk; but finally the French government ordered Marchand to withdraw.

These difficulties naturally led France to sympathize with England's foes in the recent South African war, and when the Boer President, Kruger, came to Europe to seek help against England, he was enthusiastically welcomed at Marseilles. The French official recognition of him led to more war talk between the two great nations, but few people regarded it seriously. A convention between France and England (1898), acknowledged French authority over most of central and northwestern Africa, including the little known depths of the Sahara Desert.

In these colonial efforts France has expended immense sums of money, so that her national debt is now the largest in the world, being twice that of England, which is second. This enormous burden is a source of serious anxiety to some of her statesmen; and yet another peril that confronts them is the strange fact that at present the people of France are not increasing in number. In other European countries, the population grows rapidly, but in France for the year 1901 the deaths exceeded the births. The government has secured vast territories for the overflow of her surplus population; but she has no colonists to plant there.

As to her foreign relations in Europe, the most intimate friend of republican France just now is despotic Russia. The triple alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, combined with the hereditary rivalry between England and

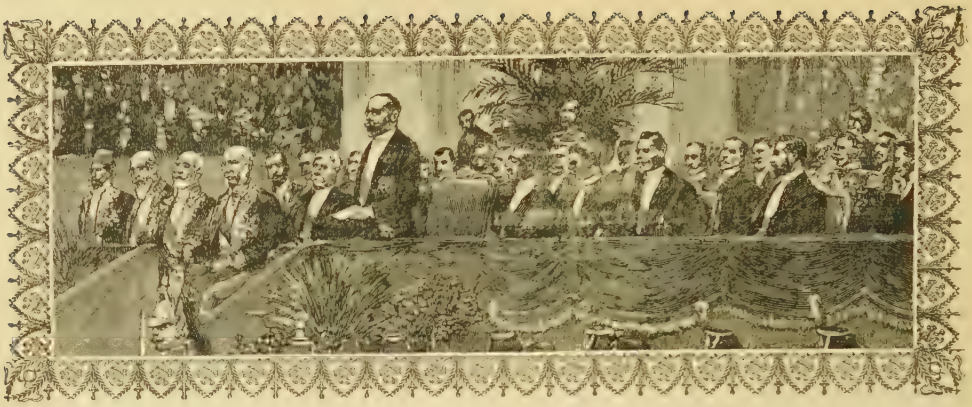
CLOSING THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS IN FRANCE, 1902

France, has left the Republic isolated in western Europe, and compelled her perforce to seek the alliance of the Russian bear. Just how strong or how really valuable the mutual support of the two may prove to either, only the future can decide.

Of late the French government has shown increasing signs of stability and permanence. In 1899, M. Waldeck-Rousseau became the prime-minister of President Loubet, and real ruler of the country. His ministry held office over three years, the longest period that any government since 1870 has been able to retain its popularity. Indeed, M. Waldeck-Rousseau might be still in office, had he not voluntarily resigned in May, 1902, just after the voters had expressed at the polls a renewal of their cordial support of his party. His successor, M. Combes, was pledged to follow the former minister's policy, which was distinctly "radical" in tendency.

To be "radical" in France means to desire a more democratic or even socialistic government, under a full and formally drawn-up constitution. It unfortunately means also to be opposed more or less to Catholicism, which is still the religion of the majority of Frenchmen. M. Waldeck-Rousseau deliberately attacked the Catholic Church, claiming that such a course was necessary for the preservation of the Republic. Laws passed by him in 1901 resulted, during July and August of 1902, in the breaking up of various Catholic schools and the turning of the nuns out of their establishments. This has caused great disorder and even rioting, the populace upholding the cause of the persecuted women and priests and crying out vehemently for "liberté." The government, under M. Combes, has persisted in the severity of its attitude; but remembering how even the great Bismarck was worsted in a similar attack upon Catholicism, one feels that this dispute is as yet only begun. Early in 1905 M. Combes felt compelled to resign because of the personal animosity roused against him, but he left his power to a ministry of the same radical tone.

So you will see that there are several very serious problems confronting the French Republic. These she must find men of sufficient strength and intellect to solve, if *la belle France* is to retain in future generations the high place she has so long held in the family of nations.



PRESIDENT LOUBET OPENING THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900

CHRONOLOGY OF FRANCE.

B.C. 1600 (?)—First entrance of the Gauls into France. 1200 (?)—Phœnician colonies established in Gaul. 600—Foundation of Marseilles by the Greek, Euxenes. 397—Capture of Rome by Brennus. 225—Rome defeats the Gauls at Cape Telamon. 170—The last of the Gauls abandon Italy. 154—The Romans invade Gaul. 122—Defeat of Bituit by the Romans and establishment of the Gallic "Province." 113–102—Devastation of Gaul by the Cimbri and Teutones. 58—Cæsar defeats the Helvetians and Ariovistus. 52—Uprising and defeat of Vercingetorix, Gaul subject to the Romans.

A.D. 150 (?)—Introduction of Christianity into Gaul. 177—Christian persecution at Lyons. 250—Martyrdom of St. Denis. 312—Constantine, a Gaul, makes the Roman world Christian. 360—St. Martin completes the conversion of Gaul; Julian drives out the invading Franks and rebuilds Paris. 406—Gaul pillaged by the Vandals; 412 by the Goths; 451 by the Huns, the battle of Chalons. 481—Clovis becomes king of the Salian Franks. 486—He defeats the remnant of the Romans. 496—He adopts Christianity. 687—Pepin and the Austrasians defeat the West-Franks. 715—The Mahometans invade France. 732—Charles Martel defeats them at Tours 752—Pepin le Bref crowned King of the Franks. 759—He takes Narbonne from the Mahometans and drives them out of France. 800—Charlemagne crowned Emperor at Rome.

840—Louis the Pious divides his Empire among his sons, Charles the

ROUGET DE L'ISLE SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE

Bald receiving France. 841—Destructive battle of Fontainailles. 843—Treaty of Verdun brings peace among the sons of Louis and finally establishes Charles the Bald as King of France; French history proper begins here. 884—Rolf and his Norsemen capture Rouen. 885—Eudes repulses them from Paris. 911—Rolf becomes Duke of Normandy and a subject of France. 987—Hugh Capet ousts the Carlovingians and becomes the founder of the Capetian line of monarchs. 1066—William of Normandy conquers England. 1098—The Council of Clermont starts the Crusades. 1096—The first Crusade. 1099—Capture of Jerusalem. 1119—Abelard teaches in Paris. 1135—Communes established under Louis VI. 1137—Wedding of Louis VII. to Eleanor of Aquitaine unites their domains. 1147—The second Crusade. 1152—Aquitaine goes to Henry of Anjou, afterward King of England. 1189—The third Crusade. 1191—Philip Augustus makes war on Richard of England. 1204—Philip seizes the French provinces of John of England, conquers Chateau Gaillard. 1214—Philip wins the battle of Bouvines by help of the common people. 1208–1229—Crusades against the Albigenses. 1242—Louis IX. wins the battle of Taillebourg. 1249—He leads the seventh Crusade, captures Damietta, and is made prisoner. 1270—His death ends the Crusades.

1282—The Sicilian Vespers. 1302—Defeat of the French chivalry at Courtrai. 1307—The Pope establishes his court at Avignon in France. 1308—Suppression of the Templars. 1316—Philip V. proclaims the Salic law. 1337—Beginning of the Hundred Years' War. 1346—The defeat of Crecy. 1347—Calais lost to the English. 1348—The Black Death. 1349—Dauphiny added to France. 1356—King John made prisoner at Poitiers. 1358—Revolt of the Parisians under Marcel; uprising of the Jacquerie. 1360—Peace of Bretigny gives half France to the English. 1366—Du Guesclin gets the Free Companies under his control and defeats the English armies. 1380—Du Guesclin dies. 1392—Madness of Charles VI. 1415—Henry V. of England renews the war; battle of Agincourt; civil strife of the Orleanists and Burgundians. 1419—Assassination of John of Burgundy; his son joins the English. 1420—Henry of England in Paris; declared heir to the French throne. 1422—He dies; the followers of Charles VII. continue the struggle in the south. 1429—Orleans rescued by Joan of Arc; Charles crowned at Rheims. 1431—Execution of Joan. 1435—Burgundy returns to the French alliance. 1436—De Richemont recaptures Paris. 1449—He drives the English from Normandy. 1453—The battle of Chatillon ends the Hundred Years' War.

1465—"League of the Public Good" against Louis XI. 1477—Louis XI. seizes much of Burgundy on the death of Charles the Bald. 1491—Brittany

joined to France by the marriage of Charles VIII. to its heiress. **1494**—Charles VIII. begins the Italian wars. **1515-47**—Reign of Francis I. **1515**—With Bayard he wins the battle of Marignano. **1519**—He tries for the crown of Germany. **1520**—Display of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." **1525**—Francis captured at Pavia. **1530**—He begins the persecution of Protestants. **1552**—Henry II. invades Germany and seizes Metz; its successful defense against Charles V. of Germany. **1557**—Coligny defends St. Quentin. **1558**—Calais captured from the English.

1562—The Massacre of Vassy begins the Huguenot wars. **1570**—Henry of Navarre becomes head of the Huguenots. **1572**—Massacre of St. Bartholomew. **1584**—Henry III. offered the Dutch throne. **1587**—War of the three Henrys; Henry III. driven from Paris. **1588**—He has Henry of Guise assassinated; Catharine di Medici dies. **1589**—Henry III. assassinated; Henry IV. wins the Battle of Arques. **1590**—He is victorious at Ivry; besieges Paris. **1593**—The King becomes Catholic and is universally acknowledged. **1598**—The Edict of Nantes grants religious toleration. **1610**—Assassination of Henry IV.

1616—Richelieu enters the councils of Concini and Mary di Medici. **1617**—Fall of Concini. **1624**—Richelieu becomes prime-minister. **1628**—Capture of La Rochelle. **1630**—The "Day of Dupes." **1634**—Richelieu organizes the French Academy. **1642**—Death of Richelieu; ministry of Mazarin. **1643**—The Spaniards crushed by Condé at Rocroi. **1648-53**—War of the Fronde. **1648**—The Peace of Westphalia leaves France the foremost state of Europe.

1661—Death of Mazarin; Louis XIV. assumes all power. **1667**—He seizes Flanders from Spain. **1672**—He attacks Holland; victories of Condé and Turenne; Du Quesne makes France supreme in the Mediterranean. **1678**—Peace of Nymwegen; height of Louis's power. **1681**—Louis seizes Strasburg. **1685**—He revokes the Edict of Nantes. **1688-97**—European war against France, victories of Marshal Luxemburg and Admiral Tourville. **1700**—Philip of France offered the Spanish crown. **1701-13**—War of the Spanish Succession; the French defeated by Marlborough and Eugene. **1708**—Louis XIV. sues for peace and appeals to the French people. **1709**—Battle of Malplaquet. **1713**—Peace of Utrecht. **1715**—Death of Louis XIV.

1715-23—Regency of the Duke of Orleans. **1716-20**—The "Mississippi Bubble." **1726-43**—Ministry of Cardinal Fleury. **1741**—France grasps at the dominions of Maria Theresa. **1744**—Serious illness of Louis XV. brings sorrow to France. **1745**—Battle of Fontenoy. **1748-64**—Rule of Madame Pompadour. **1754**—Beginning of the war with England in America. **1757**—The French defeated by the Prussians at Rossbach. **1759**—Battle of Quebec

CHARLEMAGNE RECEIVING THE EMBASSY OF HAROUN-AL-RASCHID

loses Canada for the French. 1763—Peace of Paris surrenders Canada and India to England. 1768—Corsica joined to France. 1774—Death of Louis XV. 1776—Prime-minister Turgot attempts financial reforms and is dismissed. 1778—Voltaire's triumphant entry into Paris; his death. 1778–83—France lends aid to America in her war of Independence. 1787—Assembly of the Notables.

1789—Meeting of the "States-General"; the Third Estate led by Mirabeau constitutes itself a "National Assembly"; the storming of the Bastille (July 14); the royalist banquet at Versailles; the women march to Versailles, and compel the King and Queen to return with them to Paris (October 6). 1790—The Assembly makes France a Constitutional Monarchy. 1791—Death of Mirabeau; flight of the King and his arrest at Vincennes; disbandment of the first Assembly and election of the "Legislative Assembly." 1792—War declared against Austria; Prussia declares war and invades France; Louis XVI. and his family imprisoned; "aristocrats" arrested; the "September Massacres"; Prussians defeated at Valmy; a third Assembly declares France a Republic (September 21); Austrians defeated at Jemmapes. 1793—Execution of Louis XVI. (January 21); war with England and Holland; civil war in La Vendée; the Girondists arrested as traitors (June 2); the "Reign of Terror"; revolt of southern France; death of Marat; Toulon surrendered to the English; Lyons recaptured and punished; Execution of the Queen, of Bailly, of the Girondists, of Lavoisier, etc. Toulon recaptured by Bonaparte; the Vendeans crushed. 1794—Execution of Danton; and of Robespierre (July 28), which ends the "Terror."

1795—Pichegru conquers Holland; Prussia and Spain sue for peace; the last uprising of the Parisian mob crushed by General Bonaparte (October 5); a "Directorate" of five men established. 1796—Bonaparte's campaign in Italy; battles of Lodi and Arcole. 1797—Hoche defeats the Germans and Austrians; Bonaparte completes the conquest of Italy and rearranges its states on French lines; invades Austria; treaty of Campo Formio. 1798—Bonaparte's expedition to Egypt; battle of the Pyramids; battle of the Nile. 1799—He returns to France, overthrows the Directorate (November 9), and makes himself First Consul. 1800—He crosses the Alps and crushes the Austrians in Italy by the battle of Marengo; Moreau defeats them at Hohenlinden. 1804—Execution of the Duc D'Enghien.

1804—Napoleon crowned Emperor of the French. 1805—He overwhelms the Austrians at Ulm; defeats them and the Russians at Austerlitz; captures Vienna. 1806—He establishes the "Confederation of the Rhine" in Germany; crushes the Prussians at Jena. 1807—Defeats the Russians at Friedland; makes peace with the Czar; forbids commerce with England. 1809—The Austrians re-

volt against him and are defeated; he divorces Josephine. **1810**—Marriage of Napoleon to Maria Louise. **1811**—Birth of his son, Napoleon II. **1812**—The Russian war results in the destruction of the French army. **1813**—Revolt of the Prussians, battle of Leipzig. **1814**—The Allies enter France; capture Paris; Napoleon abdicates in favor of his son; exiled to Elba; Louis XVIII. placed on the throne. **1815**—Napoleon returns; the Hundred Days; Waterloo; Napoleon exiled to St. Helena.

1816—The "White Terror." **1821**—Death of Napoleon. **1827**—Charles X. disbands the National Guard. **1827-30**—War with Algiers. **1830**—The "Revolution of July" forces Charles X. to flee; a Constitutional Monarchy formed under Louis Philippe. **1834**—Death of Lafayette. **1836**—Louis Napoleon attempts a revolt at Strasburg. **1838**—Death of Talleyrand. **1840**—Louis Napoleon again invades France and is imprisoned. **1840**—Remains of Napoleon I. brought back to France with great honor. **1848**—Revolution; Louis Philippe abdicates and a Republic is declared under Lamartine; revolt of the extreme Republicans suppressed by Cavaignac; Louis Napoleon elected President. **1849**—A French army suppresses the Republic at Rome.

1851—(December 2) Napoleon's *coup d'état;* he is elected President for ten years by universal suffrage. **1852**—He is elected Emperor as Napoleon III. **1853**—He weds Eugénie de Montijo. **1854-6**—Crimean war. **1859**—Austrian war; battles of Magenta and Solferino. **1860**—Savoy and Nice added to France; Napoleon III. at the height of his power, the "Arbiter of Europe." **1862**—Part of Indo-China ceded to France. **1867**—An extension of frontier demanded from Prussia and refused. **1869**—Opening of the Suez Canal.

1870—Trouble with Prussia over the Spanish succession; war declared against Prussia (July 17); defeat of MacMahon at Worth; of Bazaine at Gravelotte; surrender of Napoleon III. at Sedan; France declared a Republic (September 4); Paris besieged; Gambetta organized the French provinces in unsuccessful resistance. **1871**—Paris capitulates; Thiers arranges the peace terms; an Assembly elected to confirm the peace; Thiers made President; the Germans parade through Paris (March 1); the Communists seize Paris and partly destroy it. **1873**—Death of Napoleon III.; the Count of Chambord refuses to be king except on his own terms; Thiers declares for a permanent Republic and is voted out of office, Marshal MacMahon becomes President; the last of the German indemnity is paid and the German troops leave France.

1875—The Assembly votes for the permanent establishment of the Republic. **1877**—Death of M. Thiers. **1879**—President MacMahon resigns and is succeeded by M. Grévy; death of Prince Louis Napoleon. **1881**—Pro-

THE CRUSADERS MASSACRING THE MAHOMETANS OF ANTIOCH

tectorate over Tunis established. 1882—Death of M. Gambetta. 1883—Death of the Count de Chambord unites all the Bourbon claims to the French throne in the Orleanists. 1887—President Grévy, forced to resign, is succeeded by M. Sadi-Carnot. 1889—Much discontent and Boulangist excitement; quelled by the exile of General Boulanger. 1894-6—Madagascar subjugated. 1894—President Carnot assassinated. 1895—President Casimir-Perier resigns. 1896—Beginning of the Dreyfus agitation. 1898—Major Marchand seizes Fashoda in Egypt and causes trouble with England; France, by treaty with England, assumes sovereignty over most of northwestern Africa. 1899—Death of President Faure; M. Loubet elected President; he is violently assaulted; the re-trial of Dreyfus; uprisings of the Anti-Semites, Boulangists, etc. 1900—Great international exposition at Paris. 1901—M. Santos Dumont won the Deutsch prize for aerial navigation; financial troubles with Turkey lead to the temporary seizure of Mitilene and other ports. 1902—The "radical" government under M. Combes begins closing the Catholic schools and "Associations." 1905—Resignation of M. Combes.

RULERS OF FRANCE

Merovingian Kings.

A.D.

481—Clovis. (He first assumed the title, King of Francia.)

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558—Clotar I.

* * * *

613—Clotar II.

628—Dagobert.

* * * *

Mayors of the Palace.

687—Pepin of Herestal.
714—Charles Martel.
741—Pepin le Bref.

Carlovingian Kings.

752—Pepin le Bref.
768—Charles and Carloman.
771—Charlemagne.

Carlovingian Emperors.

800—Charlemagne.
814—Louis the Pious.

Carlovingian Kings.

(*Ruling in France, but sometimes nominally subject to an Emperor in Italy or Germany.*)

840—Charles II., the Bald.
877—Louis II., the Stammerer.
879—Louis III. and Carloman II.
884—Charles III., the Simple.

(*This King was unacknowledged during much of his reign and the four following Kings ruled meanwhile over part of France.*)

884—*Charles the Fat.*
887-896—*Eudes, Count of Paris.*

922—*Robert, Count of Paris.*
923—*Rodolf, Duke of Burgundy.*
936—Louis IV., Outremer.
954—Lothair.
986—Louis V., the Indolent.

CAPETIAN KINGS.

987—Hugh Capet.
996—Robert the Pious.
1031—Henry I.
1060—Philip I., the Amorous.
1108—Louis VI., the Fat.
1137—Louis VII., the Young.
1180—Philip II., Augustus.
1223—Louis VIII., the Lion-hearted.
1226—Louis IX., St. Louis.
1270—Philip III., the Bold.
1285—Philip IV., the Fair.
1314—Louis X., the Quarrelsome.
1316—John I.
1316—Philip V., the Tall.
1322—Charles IV., the Fair.

VALOIS KINGS.

1328—Philip VI., the Fortunate.
1350—John II., the Good.
1364—Charles V., the Wise.
1380—Charles VI., the Well-Beloved.
1422—Charles VII., the Victorious.
1461—Louis XI.
1483—Charles VIII., the Affable.

VALOIS-ORLEANS KINGS.

1498—Louis XII., the Father of his People.
1515—Francis I.
1547—Henry II.
1559—Francis II.
1560—Charles IX.
1574—Henry III.

BOURBON KINGS.

1589—Henry IV., the Great.
1610—Louis XIII., the God-given.
1643—Louis XIV., the Great.
1715—Louis XV., the Well-Beloved.
1774—Louis XVI.
1793—Louis XVII. (*King in name only.*)
1795—Louis XVIII. (*In name only until 1814.*)

FIRST REPUBLIC.

1792—*The National Convention.*
1795—*The Directorate.*
1799—Napoleon Bonaparte, *First Consul.*

FIRST EMPIRE.

1804—Napoleon I.
1815—Napoleon II.

BOURBON KINGS.

1814—Louis XVIII.
1824—Charles X.

CONSTITUTIONAL KING.

1830—Louis Philippe.

SECOND REPUBLIC.

1848—Lamartine.
1848—Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.

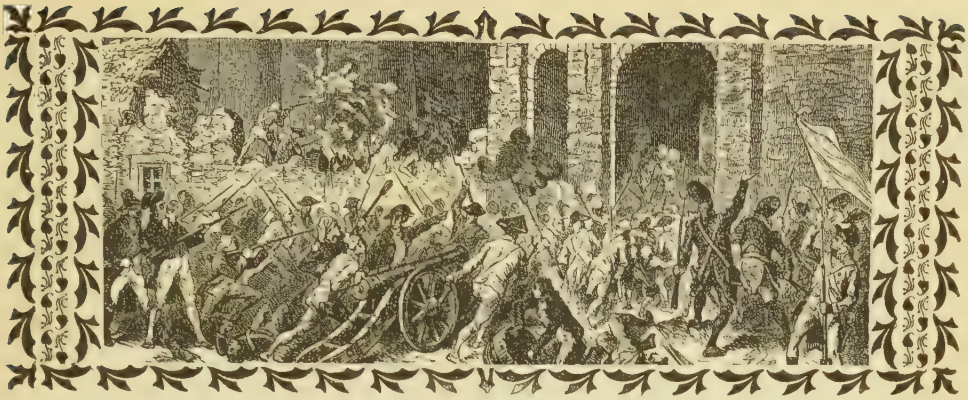
SECOND EMPIRE.

1852—Napoleon III.

THIRD REPUBLIC.

1870—*Government for the National Defense.*
1871—Thiers.
1873—MacMahon.
1879—Grévy.
1887—Sadi-Carnot.
1894—Casimir-Perier.
1895—Faure.
1899—Loubet.

NAPOLEON AT THE MILITARY SCHOOL IN BRIENNE



STORMING THE BASTILLE

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY FOR FRANCE

Acre (ā′kĕr *or* ah′kĕr)
Agincourt (ă-zhăn-koor′)
Albigenses (ăl-bĭ-jĕn′sēz)
Alesia (ă-lē′shĭ-ă)
Algiers (ăl-jērz′)
Alsace (ahl′sahs′)
Angouleme (ŏng-goo-lām′)
Anjou (ŏn-zhoo′)
Antioch (ăn′tĭ-ŏk)
Aquitaine (ăk-wē-tān′)
Arcole (ahr-kō′-lā)
Ariovistus (ā′rĭ-o-vĭs′tŭs)
Arverni (ahr-vĕr′nī)
Ascalon (ăs′kă-lŏn)
Austerlitz (ows′tĕr-lĭts)
Bagaudæ (bă′-gō-dē)
Bailly (bah′yē)
Balue (bah-luē′)
Bazaine (bah-zān′)
Bearn (bā-ahr′)
Beauharnais (bō-ahr-nā′)
Beaujeu (bō-zhū′)
Bernard (bĕr-nahrd′)
Bituit (bĭt′ŭ-it)
Blenheim (blĕn′ĭm)
Blois (blwah)
Bohemond (bō′hĕ-mŏnd)
Bonaparte (bō′nă-part)
Bordeaux (bŏr-dō′)
Bouillon (boo′yōng)
Boulanger (boo′lŏn-zhā′)
Boulogne (boo-lon′)
Bourbon (boor′-bŏn)
Bourges (boorzh)
Bouvines (boo′vēn)
Brennus (brĕn′ŭs)
Bruges (brū′jĕz)
Cadoudal (kah-doo-dahl′)
Caen (kŏng)
Calais (kah-lā′)
Calvin (kăl′vĭn)
Campo Formio (kahm′pō-fŏr′mē-ō)
Capet (kā′pĕt *or French* kah-pā′)
Carnot (kar-nō′)
Casimir-Perier (kah-zĕ-mēr′ pā-rē-ā′)
Cavaignac (kah-vān-yahk′)
Chalons (shah′lŏng′)
Chambord (shŏn-bōr′)
Champagne (shăm-pān′ *or* shon-pahn′)
Charlemagne (shar′lĕ-mān)
Chateau Gaillard (shah-tō′-gah′yard)
Chateauroux (shah-tō′-roo′)

Chatillon (shah-tē-yŏng′)
Chouan (shoo-ŏng′)
Chramn (shrăm)
Clotar (klō′tăr)
Clovis (klō′vĭs)
Colbert (kŏl-bār′)
Coligny (ko-lēn′-yē)
Concini (kŏn-chē′nē)
Condé (kŏn′dā)
Condorcet (kōn-dŏr′sā)
Corday (kŏr-dā′)
Corneille (kŏr-nā′yĕ)
Correus (cŏr-rē′ŭs)
Corsica (kŏr′sĭ-kă)
Coup d'etat (koo-dā-tah′)
Courtrai (koor-trā′)
Crecy (krā-sē′ or krĕs′sĭ)
D'Albret (dahl-brā′)
Damietta (dăm-ĭ-ĕt′-tă)
Danton (dăn′ton or dong-tōng′)
De Launay (dĕ-lō′nā′)
D'Enghien (dong-ghe-ahng′)
Denis (dĕ-nē′)
De Richemont (dĕ-rēsh′mŏng)
Dionysius (dī-ō-nĭsh′ĭ-ŭs)
Domremy (dōng-rĕ-mē′)
Dorylæum (dŏr-i-lē′ŭm)
Dreux (drĕ′)
Dreyfus (drī′fŭs)
Du Guesclin (duē-gā-klăng′)
Dumouriez (duē-moo′rē-ā)
Du Quesne (duē-kān′)
Elba (ĕl′bă)
Eponina (ĕp-ō-nī′nă)
Eudes (ūhd)
Eugenie (ĕh-zhā′nē′)
Euxenes (yūx′e-nēz)
Faure (fōrr)
Favre (fah′vr)
Finisterre (fĭn-ĭs-tārr′)
Fleury (flĕ′rē′)
Fontainailles (fōng-tān-ī′yĕ)
Fontainebleau (fōng′-tān-blō′)
Fornovo (for-nō-vō)
Franche Comté (frŏngsh-cōng-tā′)
Fronde (frŏnd)
Gambetta (găm-bĕt′ă)
Gergovia (jĕr-gō′vĭ-ă)
Girondist (zhē-rōn′dĭst)
Gisele (zhĭs-el′)
Grévy (grā′vē)
Guinegate (ghēn-gaht′)
Guise (gwēz)
Gyptis (jĭp′tĭs)
Helvetia (hĕl-vē′shĕ-ă)
Hincmar (hĭnk′mar)
Hoche (ōsh)
Hohenlinden (hō′ĕn-lĭn′dĕn)
Huguenot (hū′gē-nŏt)
Ivry (ēv′rē)
Jacobin (zhă′-kō-bĭn′)
Jacquerie (zhăk′ĕ-rē)
Jarnac (zhăr-nahc′)
Jemmapes (zhā-mahp′)
Jena (jĕn′-ă or yā′-nah)
Jourdan (zhoor-dōng′)
Kleber (klā-bār′)
La Hogue (lah-hōg′)
Lamartine (lah-mahr-tēn′)
Lampagie (lăm-pah-zhē′)
Languedoc (lŏng′gĕ-dōc′)
Larochejaquelin (la-rōsh′-zhă′kĕ-lĭn)
La Rochelle (lah-rō-shĕll′)
Lavoisier (lah-vwah′-ze-ā′)
Leipzig (līp′sĭk)
Lettres de cachet (lā′tr-dĕ-kah-shā)
L'Hôpital (lō-pe-tahl′)
Ligny (lēn′yĕ)
Lodi (lō′dĕ)
Loire (lwahr)

THE GIRONDISTS ON THE WAY TO THE GUILLOTINE

Lorraine (lŏr-rān′)
Loubet (loo-bā)
Lutetia (lū-tē′shĭ-ă)
Luxemburg (lŭks′ĕm-bŭrg)
Magenta (mah-jĕn′tah)
Maintenon (măng′tĕ-nōng)
Malplaquet (mahl′plă-kā)
Mameluke (măm′lūke)
Mansourah (mahn-soo′rah)
Marchand (mar-shŏng′)
Marengo (mă-rĕn′gō)
Marignano (mah-rēn-yah′nō)
Marseilles (mahr-sālz *or* mahr-sā′ye)
Mayenne (mah-yĕn′)
Mazarin (măz-ă-rēn′)
Medici (mĕd′ĕ-chē)
Metz (mĕts)
Mirabeau (mĭr′ă-bō)
Molière (mō-le-air′)
Montesquieu (mŏn′tĕs-kū′)
Montijo (mōn-tē′hō)
Montlheri (mŏnt-lā′rĭ)
Morèau (mō-rō′)
Nantes (nănts *or* nŏngt)
Napoleon (nă-pō′lĕ-ŏn)
Narbonne (nahr-bŏn′)
Navarre (nă-vahr′)
Nervii (nĕr′vĭ-ī)
Nesle (nāl)
Ney (nā)
Nice (nēs)
Nymwegen (nĭm-wā′gen)
Oriflamme (ŏr′ĭ-flăm)
Oudenarde (ow′dĕn-ărd′ĕ)
Patay (pah-tā′)
Pavia (pah-vĕ′ă)
Peronne (pa-rōn′)
Pichegru (pēsh-gruē′)
Plantagenet (plăn-tăj′ĕ-nĕt)
Plebiscite (plĕ-bē-sēt′)
Plessis les Tours (plā-sē′lā-toor′)
Poitiers (pwă′tē-ā′)
Pompadour (pōng-pah-door′)
Pothinus (pō-thī′nŭs)
Priscillian (prĭ-sĭ′lĭ-ăn)
Provence (prō-vŏngs′)
Ptolemais (tŏl′ĕ-mā′ĭs)
Quatre Bras (kătr′-bră′)
Rabelais (rah-blā′)
Racine (rah-sēn′)
Ramillies (ră′mē-yē′)
Ravaillac (rah-vah-yahc′)
Reichstadt (rīkh′staht)
Rheims (rēmz)
Richelieu (rēsh′ĕ-loo)
Robespierre (rō-bĕs-pē-air′)
Rocroi (rŏc-roy *or French* rō-krwah′)
Roncesvalles (rŏn-sĕs-văl′lĕs)
Rossbach (rŏss′-bahk)
Rouen (roo-ŏng′)
Rousillon (roo-sē-yŏng′)
Rousseau (roo-sō′)
Saarbruck (sahr′bruĕk)
Sacrovir (săc′rō-vĭr)
Sadi-Carnot (sah-dē-kahr-nō′)
Saint Helena (sĕnt-hĕ-lē′nă)
Saxe (săks)
Sedan (sĕ-dŏng′)
Sluys (slois)
Solferino (sŏl′fĕr-ē′nō)
Strasburg (străz′bŭrg *or* strahs′-boork)
Suger (soo-zhā′)
Sully (sŭl′ĭ *or* suē-lē)
Syagrius (sē-ā′grĭ-ŭs)
Taillebourg (tī-yĕ-boorg′)
Talleyrand (tăl′ĕ-rănd)
Testri (tās′trĕ)
Thiers (tē-air′)
Toulon (too-lŏn *or* too-lōng′)

Toulouse (too-looz)
Trafalgar (trăf-ăl-gahr′)
Treves (trēvz)
Trochu (trō-shuē′)
Troyes (trwah)
Tunis (tū′-nĭs)
Turenne (tū-rĕn′)
Turgot (tuēr-gō′)
Utrecht (ū′trĕkt)
Valmy (vahl-mē′)
Valois (vahl-wah′)
Varennes (vah-rĕn′)
Vassy (văs′sē)
Vauban (vō-bŏng′)
Vendée (vŏng′dā′)
Vercingetorix (vĕr′sĭn-jĕt′ō-rĭks)
Verdun (vĕr′dŭng′)
Versailles (vĕr-sālz, *or* vair-sī′yĕ)
Villars (vil′ărs)
Voltaire (vŏl-tair′)
Waifre (wā′fr)
Waldeck (wahl′dĕk *or* vŏlděk′)
Westphalia (wĕst-fā′lĭ-ă)
Worth (wŭrt *or French* vō-air′)